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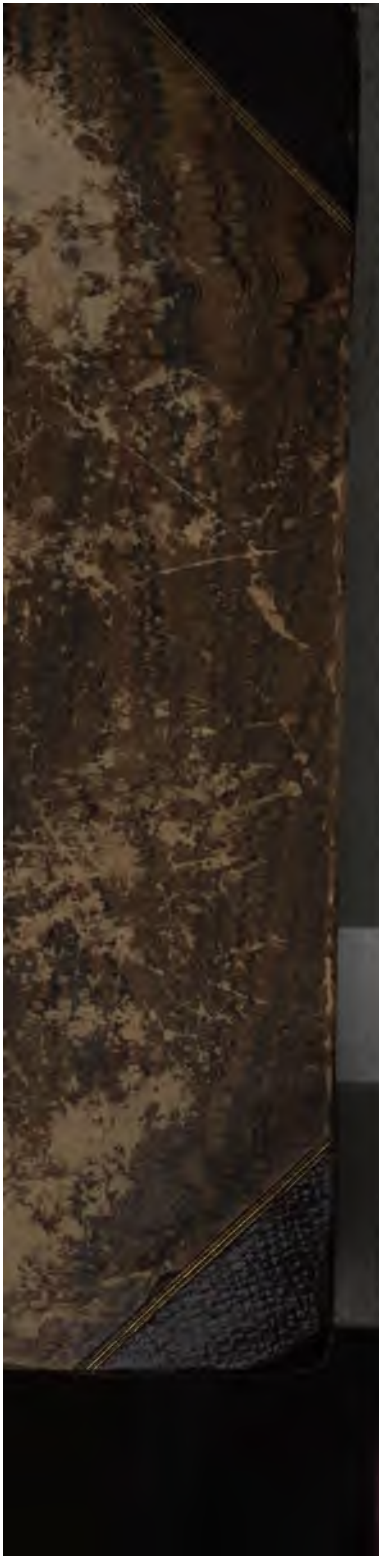

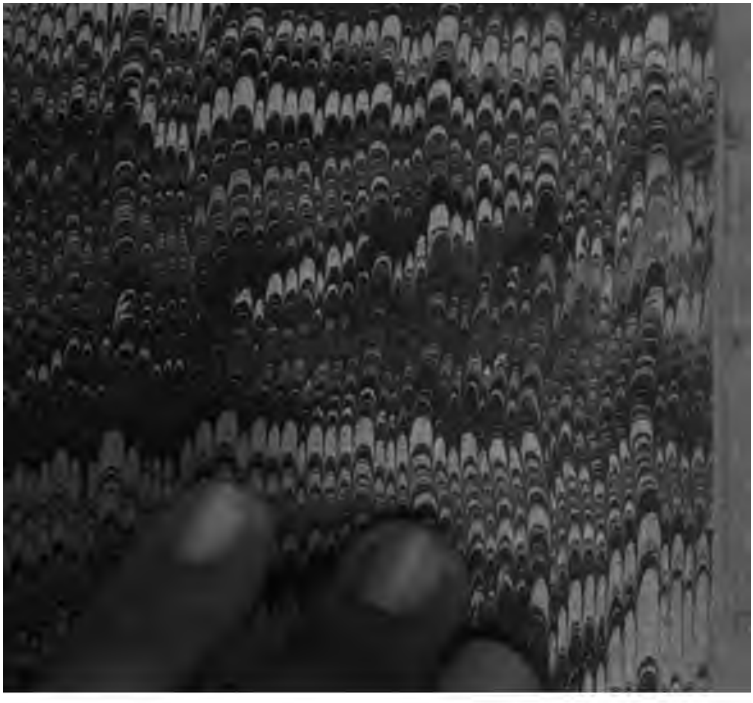

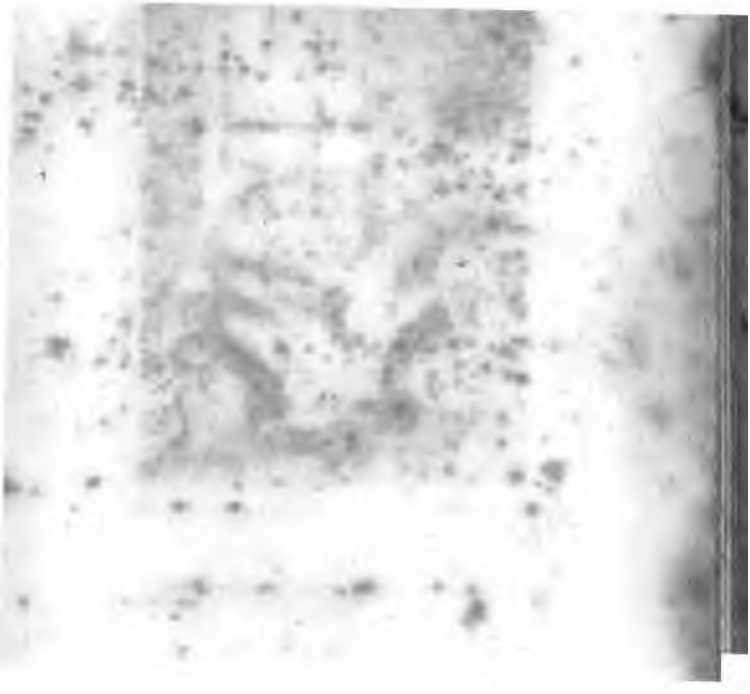

They worked together and the Bible open by them.

See Page 68

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THE

WORKS

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GRACE KENNEDY,

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JESSY ALLAN;

THE LAME GIRL:

A STORY

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand."

John x. 27, 28.

JESSY ALLAN;

THE LAME GIRL.

I OFTEN wonder what the children who attend Sabbath-Schools think of all the labour and pains which are bestowed upon them? I wonder if they ever ask themselves this question, 'Why do our Sabbath-School masters come to meet with us so kindly every Sabbath evening?—However cold, or wet, or bad it is, still they come.—What pleasure can it give them to hear us repeat what they have heard repeated a hundred times before? —They get nothing by coming but trouble.— We are instructed, but what is their reward?— And those ladies who visit our schools, and sit down amongst us, and seem so pleased when we do well, and so grieved when we are careless and inattentive, and who listen so patiently to our ill-got lessons, and reprove us so gently, and encourage us so kindly, why are they so anxious about us?—What good does our improvement do to

them? and why should they be sorry when we are careless, and will not receive instruction?' My dear children, this is the reason,—your Sabbath-masters, and the ladies who teach you, have themselves been taught, that there is but one way of salvation. That way is made known in the Bible, and if you are ignorant of it, however young you may be, you are on the way that leads to everlasting misery. Your teachers therefore pity you, and it is this pity and compassion which leads them to give up their time and attention to you; and the highest reward they desire and pray for is, that you would have pity on your own souls, and listen to that instruction which will lead you into the way of salvation.

I mean, in the following pages, to relate the history of a girl, who made that kind of return to her master, and the ladies who taught her, which they considered an ample and delightful reward for all their trouble.

This girl's name was JESSY ALLAN. She was daughter to a widow woman, who kept a stand for selling vegetables at the back of the Canongate. When Jessy was about eleven or twelve years old, her mother thought it time to have her taught to sew. She had learnt to read tolerably well when she was a year or two younger, but had partly forgot it, as her mother never made her read at home. Indeed, Mrs. Allan

seldom read any herself. Her Bible lay on a dirty shelf, and was scarcely ever opened, except, perhaps, when she heard of the unexpected death of some person near her own age,—or of some event which awakened her conscience, and made her feel in her soul what an awful thing it would be, all sinful as she was, to fall into the hands of her Almighty and Holy Judge. She would then take down her Bible, and read a chapter or two, and perhaps refrain from some sins, which at such times lay heavy on her mind; but in a few days the impression wore off, and Mrs. Allan would return to all her evil ways, and her Bible would again lie neglected on the shelf. Oh! had she sought that God, whose words of reconciliation and peace she thus put away from her, what a change would she have felt in her own mind and soul. She would have known, by her own experience, that He could give, and was ready and willing to give, pardon, and peace, and contentment, and hope, and joy, instead of fear, and ignorance, and evil passions, and dread of death, and anger at her poverty, which constantly filled her mind, and made her miserable.

Mrs. Allan was, however, wise for this world, and was aware, that if Jessy learnt to sew, she might soon be able to assist in earning her livelihood. She therefore determined to apply to some ladies who took charge of a free school in

her neighbourhood, in the hope that they might admit Jessy. She was directed by the school-mistress to come with her little girl on the quarter-day, when the ladies met at the school. Mrs. Allan, accordingly, went on that day, and had the child admitted, as she readily agreed to observe all the rules mentioned by the ladies, and particularly one, which they said could not be dispensed with. It was, that Jessy should be punctual to the school hours, and attend regularly every day. When Mrs. Allan promised over and over again to observe this rule, she knew very well that she did not mean to keep her word; for, two days in the week, she was obliged to go to the garden where she got her vegetables, and on those days Jessy had to watch the stand; but she just thought within herself, that she had better not tell the truth, lest it might be a difficulty in the way of getting Jessy admitted, and that she could easily teach her child to invent excuses, and tell many lies every week to account for her absence. When the ladies spoke also of the Sabbath-School, and the importance of being early instructed in religion, Mrs. Allan sighed, and turned up her eyes and said, 'Ah! yes, ladies, and I am sure the blessing of Heaven will follow you, for providing instruction for so many children, poor things. I think little of any thing else for my Jessy, compared to religious instruction.'

When the ladies spoke more kindly to Mrs. Allan, after her having said this, she went away quite pleased with her success, but she forgot that there had been all the time an eye upon her that she could not deceive, and that her lies and hypocrisy were marked down in God's book against the day of death and judgment.

When Jessy came to school, she knew almost nothing. Her whole life, excepting the time she had spent in learning to read, had been passed in playing near her mother's door with other idle children, or in watching the stand in her mother's absence, or, perhaps, going an errand, or some such way. Mrs. Allan lived in a low house with an earthen floor, and was very dirty and disorderly, so that Jessy did not even know what it was to be clean and neat in her person,—as for her soul, she thought no more about it, than if she had been without one. Jessy was, however, good tempered and cheerful, though, on first coming to school, very inattentive. After she had attended a few days, and got at her ease, she became a great favourite with the other girls, for she was very obliging, and so lively and playful, that they never could be out of humour, or quarrel with any thing she said or did. The mistress, though often obliged to reprove Jessy, yet could not help loving her, because, instead of looking sulky or stupid when she was found fault with, she seemed vexed, and immediately tried anx-

iously to do better, though her idle habits and thoughtlessness would soon lead her into faults again. The ladies, also, who visited the school, observed with approbation how anxious she was to have her lessons ready to repeat; and that, when they spoke to her, she listened to all they said, as if she really wished to understand it. On the Sabbath evenings, Mrs. Allan allowed Jessy to attend school pretty regularly, as she had nothing for her to do at home, and the master spoke so kindly, that Jessy loved to go, and really wished to please him. When the master observed this, he encouraged her, and sometimes addressed what he said particularly to her.

One Sabbath evening, after having spoken to the children on the duty of prayer, the master said, 'I hope, children, you all know what it is to come to God by prayer, and to make your requests to him in the name of Christ.'

Jessy was standing near the master, and he said to her, 'Jessy, I trust you are one of those children who have chosen God to be the guide of your youth, and that you come to him as to a father, to ask forgiveness for your sins in his name, who bore their punishment for you. I trust you have given your heart to Christ, and have received him to be your Saviour, and your Lord?'

The master looked at Jessy, and she immediately answered, 'Yes,' though she had scarce-

ly ever thought of prayer, and did not even know what was meant by taking Christ for her Saviour. And this showed the real state of Jessy's heart. She wished to please her master, and the ladies, and her school-mistress, because she loved their notice and kindness; but she did not fear God's displeasure, or value his love and kindness, but dared to stand, as she did, in his presence and tell a lie, and that lie, too, about what God only could know. This proved that she really knew nothing about God, nor believed what the master had told her of his character; for, if she had, she would have trembled at the thought of such an awfully wilful provocation of his holy displeasure.

The master did not see Jessy's heart as God did, but believed what she had said, and spoke very kindly to her.

'My dear child,' said he, 'if you have indeed given your heart to your Redeemer while so young, there are many promises in Scripture addressed to you, and you may, and ought to believe them, as firmly as if Christ himself had spoken them to you from heaven. He says to you, 'I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.''

When the master was about to conclude for the evening, he said, 'Now, my dear young friends, we are going to separate till next Sabbath; are there any of you who mean to live another week

without coming to that Saviour, who invites you so tenderly to come to him? He offers you salvation.—He offers you his love.—He offers to guide you as a shepherd; nay, even to carry you as lambs in his bosom. He is present at this moment in this place, though you see him not. He assures you in his word, that he is waiting to be gracious to any of you, or all of you, if you will only come to him. Will you refuse? I hope none of your hearts are so cold and wicked as to do so; and now we shall pray to him to receive, and bless, and guide us. Those who choose to come to Jesus, may join me in their hearts while I pray,—those who refuse, may think of other things, perhaps of the day of judgment, when he who now calls upon them to come and be his own dear lambs, will be their Judge, and will ask them why they refused his call, and will tell them that they must abide by their own choice; and since they refused him, they must depart from his presence for ever, and take up their abode for eternity in that awful place where the 'worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.' And now, children, choose.' The master paused for an instant, and Jessy said within herself, 'I choose to come to Jesus now;' and when the master began to pray, she prayed with him in her heart. He said, 'O! Lord, thou art now present with us. Thou seest and knowest all our hearts. Some of us desire to come to thee;

but we are so ignorant, we scarcely know how. We desire to know thee more. We give ourselves to thee. We believe thy promise, that thou wilt receive all who come to thee,—that thou wilt love us, and save us, and give us new hearts, and lead us by thy Spirit in the right way, as a shepherd guides his sheep; and that, while we are so ignorant, and unable to take a step in the right way, thou wilt support and carry us through every difficulty, as a shepherd carries the little weak lambs in his bosom.'

The master said more in his prayer, but this was what Jessy remembered; perhaps she might not so well understand what followed. When he had finished, he said, 'Now, my dear children, you who have given yourselves to Christ, do not talk and trifle as you go home, but remember what a solemn thing you have done. You have chosen the Lord to be your Lord and Master, and have given yourselves to him. From henceforth you are not your own. You belong to Christ, and you are in all things to seek to please him. He has commanded this day to be kept holy. Go then, in silence and thankfulness, to your homes, and, before you sleep, again seek that Lord who is ever near you, and may you so find him, my dear young friends, as to love him with your whole hearts and souls.'

The children then sung part of a psalm, and afterwards separated to their different homes.

Jessy remembered what the master had said, and though some of the girls began to talk to her when they got into the street, she did not reply to them, but quickened her pace, and reached home without having spoken to any one. When she got there, she found her mother standing at the door, and several of her neighbours with her, spending the evening of the Lord's Day in idleness and foolish talk, making remarks on the people as they passed from evening church, or from spending the Sabbath in visiting, or country walks.

'Here comes Jessy,' said her mother, 'she has kirk and preachings enough for us all now.'

'And she looks as glum as the minister himsel', said a neighbour, on observing that Jessy did not laugh at her mother's remark.

'Are ye weel eneugh, Jessy?' asked her mother.

'O! yes, mother,' replied Jessy, slipping past her into the house; but, as it was getting late, Mrs. Allan almost immediately followed her, and began talking about her neighbours, and how such a one had been dressed that day; and 'Mary Thomson had a shawl on, I am sure it could not cost under forty shillings, and her lassie with a new straw bonnet, I wonder where folk get the money,' and so on.

The last advice of the master was still in Jessy's thoughts, and she longed to kneel down

and pray, but, while her mother talked in this way, she could not. Mrs. Allan, however, soon went to bed, and then, when all was quiet and still, Jessy raised her thoughts to Christ, and prayed nearly in the same words the master had used, and then fell into a sound and peaceful sleep.

I do not mean to tell much of what passed while Jessy was at school, because it would take a great deal of time to do so; and I particularly wish to call the attention of my young readers to some events which took place after she had left school, and no longer either received good advice or instruction, and had no proper example set before her. Jessy's conduct then proved how much she really had profited by the instructions bestowed on her at school. I shall just mention, that, after the evening I have described, Jessy improved rapidly in every way. Her mind was opened to perceive, that hitherto, though she had tried to please the ladies, and the Sabbath-School master, and her school-mistress, she had not known God, and had forgotten that it was the heart he regarded; and she began to feel, that her own heart was very sinful, and that, however earnestly she might desire to do what she knew to be right and pleasing in the sight of God, she constantly failed, and could not for one day, or one half-day, live without sinning.

This knowledge of her own sinful nature made Christ precious to her, when she dared to come to him, and trust to his blood to wash away her sins; but she was still so ignorant, that she sometimes thought her sins so great she feared to come to Christ.

Before Jessy came to school, she had been in the constant habit of lying; and so difficult was it to cure that sinful habit, that, even after she knew how wicked it was, her first impulse, when accused of a fault, was to deny it, even though she had committed it, and after doing so she was afraid to pray, and would go about for days with a guilty conscience, and in terror lest God should cut her off, and appoint her a portion with liars in everlasting misery. One thing the Sabbath-School master said on this subject, was very useful to Jessy. It was this:—

'Young Christians, when they have sinned, are afraid to return to Christ by prayer; but, my dear young friends, why so? It is not from the Bible you have been taught this fear. The Bible says,—'Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord: Return, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you: for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger for ever: only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God.' What do you expect to gain by continuing at a distance from Christ? Do you hope to make yourselves

more holy, and intend, on finding that you have become so, to return to him? Such thoughts, if you entertain them, proceed not from the teaching of the Bible, nor from the Spirit of Truth, but from the devil, the enemy of your souls; and it is only the ignorance and deceitfulness of your hearts which lead you to believe them. Jesus Christ himself says,—'Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.' By remaining at a distance from Christ, you cut yourselves off from the source of your strength, without whom you have no more power to do what is pleasing to God, than a branch has power to grow and bring forth fruit when it is cut off from its parent tree. And remember what an awful end our Lord declares shall await those who do not abide in him:—'If a man abide not in me, he is cast off as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.' Take heed, therefore, my dear young friends, how you listen to the temptations of the evil one, or to your own sinful and unbelieving hearts, when they would keep you away from Christ, for he is ready to pardon you. He is your Advocate with the Father,—your High-Priest, who bears your names on his heart,

and continually intercedes for you. His blood cleanseth from all sin; and there is no other way whatever by which you can receive forgiveness or remission, but by faith in him.'

These words of the master made a deep impression on Jessy's heart. She felt peace and joy fill her soul, when she thought of that Saviour to whom she might always return,—who would wash away her sins in his own blood,—who would intercede for her,—who would, if she trusted in him, deliver her from the power of all her sins, and enable her to do what was pleasing in his holy sight. After this, when she felt afraid to pray, she knew that it was her own evil heart which made her so, and that the longer she remained without confessing her sins and seeking forgiveness, the more would her fears increase, and the more averse would she become to pray; and then she would think of the awful state of those who were separate from Christ. These thoughts brought her often to her Saviour; and, therefore, she was enabled to overcome those sinful habits which she now knew were hateful in the sight of God, and from which she therefore earnestly prayed to be delivered. Jessy also constantly watched herself, lest she should be led into sin; for she had heard the Sabbath-School master say, that those were only hypocrites who came to Christ, and prayed to be delivered from their sins, while all the time they really did not hate them, or try in every way

they could to resist them. Jessy did not pray and labour in vain. In a short time, the schoolmistress remarked, with praise, how very exactly she kept to the truth in all she said; and observed what a difference there was in that respect, since she first came to school. Then she had always an excuse ready for every fault; and answered, on all occasions, what she thought would keep herself in favour, whether it was quite the truth or not; but now she considered before she spoke, and then told the simple truth, whatever might be the consequence.

This was sweet praise to Jessy, and cause of much thankfulness to that Lord who had been her Saviour from the power of this sin.

Many little girls are so carefully watched over, and instructed by their parents, that they cannot acquire such bad habits as poor Jessy's wicked mother suffered unchecked in her; but those girls ought to feel thankful to God for having had such parents, and to remember, that much smaller sins committed by them, must appear very wicked in the sight of a perfectly holy God, because they have always been taught what was right, and have always seen their good parents do what was right; for 'unto whomsoever much is given, of them shall be much required.'

When Jessy had been about a year and a half at school, a person, named Thomas Grey, came to lodge in a house near her mother's. He had

been a soldier; and, after having served long enough to entitle him to the pension, had got his discharge, and was now returned to spend the remainder of his days in his own country. Thomas Grey's wife was dead, and his two children doing for themselves. He was not, however, an old man, though much weather-beaten, and rather rheumatic, from having been exposed to very different climates; and thinking now, that he might still be able to earn something by his labour, he wished to find a wife to keep his house, and prepare his food. After a very short acquaintance, he fixed upon Jessy's mother as a proper person, observing that she was a bustling body, and able to support herself and her daughter. Mrs. Allan was easily persuaded to marry Thomas, as she thought his pension would go a great way in supporting the family; she also hoped that he would be able to earn something. In short, Mrs. Allan was so discontented, that she liked the idea of any change, and thought she could not, at least, be worse off than she was already; so, with little consideration on either side, and scarcely any knowledge of each other, Mrs. Allan and Thomas Grey were married.

Poor Jessy did not much like this change; but as her mother told her that step-fathers were not like step-mothers, but were always kind to their step-children, she tried to be as obliging as she could to her new father. For some months,

things went on smoothly enough. There was, however, one part of her step-father's conduct which poor Jessy found it very hard to endure. He never spoke without using some dreadful oath, or taking the name of God in vain. Jessy ventured to intreat him gently not to do so; and, at first, he said she was very right, and that it was a bad habit he had got; but this willingness to acknowledge the sinfulness of this evil habit, lasted only while Thomas continued in good humour with his new situation. When he began to perceive how matters really were,—that his new wife was an idle slattern, who spent great part of her time in gossiping with her neighbours, while, excepting the attempt at order made by poor Jessy, her house, and little family matters, were left in utter confusion, the heat and violence of his temper began to show themselves; and, in his moments of impatience and anger, the oaths he uttered made Jessy tremble: and then even a look of intreaty from her only brought curses on herself for meddling, with her hypocritical, whining, and sanctified looks, while she had better look nearer home, and see what a —— —— mother she had. I shall not repeat the shocking names by which this man called his wife, or the most sinful manner in which she, on her part, replied to them. During the last six months that Jessy continued at school, these shameful scenes became more and more frequent; and as the

time approached at which her mother said she must begin to earn her own livelihood, Jessy became most anxious to procure a situation as a servant. In this, however, she did not succeed. The school-mistress recommended her to two different ladies; but her mother, being anxious herself to profit by Jessy's wages, was so unreasonable in the terms she mentioned, as those on which she alone would part with her child, that both ladies declined taking her; and poor Jessy, who would thankfully have gone to either, on almost any terms, had no other prospect than remaining in her most uncomfortable home. Her mother took her from school, and made some exertion to get her work, and at last succeeded in procuring her constant employment in an upholsterer's shop. Jessy was very comfortable in this situation. She went to work early in the morning, and only came home for her meals, so that she saw less of the miseries of her home than formerly. When she returned after her day's work, her step-father was generally absent. Her mother, too, was usually standing somewhere near her own door, gossiping with her idle neighbours, and Jessy would slip into the house unperceived by them. All within she would find in confusion; but her first occupation was to make things as orderly as she could, and then she would sit down with her Bible, either near the window, or on a stool on the new-swept

hearth, when there was none but fire-light, and read, and think, and pray till she was interrupted by the return of her mother. These were precious seasons to poor Jessy; and sometimes, young as she was, she could, in thought, trace the ways of God, and, amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, see his mercy and kindness. 'It is true,' she would think, 'I have no parents, when I return from my work, who receive me kindly, and encourage me, and praise me for my attention to my business, as the parents of some of my companions do; nor to make the most of what I can earn, in clothing as well as feeding me. My mother does not care though I am the worst clothed of all the girls in the shop, though I earn more than any girl of the same age; but I can discover that all this God can turn into good for me. When I return home, and find no mother, I think, though this house is empty, God is present; though my earthly parent cares little for me, my heavenly Father has done great things for me. He has placed me in so poor a situation, that my mother could not afford to pay for my schooling, but that led her to seek instruction for me from those who considered my soul's concerns their chief care. I have been carefully taught the way of salvation,—I have been led to give myself to Christ,—I have received this precious Bible, and been instructed in its meaning, so far as to know something of God,—something

of Christ,—something of my own sinful state. I could have learnt none of this at home,—and now, if I had a kind mother, and a comfortable pleasant home to come to, should I remember God? Might I not be satisfied and happy, and forget Him? But, as it is, I can say from my heart, 'God is my portion.' When I return to this little solitary place, it is to meet God. My thoughts immediately go to Christ. It seems as if he was present with me, and I speak to him in prayer as to my very kindest—only,—dearest, —almighty Friend. I tell him all that is in my heart; and, when I wish to hear him speak to me, I open this Bible and I read his own words. O how sweet and pleasant they are to my soul!—then, whatever happens, still I feel near to him, and can say to him, in the midst of outward confusion, 'Thou shalt hide me in the secret of thy presence: thou shalt keep me secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.'"

As winter approached, Jessy's evening seasons of peace and solitude were gradually shortened. When the weather became cold, and it was early dark, her mother could no longer stand in the street with her neighbours. She made up for this by entering into conversation eagerly with all those who came to purchase any of the articles which, during the day, were displayed on her stand, but which, at the close of it, were now carried into her house. Jessy's home, in winter,

became thus the resort of all the idle women in the neighbourhood. This idle talking led to much evil besides neglect of family duties. Sinners entice each other,—and Jessy's mother gradually became addicted to the most ruinous of all vices,—drinking. Thomas Grey, who now acted as a porter, indulged in the same sin. He stood almost all day on the street, waiting for any work that offered; but, as he was not active, and generally somewhat stupified by drink, he was not much employed, and earned but little. Of that little, he gave scarcely any to his wife, but spent almost the whole of it in the indulgence of his sinful habit, telling his wife, that she would get the pension, which was more than enough to pay for all the comforts that his house offered him. At the first term for receiving this pension, after Thomas had married Mrs. Allan, it barely paid the debts that had been contracted from trusting to it. The second term was now near, and house-rent, and many other things, had been left unpaid, still looking forward to this fund. The people who had given Mrs. Grey credit, knew well at what time the pension was paid, and a day or two after she received it, all of them demanded their money. Mrs. Grey paid as far as she could, but found that she had not enough to pay half the demands that were made upon her. She dared not tell her husband this, for Thomas now thought little of beating

her when in anger. She therefore fell on every means in her power to induce her creditors to wait, and did not scruple to make promises she never could fulfil. To one person she promised that Jessy should pay what she earned at the end of every week, and this poor Jessy insisted on doing herself till the debt was paid, though, cold as it was, she still went to her work with nothing warmer to wrap herself in, than a thin shawl, and her shoes almost worn out. When Jessy had paid the last shilling that her mother's creditor claimed, the woman said to her, 'My good lassie, I see that you are really honest; and, I am sure, you are not idle like your mother, who is as careless as she is idle; for, if she had taken notice, she might have known, that you have paid me two weeks' wages more than I had a right to. I have let you do this without saying any thing, because I knew, that if your mother once got your money, little good from it would come to you, and you are in sore want of some bit shawl to keep you warm—so with your last week's wages I have gotten you a second-hand grey cloak, and wait a minute, and I'll go with you myself, and fit you in a pair of shoes.' Jessy waited; and, while doing so, her heart rose in thankfulness to that Lord who never forsook her, and who had now put it into the heart of a stranger to care for her.

Matters after this became worse and worse

with Mrs. Grey. She could not easily get credit, and her own earnings, joined to Jessy's, were now the only means of support for the family. With good management this might have done; but with Mrs. Grey's bad management, and her evil habits, she was soon in real poverty, and therefore most anxious to obtain assistance in any way she could. About this time, a benevolent gentleman had ordered coals to be sold to the poor from his coal-yard, in her neighbourhood at a very reduced price. Mrs. Grey eagerly availed herself of this gentleman's goodness, and one day, when Jessy was at home for her scanty dinner, desired her to go and get some of the coals. These coals were given out at a fixed hour, and then there was much crowding and pushing at the place. Jessy was anxious to get forward as she had little time to spare; so she watched and kept her place, that she might be served in her turn. A woman behind her, after pushing herself past many others, at last held out her basket, and intreated one of the men to fling her coals into it, as her infant was left alone in the house. The man wished to oblige her, and threw a piece into her basket. Another piece, however, from the careless way the woman held her basket, missed it, and fell with great violence against poor Jessy's leg. The blow threw her down, and there was immediately a cry, 'The poor lassie's leg is broken! What a

shame! That comes of serving people out of their turn!'

The man who had thrown the piece of coal ran to Jessy, and tried to raise her to her feet; but the pain from the blow was so great, that she could not stand, and almost fainted. She was known to some of the people near her, and, on finding where she lived, the man lifted her up in his arms, and carried her towards her house, with the greatest care and tenderness. A crowd followed, and Mrs. Grey ran out, as usual, on hearing a bustle in the street. On discovering that her own child was the cause, and seeing her carried pale, and apparently lifeless, she screamed out, 'Jessy! *my* Jessy! What is it? Who has done this?' in such a loud and fearful voice, as to recal Jessy to her senses. She got down, and tried to stand, and said, 'O mother! do not scream that way, it is not so bad.' She could say no more, and was helped into the house, and laid upon her little bed. It was now discovered that the blood was running down Jessy's leg into her shoe; and the man who had carried her home immediately offered to carry her to an apothecary's who lived near, where the wound would be properly dressed, and to pay whatever was necessary, both at this time and afterwards, till she was well again.

'Indeed, you can do nothing less,' said one of the women who had followed Jessy.

'Was it him that did it?' asked Mrs. Grey, in a voice of kindling anger.

''Deed was it,' replied the other, 'flinging coals about among the folk,—that's charity!'

Mrs. Grey then burst forth, scolding, and calling the man by every opprobrious name her fury supplied. Poor Jessy, though apparently in very great pain, intreated her mother to be quiet, assuring her that the man was not in the least to blame; but Mrs. Grey would not listen, and the man, at last, after hearing in silence every sort of abuse, felt himself growing angry, and, turning to Jessy, said, 'I am sorry for what has happened to you. I have offered what I could to make up for my part in it, but I see I can be of no use among such a set of'——he stopped, and did not allow his anger to get the better of him; then pushing the scolding women out of his way, left the house.

When Jessy's leg was examined, it was found that the sharp edge of the coal had made a frightfully deep wound. All round this wound appeared much bruised, and was now swelled and black. Each of the women present, recommended a different manner of dressing the wound. Poor Jessy intreated that it might be bound up, and she left in peace. She felt sick and faint from pain, and the talking and disputes around her were most distressing. At last it was agreed, that it should be done up in soap and sugar.

This dressing, applied on a coarse rag, and bound with others of the same description, and far from clean, was at last finished, and the people went away. Mrs. Grey went out also, to tell all that had happened to a neighbour who had not been present. Jessy was at last left in peace, and immediately her thoughts turned to that God, whose presence always seemed to return to her soul when she was left alone. Hitherto, when she had thought of God, it had been with feelings of thankfulness. She had constantly been able to say to herself, 'God is my best friend. He has, indeed, been to me a 'father of the fatherless.' Whatever good I have received, has either been through his servants, and done for his sake, or from my Saviour himself, guiding me in the paths of righteousness, and thus procuring for me favour, and imparting happiness and peace.' Now poor Jessy was at a loss. She thought of God, but her heart filled, and she could only weep. 'Had God forsaken her?' Jessy did not yet know that the children of God must learn to trust in him at *all* times, both when his dispensations give them joy, and when he sees fit to chasten and to try them. Jessy's Bible was always kept in a little chest close by her bed. She now took it out, and opened it to look for a text which came into her mind; but the exertion of stretching out of her bed made her leg so excessively painful, that, for a little, she could at-

tend only to it. When it got somewhat less uneasy, she began her search, and after some time spent in it, she found the text she wanted. It was this, 'Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?' Jessy read the account given of Job's afflictions, and wondered how little she had ever cared to read it before. When she had read of all that the Lord suffered to happen to this still beloved, and highly approved of servant, she almost smiled on remembering, that, a few minutes before, she had thought God had forsaken her, because he had suffered her to fall into a comparatively trifling affliction. Her mind became calm and easy, and when the mind is so, pain is not half so ill to bear. When we can say, 'It is *my* God, *my* Father, *my* Refiner, who has sent this, in order to purify my soul, and prepare me for himself,' we can much more easily endure the sharpest suffering, and feel willing to love and kiss the hand that afflicts us for our good. We know that He 'does not afflict willingly,' but because it is necessary for us.

During some days, Jessy was subjected to a great deal of suffering, from the manner in which her mother showed her anxiety for her recovery. To every person who came in, she must uncover and show poor Jessy's wound. Thus the dressing was taken off many times in the day. Besides this, a great variety of remedies were tried,

so that, at the end of a week, Jessy was in greater pain than she had been even at first. This continued for some time longer, till at last the wound assumed a very unfavourable appearance, and Thomas Grey, who had, while serving as a soldier, himself been wounded, and confined to an hospital, and by that means knew what were considered bad symptoms, went himself to the Dispensary, and begged a doctor to come and visit his step-daughter. Had this been done at first, poor Jessy might have been saved much. When the doctor came and saw the wound, he seemed really sorry for Jessy,—said she must be suffering dreadfully; and when she answered him with a smile on her now pale, young face, that she did not *always* suffer *very* much, he turned away quite moved. He looked for an instant round the disorderly apartment, into which two women had followed him, from curiosity, to hear what he would prescribe, and then said in a low voice to Jessy, 'I am sure you cannot be properly attended to, or kept quiet here; would you have any objection to going to the Infirmary?'

'Should I be in quietness there, Sir?' asked Jessy.

'Perfectly so, and every thing done to give you ease.'

'O! if it is quiet, I should like well well to go,' replied Jessy, earnestly.

The doctor turned to her mother. 'My good

woman, your daughter would me much better in the Infirmary, where she could be properly attended to, than here.'

'In the Infirmary!' repeated Mrs. Grey; 'My bairn in the Infirmary! Never. Attended to! I am sure I do nothing but attend to her! and there is not a friend I have, or one of the neighbours, who has not come to ask for her, and see her sore leg, every day since she got it. Attended to, indeed!'

'But that is the worst thing possible for her, my good woman,' replied the doctor mildly. 'You intend it for kindness, but your girl ought to be kept perfectly quiet, and see no person but the one who attends her; that would be difficult here, as I see you have articles for sale at your door, and must be constantly coming and going; so I really think you had better allow your daughter to go where she may be kept as she ought to be.'

Mrs. Grey seemed at a loss for a reply to this mild remonstrance; but a neighbour whispered something to her, and then she said, 'Sir, if you want Jessy to go to the Infirmary, because you think it is too much trouble to come here and see her, I must just try to get another doctor; but go to the Infirmary Jessy shall not.'

'O mother!' said Jessy, 'how can you speak that way. I am much obliged to you, Sir, for being so kind as to come.'

'I shall prove to you, woman,' said the doctor, 'that it is not to save myself trouble I have made this proposal: but if you continue to undo the dressings of this wound, I must just tell you, that you have more to answer for than you are aware of.' He then, in a manner that, compared to the usual one, gave Jessy scarcely any pain, dressed the sore, and after again charging Mrs. Grey on no account whatever to meddle with it till he returned, left the house.

When Thomas Grey returned at night, his wife soon told him, that the fine doctor he had sent, had proposed Jessy's going to the Infirmary.

'Well,' replied Thomas, 'I am sure she would be far better there than here.'

'If she was your own child, Thomas, you would not say that.'

'If it was my ownself!' replied Thomas, with one of his oaths, 'I would say it. Have I not been in an hospital, and do I not know that it is a far better place to get any thing healed in, than this disorderly cellar, that's shaken like an earthquake by every cart that goes by, and that you fill with clattering women from morning to night.'

'I wish you could get my mother to let me go, father,' said Jessy. 'I am sure I should be far sooner well; and then, mother, you would be glad you had not hindered me.'

'And have you the sense to wish to go, Jessy?' asked Thomas.

'I wish very much to go,' replied Jessy. 'The doctor told me it was quiet there, and that every thing would be done to give me ease; and I am sure I would soon be better, for you cannot think, father, what a different thing it was when he dressed it to-day.'

'Then go you shall, my lassie!' said Thomas firmly, 'and that before another day is over your head.'

Mrs. Grey's anger had been kindling during this conversation, and now burst forth in loud scolding, in the course of which she declared, that no power on earth should take her child to the Infirmary.

'We shall see,' said Thomas firmly.

Jessy attempted to interpose, and make peace, but her mother only scolded the more loudly and fiercely. At last Thomas said, in a suppressed tone of voice, 'There is your great love for Jessy,—there is the way you keep her quiet! Though I never saw the lassie till a year ago, and wish from my soul I had never seen either her or her mother, I would not for a hundred pounds make such a clamour beside her, after the doctor said so much about keeping her quiet.'

'But,' said Mrs. Grey, lowering her voice a little, 'you would send her to the Infirmary to

have her leg ta'en aff,—for I am sure they'll do nothing less.'

Jessy started when her mother said this.

The scolding continued, and her father sometimes answered with oaths, but Jessy, who was used to those dreadful sounds, heard them not. She could not bear to think of what her mother had said, yet she could think of nothing else. She had heard frightful stories of operations at the Infirmary, and now they all returned to her mind. She breathed short, and her heart beat quick from fear. The doctor had ordered her a draught to make her sleep, which she had taken, but now she could not sleep, and the draught only made her head uneasy, and added to the confusion and horridness of the ideas with which her imagination was filled. Never did poor Jessy pass a more miserable night. Towards morning she dosed occasionally, but, after a short interval of sleep, would start awake from some frightful dream.

The doctor came early next day. Thomas had staid at home, that he might see him, and get a line of admission for Jessy into the Infirmary. When the doctor saw Jessy, and felt her pulse, he asked if she had slept?

'Very little,' replied Jessy.

'Did you take the draught?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Then something happened to prevent your getting to sleep, I suppose?'

Thomas looked at his wife, and then said, 'Noise, Sir, prevented her sleeping;—no person could have fallen asleep here last night.'

'That will never do,' said the doctor, with displeasure; 'your child will never recover in such circumstances.'

'It was not just the noise that kept me from sleeping,' said Jessy; 'but tell me, Doctor, if you please, will it be necessary,—is my leg so ill, that it must be taken off?'

Jessy asked this question with difficulty, and could not keep her voice from changing, and tears filling her eyes.

'There,' said Thomas to his wife, 'I told you that, in the poor lassie's weak state, she would take your saying that to heart.'

'I was only in joke, Jessy,' said her mother; 'as true as death, I did not mean what I said. How could you think of that?'

'Poor thing!' said the doctor, compassionately; 'no wonder she had little sleep, after such cruel rashness.'

'But, Sir,' said Jessy, 'you have not said that I will recover without—.' She did not like to finish the painful question.

'Can *I* say, Jessy, whether or not you will recover?' said the doctor, gently. 'Your life and health are not in my hands; all we can do is to

use the means. I am sure you know this, my good girl.'

'Oh! yes,' said Jessy, her heart filling on hearing words so unlike what she was used to; and, looking at the doctor with love and reverence, 'You have only to tell me, Sir, what I ought to do, and I shall try to do it; and if the means fail—'

'We must not look forward to evil,' interrupted the doctor; 'you know we are desired to take no thought for the morrow. Believe me, my good girl, God will give you strength according to your day,—only trust in him.'

The doctor spoke thus to Jessy as he dressed her wound, and she felt almost sorry when his rapid and easy operation was finished.

When the doctor went away, Thomas followed him to the door. His wife did the same. When they returned, Thomas said to Jessy, 'I am going to tell an Infirmary chair to be brought, Jessy; you will be ready for it, my lassie. The doctor says he will see you in the evening.'

Jessy looked at her mother.—Mrs. Grey was silent. She seemed stupified, and Jessy wondered what the doctor had said to her.

'You will come and see me, mother,' said Jessy when her father had gone out.

'Oh! ay,' replied Mrs. Grey; 'but the doctor said I must only come at this hour, and at that

hour. It's a pretty thing to keep a mother from her own child.'

Jessy was glad to find that her mother was going to part with her so easily, and now intreated her to get ready for their going. Mrs. Grey was to accompany Jessy, and see her settled in that Ward of the Infirmary set apart for those in her circumstances; and she now began to bustle about, and to make her own appearance as respectable as she could, and also to get Jessy made ready to be moved. Before this could be accomplished, a bustle in the street called her attention. As she was going to the door, a neighbour put in her head, saying, 'It's an Infirmary chair.' A crowd of children had followed this well-known vehicle, the very sight of which makes one feel sad, as it recals so many painful images of sickness, and want of comfortable homes. Poor Jessy's heart sunk when she heard it was come. Her mother went to the door, and came back with their hands clasped together.

'Oh! Jessy,' exclaimed she, 'what for would you be so keen to go away from your own mother? I am sure, when you see that awful chair, you will not go—no power would make me set my foot in it.'

The men who had brought the chair, now entered to offer their services to carry out the sick person.

'Oh! Jessy, do not go,' whispered her mother.

'I *must* now, dear mother. Do not stop me, —the sooner it is over the better.'

The men then carried her carefully and tenderly to the chair. Several people stood around it, who expressed their compassion for the 'poor thing!' She heard one woman say, 'Dear me, she looks dreadful white!' And another, 'She'll never come back!'

Jessy was carried to the Infirmary, and then to the bed in the Ward, with less pain than she had feared. All around her was so clean and comfortable, and, above all, so quiet, that even before her mother left her, she felt reconciled to her new situation. When her mother was obliged to bid her farewell, her heart sunk for a little; but the stillness around her made her feel as if she was alone, and then she began to think of God, and to remember that he was present with her. She thought and prayed over what had passed within the last two days. The doctor's words returned to her memory, and she tried to trust God for whatever was before her; and after a little time she fell asleep, and slept tranquilly for several hours. On waking, she heard voices in the room, and drawing aside the curtain, saw her own doctor, and several others, standing or stooping over the bed of a patient not far from hers.

The nurse came and shut her curtain, saying, in a whisper, 'Every body must stay quiet while the doctors are here. They do not like people to be peeping from the beds.'

In a short time her doctor drew aside her curtain, and spoke kindly to her. He then called to an elderly gentleman, and said, 'This is the girl I mentioned to you.'

The elder doctor immediately came, and Jessy's wound was uncovered. She looked earnestly at him, while he carefully examined it. He then said something to her doctor in a language she did not understand, and shook his head. 'We may continue the remedies you have begun for a few days,' added he; 'but delay, I fear, will only increase the evil.'

He then went away, and Jessy's own doctor staid to bandage up the wound. While doing so, he asked her if she had any book to amuse her. She drew her Bible from under the pillow. 'I have this, Sir.'

He looked much pleased. 'If you really love that book, Jessy, we know whose child you are; and whatever you may have to suffer, all will work together for your good.'

After the doctors were gone, Jessy thought over what she had understood in their conversation respecting her. She felt certain that they thought very unfavourably of her case; and her own doctor's last words seemed to imply, that she

had still to look forward to severe suffering. Her mother's words the night before, returned to her thoughts, but she could not yet bear to think they might be true. The first time the nurse came near her bed, she asked her if she knew what the doctors thought of her case.

The nurse hesitated, and then said, 'They do not seem to think well of it for the present.'

'But do you think they mean to take off my leg?'

'I cannot tell,—they did not say any thing to me. But if it should be so bad as to come to that, you know many a person has had that done, and been strong and healthy all the rest of their lives.'

'Oh! but such dreadful pain as it must be!' exclaimed Jessy.

'Oh! no,' replied the nurse; 'I have heard many people say that they had suffered more pain before than during the operation; and then you know, even if it should be very sore for a short time,—ten minutes perhaps, or a quarter of an hour, it is the last pain, and then you get ease and sleep. I am sure, with that leg, you must always be suffering, and can get very little sleep.'

'That is very true,' replied Jessy.

'Well,' answered the nurse, 'would it not be better to suffer sharply for a short time, and then

be well, than to be continually in pain, and have all your strength wasted away?'

Jessy agreed, and felt much comforted by what the nurse had said. For two or three days after this, Jessy continued in pretty much the same state. The perfect quiet which always reigned around her, composed her mind, and she could without interruption read her Bible, and think and pray over what she read. The nurse, who was pleased with the grateful manner in which she received all her attentions, had brought her a book, saying, 'I see you are very fond of reading. This is a book my mother was always at, when she was not reading her Bible. I do not know what it is about, for I never cared for reading; but I have kept it for her sake, and I am sure I may trust it with you, and may be you may like it.'

Jessy thanked the nurse gratefully. This book was 'The Scots Worthies,' and no other could have been better suited to wile away Jessy's thoughts from the pain she constantly endured. She read this account of the sufferings undergone by the faithful servants of her Lord, with an interest so deep, as to make her forget all else,—where she was,—her own pain,—what she herself might still have to suffer,—every thing, while she followed in thought one or other of those 'Witnesses for the truth,' fearlessly proclaiming it to the scattered sheep of Christ's fold,

who dared to gather to them, in lonely glens, or beneath the rocky cliffs or unfrequented parts of the sea-shore, or amongst the hills:—she followed them to the caves and woods, where they fled from their persecutors, or to prisons or cruel deaths; and her young and warm heart led her almost to wish she had been amongst those who had been called to suffer for her Lord's cause, as she found, that among 'The Scots Worthies,' there had been not only ministers who preached the truth, but many, and some of them younger than herself, who had witnessed to their faith in Christ by dying, rather than give up serving him. When it became dark, and she could no longer read, she still thought of them, and tried to discover whether she, too, might not honour her Lord in her sufferings. She remembered that the Bible spoke both of *doing* the will, and *suffering* the will of God. She prayed to be enabled to understand the meaning of the last expression; and she thought, that as *doing* the will of God meant obedience to his laws, which we were incapable of obeying without his continual assistance, so *suffering* his will must mean, to submit with love and gentleness, and without murmuring, to whatever he appointed, in the firm belief of what he himself has declared, that 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,'—and this she also knew she could not do without his assistance. She prayed earnestly, therefore, for grace

to enable her to *suffer* the will of her Lord, whatever it might be.

During these few days, many doctors had examined Jessy's leg most carefully, and she remarked, that all of them seemed to think ill of it. She was herself sensible that the pain was not diminished, and that the parts affected were gradually spreading. This she told her mother, who visited her daily.

'Ay,' replied Mrs. Grey, 'they told me that it would be so before you came here, Jessy.'

'And what more did the doctor say, mother?'

'I must not tell you, Jessy. They forbade me, and I promised, because they said my telling you would do you ill. But I think all their fine attendance has not done you much good.'

Poor Jessy did not press her mother to break her word, but she felt certain, that what she had so much feared would assuredly take place. Now, however, she could, with some measure of composure, look forward to whatever might occur as sent by her heavenly Father; and fervently prayed for his grace, to prepare and enable her to suffer his will, so as to honour him, by showing his power to support the very feeblest of those who put their trust in him.

Next forenoon Jessy's own doctor, and the gentleman he had called to look at her leg the

first day she was in the Infirmary, came together to her bed-side. Her own doctor spoke cheerfully to her, and undid the dressings on her wound. When the other doctor saw it, he said 'I was right,—it is just as I expected, nothing will stop its progress.' He then felt Jessy's pulse, and added, 'She seems less weak than when she came, that is good.'

He then went away. Jessy's doctor dressed her wound in silence, and saw her laid comfortably. He then sat down on the side of her bed, and said to her in a low voice, 'Jessy, do you remember a promise you made to me, the second day I visited you?'

Jessy thought for an instant. 'No, Sir, but whatever it was, I am ready to fulfil it if I can.'

'Your promise was, Jessy, that if I would just tell you any thing you ought to do in order to recover your health, you would do it.'

'Well, Sir, I am sure it is the least I can do. I wish I could do *any* thing to show you how much I feel obliged by all your kindnesses.'

'Well, Jessy, I will tell you the truth; from the first day I saw this wound, I thought it would never heal. All the doctors who have seen it since you came here, are of the same opinion;—and now there is but one thing we can do,—if that were done, we all think you would be quite well and stout afterwards.'

'I understand you, Sir,' said Jessy, becoming

very pale, 'and I am ready to undergo whatever you think right.'

The doctor looked at Jessy. 'Are you sure you understand me?' asked he.

'Quite sure,' replied Jessy, smiling, though her eyes filled with tears, 'and I am much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken, Sir, and for the gentle way you have told me this. I have been thinking, ever since I came here, that it might end this way.'

'Your mother first put it into your head in a rash way,' said the doctor; 'I was sorry for that, because it might have affected your nerves, and made you regard it as much more formidable than it really is.'

'Yes, Sir; the thought was very dreadful to me at first, but now I trust I shall be enabled to suffer whatever the Lord sees to be good for me.'

'You will be enabled, Jessy, be assured, if you firmly put your trust in God,—none ever trusted him in vain.' The doctor then sat thoughtfully for a little. When he rose to go away, he said, 'We do not think it good to delay in such cases as yours, Jessy, but I shall see you to-morrow morning. I know now that you are ready when it is thought proper.'

He then went away, and when Jessy heard his last step as he left the room, all her power to act firmly seemed to go with him, and she sunk

down in her bed, and wept bitterly. Every painful thing came before her,—the dreadful operation,—lameness for life. She never would be able to go to service,—she must always remain in her mother's house,—all the thoughts of happier days, when she might get a situation in some pious family, and escape from scenes of drunkenness, and swearing, and confusion,—all must be given up for ever! At last a voice seemed to whisper in Jessy's heart, 'Is this the way you *suffer* the will of your Lord?' She became calm, and said to herself, 'And is this the way I *trust* to his promise, that he will make all things work together for my good?' She remembered that God had said in his word, 'Call on me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' And how am I to understand this? thought Jessy. Am I now to expect that God will deliver me from what I fear? No, that would be a miracle; and miracles were wrought, not to convince believers, but unbelievers. God will deliver me from such trouble as prevents my soul from loving and trusting him. He will prove to me, that he can enable me to bear whatever he inflicts, and still to love, and still to believe, that he has no pleasure in my afflictions, but sends them for my good. Nay, more, to believe that in all these afflictions my Lord is afflicted with me; and while he thus delivers me from all the bitterness of the trials he sees ne-

cessary to send, he will, by giving me to feel his power to support under, and sweeten them all, enable me to show forth the glory of his supporting grace and love. When Jessy was enabled to think thus, her mind became calm, and a sweet and heavenly peace was shed abroad in her heart. While in this happy state of mind, she heard some one approaching her bed, and supposing it was her mother, she turned away her face for a moment, to implore strength for the trying scene she expected, when she should inform her of the truth. On turning round again, however, not her mother, but her good schoolmistress, stood by her bed, her looks full of kindness and compassion. Jessy's heart filled. She had not seen her mistress since before she met with her accident:—

'O mistress!' said she, bursting into tears, 'I thought you had forgotten me.'

The mistress could not herself keep from tears. 'No, Jessy! I have thought the same of you. I never heard what had happened to you till yesterday.'

'And have you heard every thing, mistress?' asked Jessy. 'Do you know what is before me?'

'Yes, Jessy,' replied the mistress, her lip trembling as she spoke, 'the nurse has told me all. I hope the Lord has prepared you for it, better than I was prepared to hear of it.'

'Yes, mistress the Lord has wonderfully re-

conciled me to his will in this trial. *You* know, mistress, how much evil I have to look forward to, if I live after it. *You* know the kind of home I must now spend the rest of my days in.'

Jessy could scarcely say this for weeping, and the mistress could not answer, but, having drawn near her, took her hand in hers and just wept with her. Jessy threw her arms round her kind friend's neck, and said, sobbing, 'O mistress! you will not think this looks like resignation to the will of God, but, indeed, though my heart is full, and I cannot help crying this way, yet I feel happy; but seeing you, puts me in mind of so many things.'

'My dear Jessy,' said the mistress, 'do not let yourself forebode evil. The Lord reigns. All hearts are in his hands. He makes *all things* work together for good to those who love him. Surely, after all he has done for you, Jessy, you may trust him now. Was your home any better when he put it into the heart of your mother to bring you where he was to meet you with instruction, and lead you to himself? Has he not continued to guide and bless you amidst all the disadvantages of that home? and now is he not teaching you, that it is upon himself, who brought his salvation near to you, when you thought not on him, that you must rely? He is teaching you, that you must not say within your heart, I will go to this situation, or to that situation, where I

may have a good example, and be kept in God's ways; but I will go to that Lord whom I have taken for my master, and my guide, and my portion, and I will wait on him, and look on whatever situation his providence places me in, as the very best for me.'

'Yes, yes, dear mistress,' replied Jessy. 'Every word you say makes my heart cling closer to Him. I will not fear the future.'

After this Jessy had a long conversation with her mistress, during which she fully opened her heart to that kind and sincere friend, on every subject which had given her uneasiness, and received from her much advice, and much comfort; after which she remained quite composed, and, when alone, spent most of the time in prayer. When her mother came, she was enabled to speak words of comfort to her, and took that opportunity of pressing home upon her mind, the necessity of knowing and serving God, if we would hope to be supported in affliction, or prepared for death.

Early next day, Jessy was visited by her doctor. He felt her pulse.

'You are no worse to-day, Jessy,' said he kindly.

'No, Sir, thank God,' replied Jessy.

'You remember what I said to you yesterday, Jessy, that when the patient had strength for it,

we made no delays, after having determined that an operation was necessary.'

'I do, Sir,' replied Jessy, becoming very pale, 'and I trust I am ready.'

'We think of to-day,' said the doctor gently.

'To-day!' repeated Jessy. 'Well, Sir, whenever you think it best.'

'God will support you, Jessy; put your whole trust in him,' said the doctor. 'I will now send the nurse to make you ready. Do not fear. It will not last long.' The doctor left her, and Jessy prayed fervently for support. In a little, the nurse came and spoke very encouragingly. All necessary preparations were soon made for Jessy to be taken to the place where the operation was to be performed. The doctor came again, and felt her pulse.

'It will soon be over, my good girl, remember God is with you,' said he kindly.

'I hope you are to do it, Sir,' said Jessy earnestly.

'A much more skilful doctor is to do it, Jessy, —one, in comparison of whom I am only a beginner.'

'O! Sir, I would wish you to do it, rather than any other doctor. I would feel, when it was a servant of God who made me suffer, more as if it was the hand of my Lord.'

'It is your Lord's hand, Jessy, whatever instrument he pleases to use. It is still his

gracious, gentle hand; and it is his mercy which makes even this severe trial as easy as the greatest skill can make it.'

'It is so, indeed,' said Jessy.

'I will be near you all the time,' added the doctor, kindly.

'More mercy,' whispered Jessy, as she was carried from her bed.

The nurse had put her shawl over her head and desired her not to look, as the sight of the necessary preparations would only frighten her; and Jessy scrupulously obeyed this injunction.

In less than an hour, the operation was over, and Jessy again laid in bed. She said afterwards, that she had suffered less than she expected; and that all the time she felt as sure of the presence of her Lord and Saviour, as if the veil had been withdrawn, and she admitted amongst the spirits of the 'just made perfect.'

For some days Jessy was kept very quiet. Her mother and the schoolmistress visited her, but she was only allowed to speak to them for a few minutes. To the mistress she said, 'Pray for me, dear mistress, that the Lord may be present with me,—that he may continue to support me, and enable me to rest satisfied that all is best.' To her mother she said, 'The Lord has fulfilled his promise to me. I called upon him, and he delivered me from all fear, and enabled me to submit willingly to whatever he saw to be good

for me. O! mother,' added she earnestly, 'why will you not come to Christ? O! if you only knew him! Think of all he has done for us! O! be persuaded to listen to his blessed and gentle voice! Mother, why will you die? You must perish if you reject him and live as you do.' Mrs. Grey wept when Jessy spoke this to her, but she did no more. She did not offer up one prayer. She knew, that if she came to Christ, she must give up all her sins; and she preferred them to the favour of her Saviour. If she had prayed to him, he would have delivered her from the power of sin; but she did not wish to be delivered. O what a choice! A choice for eternity! Sin in this world,—everlasting woe in the next! Who would believe that rational creatures could be capable of such unutterable folly as to make such a choice?

Jessy remained for several weeks in the Infirmary after undergoing the operation; and during that time, she saw, to her great grief, that her mother was more than ever given up to sin. The truth was, that Mrs. Grey, while Jessy was at home, had been in some degree restrained by her presence, and had also found her house more attractive, for Jessy was kind-hearted and cheerful, and when her mother was in good humour, she could at times wile away her thoughts, and keep her tolerably happy at home; but now when Jessy was absent, and Mrs. Grey had no com-

panion in her solitude but her own evil conscience, she never staid alone a moment when she could help it, and was thus continually in the way of temptation. Several times before Jessy left the Infirmary, her mother visited her in such a state of intoxication as to make her ashamed, besides the misery occasioned to her by the thoughts of her wretched state; and now that Jessy was getting better, if she ventured to say any thing to her mother when sober, it was very ill received.

Poor Jessy's heart sunk, as the time approached that she must return to her home. Though she had suffered much bodily pain in the Infirmary, still it had been a time of peace, and comfort, and improvement to her soul; and her heart sickened at the thought of the swearing, and drunkenness, and entire want of peace and comfort which she must meet in all she had now to look to as her home; but she remembered that God was present every where, and that he could change the hearts of his most determined enemies. For this she prayed; and endeavouring to 'cast all her cares,' as she was commanded, 'on the Lord,' she continued to spend those few peaceful days she remained in the Infirmary, in reading her precious Bible, her dear 'Scots Worthies,' and in thoughts of God.

At last, Jessy's doctor pronounced her cure complete, and after giving her some advice about

the management of the still tender limb, kindly took leave of her, desiring her to send immediately for him, if she ever felt the least unwell. Jessy wept as she thanked him for all his kindness; and in the afternoon of the same day, her mother came for her, and she returned on crutches to her home. On entering the house, Jessy was more than ever struck with its confused and dirty appearance; but her attention was soon called from regarding it, by the entrance of several of the neighbours, who, having known that her mother had gone to fetch her, had watched their return; and now she was overwhelmed with questions. 'I thought ye were to get a wooden leg, Jessy; must ye aye gang on crutches? O! woman, that would be an awfu' thing.' 'I must not use my wooden leg for a little time yet,' replied Jessy; 'but I walk quite easily on the crutches.' 'Poor thing!' said a neighbour; 'but take heart, Jessy, ye'll be able to sew as well as ever, and that's a genteeler way of winning one's bread, than going to service.'

Jessy could scarcely keep from crying, while her neighbours thus attempted to comfort her. 'I trust the Lord will enable me to serve him in the situation he has appointed for me,' said she at last, with much seriousness, 'his will must be the best.' The women were silent; and on Jessy saying something more of the same kind, they, one after the other, recollected something

they had to do, and went away. Poor Jessy had then time to look around her, as her mother also soon went out. All seemed worse than when she left it, and some articles of furniture were gone,—Jessy guessed too easily where. Her own little bed and her box remained, however, in their own corner of the comfortless room. Jessy put her Bible into her box, and feeling, at least, the pleasantness of the liberty she might enjoy in her own home, began to move about slowly on her crutches, and put things a little into order. In a short time her mother returned, her conduct betraying too evidently on what errand she had gone out. She spoke much and loud, but what she said was quite incoherent. At a later hour, Thomas Grey also returned, in no better state than his wife;—but it is very painful to describe wickedness, and it can do good to no one to read such descriptions. I shall therefore say little more of Thomas Grey, or his wretched wife, but as it may be necessary to account for some parts of Jessy's conduct.

A few days after her return home, her good schoolmistress accompanied Jessy to the shop where she had worked before she met with her accident. She had intreated the schoolmistress to go with her, because she could not now depend on her mother being sober at any part of the day, and she feared she might disgrace herself before the shop people. The mistress, on

going to the shop, explained the cause of Jessy's absence, and when the master saw her standing, rather ashamed, leaning on her crutches, he seemed very sorry for her, and assured her, that as she had always been a most diligent worker while she was with him, that now, whoever wanted work, she never should; and that, if she preferred it, she might have some to do at her own home. Jessy gratefully accepted of this offer, and for a few weeks worked at home; but as soon as she was able to walk with ease on her wooden leg, she again went regularly to the shop, as formerly, and 'lame Jessy Allan' soon became the best and most trusted workwoman in the shop.

Jessy continued for nearly two years thus to attend to her business, pleasing her employer, and respected by all her fellow-work-people. During this time, her mother and step-father became gradually more and more enslaved to their ruling vice. Jessy's wages were, however, a great means of their support; they were, therefore, more from greed and selfishness, than from regard to her, always willing to please her. She was, however, obliged at last to take the management of her wages into her own hand, and this brought upon her, sometimes coldness and abuse, sometimes attempts to wheedle her out of her earnings; but Jessy had thought and prayed over the matter, and was convinced that she

ought not to assist her parents in their indulgence of sin. She was therefore firm, and while she did all in her power to procure real comforts for them, never, when she could help it, assisted them in sinning. While Jessy was 'diligent in business,' she was also 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' The Sabbath and the Lord's house became her delight. She continued to attend the Sabbath Evening School, where she had first been led to love and serve the Lord, till she was sixteen. She was then advised by the master to go rather to church, as he necessarily had to address most of what he said, to those who had still to learn the very first principles of religion, and she ought, he said, to press on, and add to her faith, 'knowledge.' Jessy followed this kind advice, and earnestly sought to profit by it.

Mrs. Grey almost never went to church, and she had no seat any where. There was one minister, however, whose preaching Jessy, very soon after she began to think seriously of religion, found she preferred to any other she ever heard. In his church, as soon as she was able, she took a seat for herself. There was another young girl came to the same pew, whose appearance very much interested Jessy. She seemed, like herself, always to come to church alone. She looked very sickly, and listened to the preacher, as if she was indeed hearing a message from God. Jessy and she very often remained in church to-

gether between sermons, and sometimes they entered a little into conversation on what they had heard. By degrees they became more intimate, and at length met each other with pleasure and kindness. They, however, met only on the Sabbath; for though they walked home together, and her friend passed Jessy's house to reach her own, Jessy never liked to ask her in, for she was ashamed of what she must have seen. This continued till about the time Jessy left the Sabbath-School. Amongst many other things the master had said to her, he had particularly spoken on the nature and intention of the Lord's Supper. About this time, that ordinance was to be administered in the church where Jessy attended. The pew in which she usually sat, was one of those which was removed during the service; she and her friend were therefore obliged to find seats elsewhere. On this occasion the church was very crowded, and after Jessy had with difficulty got a place, she observed that her friend, Mary Scott, could find no seat, and was standing near where she sat. She beckoned to her, and they continued to sit and stand by turns, during the early part of the service. When the people began to move forward to the tables, Jessy knew she must not remain where she was then standing, and reluctantly turned to leave the church for a time, and Mary immediately followed her.

'O Jessy!' said Mary, when they had got out

of church, 'did not you feel it hard to be obliged to come away just when Mr. —— came down to serve the table?'

'Yes,' replied Jessy, 'but I just thought as I came out, well, I trust this is the last time I shall be obliged to stay away.'

'What, Jessy, do you think of joining so soon? It is well with you if you dare venture.'

'*Dare*, Mary?' repeated Jessy. 'Does not our Lord himself command us to 'do this, in remembrance of him?' I think it is more daring to stay away, after he has given us so plain a command.'

'But then, Jessy, the command was given to the true disciples of Christ. I am sure, when Mr. —— was fencing the tables to-day, I thought within myself, Will any one dare to approach?'

'That is so strange,' replied Jessy, 'for it was just when he was fencing the tables, that I thought he was describing, as it were, exactly what the Lord had done for my soul. Do you not remember, Mary, when he spoke of those who were invited to partake of the Lord's Supper, he said, that Christ was all their hope—that to them he was 'precious,'—that to his death alone they looked, as a propitiation for their sins? They did not suppose that their own repentance, or tears, or mourning, could wash away their sins, but they believed that his precious blood would wash them away. They

therefore had come to him, and continued to come to him, that, through the cleansing virtue of that blood, they might have forgiveness, and have their guilt removed, and the fear of God's displeasure taken away. That they ardently desired to be holy, but knew that they could not make themselves so; and therefore, also, Christ was most precious to them, because of his fulness they must receive grace, and life, and strength. Thus, in every sense, Christ was, to the believing soul, altogether 'precious.' And do you not recollect what Mr. —— said after that, Mary? 'If any of you that hear me, can say, that to you Christ is indeed 'precious,'—that you trust in him, and him only, for salvation,—that you rest satisfied in the belief, that his blood cleanseth from all sin,—and that you have trusted, and are still trusting in its power to wash away your guilt, and to reconcile you to God,—if the death of Christ is in this way the only hope and support of your souls,—then you have by faith already partaken of the reality. Come, then, and partake of the symbols appointed by the Lord to confirm your faith, and bring even before your eyes, and into your hearts, the memorials of his dying love.' Cannot you say from your inmost heart, Mary, that to you Christ is precious?'

'Yes, Jessy,—at least at times I trust I can, —but you have remembered the last part of

what Mr. —— said. Do you remember how he began?'

'Yes,' replied Jessy; 'but he was then addressing those who thought they were worthy communicants, while their hearts were set on this world; and who desired to be saved by Christ from hell, but valued him not as a Saviour from sin.' 'Oh!' added Mary, who was of a melancholy and timid disposition, 'it was awful what he said of their state!'

'Yes,' replied Jessy, 'but I am sure, Mary, you desire to be saved from the power of sin.'

'I think I can appeal to the Searcher of Hearts, that I do,' answered Mary.

'Why, then, apply those alarming passages to yourself, Mary?'

'I fear deceiving myself, Jessy. You know our hearts are deceitful above all things.'

'But you know,' said Jessy, 'we would have to speak to Mr. —— before we joined, and he would examine us, and assist us to examine ourselves.'

Mary shook her head, but made no answer, and they then returned into church.

After this, Jessy and Mary had many conversations on the subject of the Lord's Supper; and a few weeks before it was again administered in their church, Jessy had prevailed on her friend to go with her to their minister, and ask to be admitted. He appointed them to come to him

for several succeeding times, conversed and prayed with them, and then encouraged them by his assurances, that he trusted they were indeed lambs of Christ's fold, who ought to join his people in obeying his last command.

After this solemn, but joyful period, Jessy and Mary were more than ever united to each other. Jessy found that Mary's parents were Highlanders, and went regularly to the Gaelic Chapel. Mary, who had come to Edinburgh when a child, to reside with an aunt, did not understand Gaelic, and had chosen to attend the same church with Jessy, for the same reason,—her preference of the minister. Mary, who was too delicate to go to service, assisted in maintaining herself by taking in work.

About a year after this period, Jessy took a very severe cold, and finding it scarcely possible to get work done properly in her mother's dark and confused house, she went out too soon to work at the shop. She thus got additional cold, and became so ill, that she was confined to bed, and obliged to send for her kind doctor. He came immediately, and attended regularly till Jessy was again able to go out. He desired her to take great care of herself, and avoid cold. This, however was not easy. It was now winter, and after the short day closed in, the door of Mrs. Grey's house was constantly open, and Jessy felt the cold air in a way she had never

felt it before. While she had been confined, and unable to work, her wicked mother had pawned part of her clothes; and this she had done, although Jessy's master, knowing the character of her parents, had regularly sent half the amount of her wages at the end of every week. Mrs. Grey had got this money, but said, 'a sick body always cost more than a well one.' Jessy was much hurt when she discovered this. She was also obliged to go out much less warmly clothed than she ought to have been in her state of health, and soon again began to feel unwell. She, however, struggled against the weakness and languor she felt, and continued to go to work, till she became so ill as to be confined to bed again for some days, after which, as soon as she was able, she returned to her work. In this way she passed the winter, sometimes being obliged to pass days without working at all, at other times obliged to take work in at home. During this period of sickness, her mother became less kind to her every day; and often, when in bad humour, reproached her with being a burden on her; and foretold that she would soon be unable to gain any thing, and then she might just go to the poor's house, for she was sure she could not maintain her. Poor Jessy carried all these sorrows to God, and prayed earnestly to be directed what to do. She thought, that if she could by any means procure a little

room, where she might keep herself warm, and take care of herself, she might perhaps get stouter, and where, also, she might take in work when unable to go out; and in this way, if she did not become worse, she felt certain she could maintain herself. Jessy thought and prayed over this plan, and then went to consult her steady and kind friend the schoolmistress. In doing so, she was obliged to tell more of what she had to endure from the sinful scenes she constantly witnessed at home, than she had ever imparted to any one before. This she did with tears and shame; and when the mistress had heard all, she strongly advised her to leave such a place of wickedness, where she had so long endeavoured in vain to be of use, and to trust the future to that God who had hitherto been so gracious to her. The mistress then offered to assist her in finding a room. Jessy knew that there was a very small one to be got at the top of the stair in which her friend Mary Scott lived, and begged the mistress to look at it, and settle the taking of it for her. She then went with a lighter heart to get some work. This work she took home, as she could not venture to stay at the shop and walk back in the cold evening air.

When she got home, her mother was sitting close over the fire, her pipe in her mouth, and the room filled with smoke. Jessy left the door a little open, to clear it away.

'What are you leaving the door open for?' asked her mother, in a scolding tone of voice.

'For the smoke, mother. I cannot take out this fine clean work till it has cleared away a little.'

'Wark!—wark!' scolded out her mother; 'you and your wark are mair fash than if ye maintained the whole family. One time the door maunna be open for your cough, and anither time it maunna be shut for your wark. Shut it this minute, I tell ye, and just find some ither place to live in, if ye maun hae sae mony fikes, and mak naething after a'.'

Jessy's heart filled, and she could not speak for a little. She then said, 'Mother, I have been thinking of doing as you say. I have been thinking, if I had another place to live in, I could maintain myself. At any rate, I will not any longer be a burden to you,—I trust the Lord will provide for me.'

'Oh! ay, begin to preach, ye can aye do that at ony rate, and much good it has done you,' said her mother scornfully.

'I am going to take a room, and try to maintain myself, mother,' said Jessy, more firmly; 'and whatever the Lord sees fit for me, he will send. I have cause to say, that knowing him has done me much good; and now I am going to give up every earthly trust, and rest only in him.'

Mrs. Grey looked up in Jessy's face: 'What's a' this Jessy? What is it you mean?'

'I mean, mother, just what I have said,—I cannot work here. You know I have already had some things so much dirtied, that I was ashamed to take them back. I cannot expect always to be let pass without being made answerable, as the other workers are, for such accidents. My health and strength are failing, so that I cannot go out to the shop. You say that I need not look to you to maintain me; I am therefore going to try what I can do for myself, and leave the future with God.'

'A fine story, indeed!' said Mrs. Grey, not believing that Jessy was in earnest. Jessy assured her that she was, and said it would be a pleasure to her to have her free consent.

'Consent! you are most welcome to do as you like,' replied her mother: 'we'll see if we hear of this again. Consent! mind do not say it was want of my consent kept you at home.'

In a few days the room was taken, and a little bed, which the Mistress had lent Jessy money to purchase, and some other little necessary articles, were placed in it. On Saturday she received her wages, and work for another week. She then returned home, and giving her mother half of the money, bade her good-night; and, promising to see her next day, took her small bundle of clothes, and had reached her own little room,

before her mother had recovered from her surprise.

Mary Scott had busied herself in making this little room as comfortable as possible. It had been newly white-washed, and the floor made nicely clean, and now a good fire gave it a most cheerful appearance. To be sure, all the furniture in it was a bed, a small deal table, a stool, and some other trifling articles; but all were perfectly clean and orderly, and to Jessy her new abode seemed delightful. Mary and she had some pleasant conversation together, and, before they parted, read a portion of Scripture.

When Mary was gone, poor Jessy could not help thinking of her mother, and the thought was indeed a sad one; yet she felt satisfied, that leaving her was her last and only resource. And after having poured out her heart to God, she lay down in peace, and slept.

Next day was the Sabbath, and a blessed and peaceful Sabbath it was to Jessy. She and Mary went to the house of God together; and when public worship was over, she could in peace spend her hours of retirement in the duties of that holy day.

Early on Monday morning, Jessy, after having asked the blessing and presence of God, and read a portion of Scripture, sat down to work. There was a good window in her room. It looked eastward, and as she was high up stairs, this

window overlooked most of the houses between it and Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. Jessy loved to look at those towering rocky hills, as a bright morning sun now glowed upon them. It also shone cheerily into her own little room, and her heart rose in gratitude to that glorious Being who created its pleasant beams.

Mary joined Jessy early in the day, bringing her stool and work with her; and they sat and worked together, and the Bible open between them, that, as they talked, the one or other might occasionally read a verse or two, and then they would seek together to find out its true and practical meaning.

In the middle of the day, Jessy visited her mother. She prayed God, as she went, to turn her heart to receive her kindly, for she shrunk from her harshness. Mrs. Grey was in pretty good humour, and promised, before Jessy came away, to go and see her in her 'fine new house,' as she called it; but added, 'Mind, Jessy, this is your own fancy, and if it brings you to ruin, ye need not look to me for help.'

At the close of this day, Jessy had worked twice as much as she could do at her mother's; and so she continued to do each day during the week, so that, by the end of it, she was able, from her earnings, to pay a little of the debt she owed her kind friend. Her health, too, seemed much better. Jessy continued to spend her time in this

way for several weeks: at the end of that time she had paid all her debt, and found that she could support herself quite comfortably. Her health, however, as spring advanced, did not improve so much as she expected. Though never so ill as to be prevented working, yet she never felt thoroughly well: and the thought now often came across her mind, that perhaps she had not long to live.

One day that Mary and she were sitting at work together, Jessy turned up the following text, and read it,—'We are willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord,'—and then said, 'Mary, can you ever say that you feel that willingness mentioned here?'

'Sometimes I think I could almost say it,' replied Mary. 'After I have spent a Sabbath in the Lord's house, and in seeking him in prayer, and in thinking of the holiness and beauty of his character, I have felt at night,—O that I was where the Sabbath never ends! where I might continually, and without interruption from sin, and ignorance, and darkness, learn more of the glorious character of that Saviour, whom, knowing so little as I do, I yet love so far above what I have words to express. At such moments, I have longed to depart and be with Christ; but you know, Jessy, I am often very ill, and many a time I have thought myself dying, and then I

have so many fears, that I shrink back, and pray not to be taken yet.'

'And what is it you most fear at such times?' asked Jessy.

'Oh! many—many things!' replied Mary. 'My sins then seem to have been so great,—so many duties neglected,—the Bible so carelessly read, prayer often hurried over, just as a task to keep my conscience at rest,—God forgotten and other thoughts taking up my mind. Oh! Jessy, when death seems really near, you will wonder how different every thing appears.'

'I have sometimes felt as if it was not very distant, of late,' said Jessy.

'And could you think of it without fear?' asked Mary.

'No, I cannot just say that; yet it was a strange kind of fear too. If I could have thought all was safe, Oh! how willingly should I have departed! But the very thought—this may be death! has something hurrying and confusing in it. It is the cry in the soul,—'The Bridegroom is coming;' and it does indeed awaken it in a wonderful manner.'

'Yes,' replied Mary; 'and then, where is the oil to trim the lamp? Mine never seems at hand.'

'And what do you think is that oil, Mary?' asked Jessy.

'You know, Jessy, our minister said on that parable, that the ten virgins represented professors of religion, and the coming of the Bridegroom meant the approach of death. That the difference between true Christians and mere professors, was proved by the manner in which they were prepared to meet this last enemy. True Christians might indeed be at first startled by his approach, but still they had that knowledge and faith which would enable them, in humble confidence, to go forth and meet their Lord; but mere professors would then feel that they still had that to seek which alone would make them ready to meet death. Now this alarmed me, because, when death does not appear to be near, then I think I could meet it; but when the cry,—that the Bridegroom is coming, seems really at hand, then I am all in confusion, and can only implore him to delay his coming.'

'You always remember the alarming part of a sermon, Mary,' said Jessy, 'and I always remember what is comforting. Have you forgot what Mr. —— said *that* light was, which could alone enable us to meet the Lord?'

'Not very well,' answered Mary.

'He said,' continued Jessy, 'that our last meeting on earth with our Almighty Redeemer, would be in the 'valley of the shadow of death;' but that true Christians knew what it was to meet with him,—they so knew it as to seek constantly

for his presence as their chiefest joy. They had by faith, time after time, come to him, and laid their sins on him, and, for his precious blood's sake, received remission and forgiveness. Thus they had often, often met with him as their Saviour. They had met him in affliction as their refiner,—they had known him as their intercessor,—as their deliverer from the power of sin,—as their Advocate with the Father. In their last earthly meeting with him, he taught them to regard him in a new character. As their trials would then be severest, this character was the one of all others whose love is most tender, and anxious, and watchful, and which is only borne immediately previous to an everlasting union. It is only the light of the faith and knowledge of Christ, that can enable any poor soul to enter without fear into the valley of the shadow of death.'

'O! I remember now,' said Mary.

'It is want of faith,' said Jessy, 'that makes us shrink back.'

'And consciousness of sin,' added Mary.

'But shall we ever be without that consciousness?' asked Jessy. 'Is there not a something wrong—a little trusting to our own works for acceptance with God in this, Mary? And does not St. Paul say, that 'by the deeds of the law no flesh shall be justified in his sight?'

'Yes,' replied Mary, 'but he also says, that 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord.''

'You know, Mary, Mr. —— said, *that* holiness without which no man could see the Lord, was not a holiness that was to acquit us at the tribunal of God, but a holiness which made us meet to enjoy the presence of God.'

'He did say so, I remember,' answered Mary.

'But, Mary, are we not confusing these two kinds of holiness? We both feel that the thought of heaven is delightful to us. On earth the Sabbath is our day of happiness. We would wish every day to be a Sabbath. May we not hope that this, in some measure, is a beginning of that love of spiritual things, which will make heaven a place of delight and joy to us? But when we think of appearing before God in this poor holiness, all the sins that still cleave to us come into our thoughts, and we feel so defiled, that no wonder we tremble. If we trusted wholly in that righteousness in which there is no spot, to justify us before God, as we suppose we do, then, instead of trembling at the thought of our continual shortcomings, we would rejoice that we were going where sin would for ever leave us.'

'Sometimes I think I see clearly that it ought to be so,' replied Mary; 'but then again I meet with some passage in Scripture, or I hear something said, which turns my thoughts to what is less comforting.'

'Turns your thoughts from trusting in Christ!' said Jessy; 'and as there is none other name under heaven, given among men whereby we must be saved,' so, when we lose our confidence in him, we feel that we are without hope.'

Jessy and Mary often talked thus together, and helped each other in their course. As the summer passed away, Jessy did not feel that her strength returned, and, in the autumn, she began to suffer frequently from a pain in her side, and oppression on her breathing. These gradually increased as the weather became colder; and at last she found that she could not go out, without making herself so ill as to oblige her to sit up half the night, and this prevented her being able to work part of the next day. Jessy's friends brought her work when she could no longer go out, and for a time she continued to support herself. Before the winter was over, however, she became so weak that she could not sit up above half the day. On first being obliged to confine herself to the house, Jessy had sent for her kind doctor. He attended her regularly, but except, perhaps, for a day on first using them, his prescriptions failed in producing any effect. He did not seem to understand her complaints perfectly, and brought some of his medical friends to visit her. None of their prescriptions, however, were more successful; and the breathlessness, which was the most distressing of Jessy's com-

plaints, increased so rapidly, that she was soon forced to give up every attempt to work, and spent great part of her days and nights sitting up, supported by pillows, in bed.

It was at this period, when every means of earthly support seemed cut off, that Jessy's kind friend the schoolmistress applied to one of those ladies who still took charge of the school at which she had first received her religious impressions. This lady was deeply interested in poor Jessy, after having heard her short history since she left school, and immediately went to visit her. With some difficulty she found the close in which she lived, and after climbing up a very long stair, inhabited apparently by many families, and which in some parts was very filthy, and after being half frightened by the noise and confusion which she heard as she passed some of the many doors, she at last reached poor Jessy's little room. Here all seemed peace. The room was very light, as clean as possible, and in the most perfect order. In one corner was a little low bed, on which Jessy lay, or rather sat, her head resting on the pillows which supported her. The door, on the lady's knocking, had been softly opened by a pale gentle-looking girl, who, after having placed a chair, and closed the Bible, which she had been reading to Jessy, and which she had left on the bed, took her work, and modestly left the room.

'Do you remember me, Jessy?' asked the lady, sitting down by Jessy, and holding out her hand to her.

'O! yes, ma'am, I have good cause to remember you,' replied Jessy, taking the lady's hand, and clasping it in both of hers. The exertion of saying these few words, increased the rapidity of Jessy's breathing so much, that she seemed ready to faint. The lady looked at her in alarm, but Jessy smiled, and after recovering a little, said, 'That blessed school!' She could say no more.

'Would you say, Jessy,' asked the lady, 'that the instructions you received at school were blessed to you?'

'O! yes, yes.'

The lady was moved. 'You find, Jessy, that the truths you learnt there, now support you in this severe illness?'

'Yes,' replied Jessy, and after a little added, 'and in the view of death.'

'Have you no hopes of recovery, Jessy?'

'None; I do not wish it.'

'And have you no fears?'

'Not now,' replied Jessy.

'The effect of speaking seems so distressing to you, Jessy,' said her friend, 'that I think you would perhaps answer me more easily by turning up passages of Scripture. Could you, in

that way, tell me, how your fear for that 'king of terrors' has been taken away?'

Jessy turned up the following passages, one after another,—'The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. If God be for us, who can be against us? It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh continual intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?'

'These are indeed precious words,' said the lady, 'and they are happy who can apply them to themselves.'

Jessy answered by turning to these words,—'The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth, say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' And again,—'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price.'

'The offer is, indeed, altogether free,' said the lady; 'was there any heavenly gold, any

pure righteousness required of us to make it ours, we should have no hope.'

'O no!' said Jessy, 'It is free,—all free.'

After conversing for some time in this manner, the lady rose to go. Jessy held the hand she gave her, till she had turned up the 41st Psalm, and pointed to the first verses. Her friend read them, then shaking hands kindly with Jessy, said,—'I trust I may be the means of some temporal good to you, Jessy; and, I am sure, it must be my own fault if I do not receive good infinitely more valuable, by seeing how God supports you.'

This lady continued to visit Jessy very frequently for the five or six following weeks, during which her sufferings gradually increased, and each time received some new proof of her readiness for her great change. During this time, Jessy could speak scarcely any, but she contrived, as long as she was able, to converse by turning up passages of Scripture. At last she became too weak to do this, and could then answer only by perhaps a word or two, or by the sweet and pleasant expressions of her countenance. Several ladies, friends of the one she knew and loved best, also visited her, and provided for all her wants. These ladies always read to her when they came, and the lowly, but heavenly expression of her looks, as they read, conveyed, as much as words could do, how pre-

cious the word of God was to her soul. Mary Scott, also, devoted herself to her friend, and never left her but when her own strength failed. The excessive breathlessness with which Jessy was afflicted, continued to increase so much as to bring on fits of extreme suffering. During these fits, Jessy's friends often expected to see her breathe her last. The doctor saw her often, but no earthly skill was of any avail. Her fits became more and more frequent, and though, when she had any ease, Jessy continued to look even cheerful and happy, those who knew her could not wish her sufferings to be prolonged. When it was found necessary for a person to sit up all night with her, one of the ladies went herself to Jessy's mother, (who now scarcely ever came to see her,) and told her how ill her child was, and asked her to sit up with her at night, by turns with her other friends. Her answer was, *That she would do so, if the ladies paid her for it.* Poor Jessy was not told this; but she never afterwards saw her mother.

At last the time came when Jessy was indeed to hear the cry,—'Behold the bridegroom cometh!' But now her lamp was trimmed, and the cry was welcome. The day before that event, one of her kind ladies visited her. When she was going to read, Jessy attempted to speak, but was so weak her voice was inaudible. The lady put her ear close to her, and she said, 'The 17th

of John.' This the lady read, and Jessy seemed to feel every word. When the lady was leaving her, she made an effort, and looking smilingly at her, and then up to heaven, said, 'Farewell.' That night she had many severe fits; and, at last, after one in which she suffered much, she at once ceased to breathe, and lay in perfect stillness. Her friends at first scarcely believed it was all over; but when the stillness continued, and the face relaxed into that look of inexpressible calmness which follows death, even Mary Scott thanked God that her beloved friend would suffer no more, and followed in solemn, but delightful thought, her spirit, now made perfect, into the presence of that glorious Redeemer, whom, while on earth, she had loved so ardently.

A few days after this, Jessy's remains were laid in their narrow house. Her step-father was asked to attend as chief mourner, but he had no proper clothes, and declined going. The Sabbath-school master, Mary Scott's father, and a few of his friends, attended. The schoolmistress, dressed in mourning, and some of the school girls, also went to the church-yard, and waited to see the last mournful duties performed. At last the few and lowly mourners entered the church-yard, and walked slowly to its farthest and most crowded corner, where a grave was newly dug. The mistress approached nearer. Many new made graves were in the same place.

When all was completed, and the withered turf laid on the grave, one of the girls said in a whisper to the mistress,—'O mistress! what makes them put the graves so close together in that corner? See they are obliged to tread on some that seem quite new.'

'That is the place for the poor, my dear,' replied the mistress; 'but when the last trumpet shall sound, and the graves give up their dead, many, many, will rise to glory, who have been left to charity for the earth in which to sleep their long, long sleep.'

END OF JESSY ALLAN.

ANNA ROSS;

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

INTRODUCTION.

In the following Story an attempt is made to assist religious parents in impressing the important truth on the minds of their children, that this life is only a portion of time, short and rapid in its progress, in which the "one thing needful," is to prepare for the eternity that shall follow.

All religious parents, at those moments when their views are clearest, and their resolutions most single, desire to impress the minds of their children with this truth, and also to preserve them from those pursuits which fascinate and ensnare the unrenewed heart, and make it turn with indifference or disgust from that religious training which is uncongenial with its nature, but which God has appointed as the means to bring the soul to Himself; but how few steadily and perseveringly act up to their convictions on this

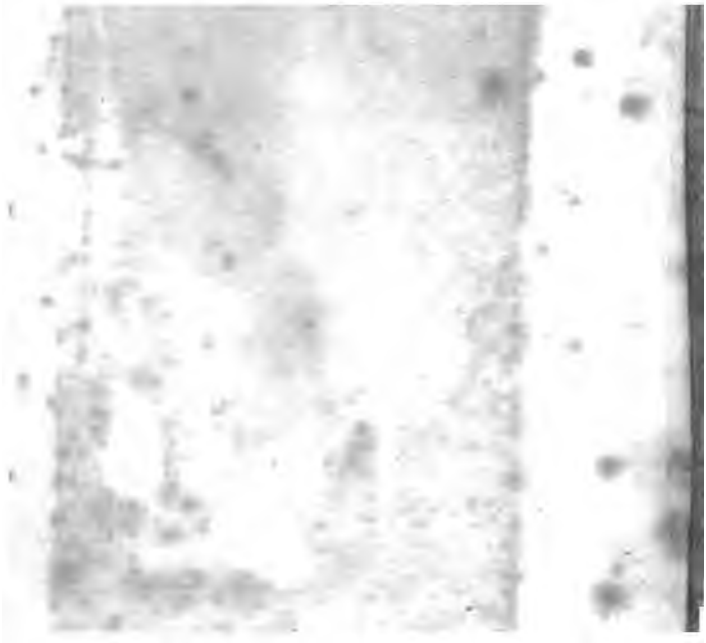
point! How do they waver and hesitate! How inconsistent are their calmer views and their practice! How little can they endure the thought that their children shall forego on account of religion any advantage esteemed by the world; and how often do they risk their eternal interests by setting them the example of professing to give up the world, while still, in many things, they conform to it, and set a high value on its approbation! What can be expected from such an education, but that young people should grow up with their heads full of religious knowledge, and their hearts full of the love of things, which, though perhaps not the most glaringly so, are yet altogether worldly? Were religious parents more single-hearted in obeying the precept, "Train up a child in the way he should go,"—they might more confidently trust to the fulfilment of the promise, "and when he is old he will not depart from it."

ANNA ROSS.

SURELY there is no British boy nor girl who has not heard of the battle of Waterloo! It was early in the morning when the accounts of it arrived in Edinburgh; and many people were awakened by the firing of the great guns from the castle, to announce the joyful news. Then were seen servants hurrying to the post-office to get their masters' newspapers—gentlemen hastening to the same place to learn what had happened—and every face expressing interest and anxiety; for many had brothers, and fathers, and sons, and dear friends and relatives in that battle. And though the loud thunder of the cannons, as it was echoed by the towering buildings of the old town and the neighbouring hills, carried joy to the hearts of many, while they thought only of the victory that had been gained, others felt only alarm and apprehension, lest

those they most dearly loved might be amongst the number who must have suffered in the battle. Such were the feelings of Mrs. Ross, the mother of the little girl whose story will be told in the following pages. On that morning Mrs. Ross and Anna had risen at their usual early hour, and were beginning the day as they did every day. Anna had read a portion of the Bible to her Mamma, who had explained it to her as she proceeded, and listened to all her questions and remarks with her usual gentle kindness: and answered her so as to make Anna feel that God was present everywhere, and saw her heart every moment, and loved those who loved Him, but was angry with the wicked every day. After this reading and conversation with her Mamma, Anna had sat down on a footstool beside her, to commit to memory some verses, as she did every morning, while Mrs. Ross read to herself. When the first gun fired from the castle, little Anna started up and hastened to the window. Mrs. Ross's house was in a street from whence the castle was seen, and, just as Anna reached the window, she saw the flash and smoke of a second cannon.

"Oh, Mamma, the castle is firing!" exclaimed she. "There must be a victory! Papa will get home!" On turning round, Anna perceived that her Mamma had become very pale, and was leaning back in her chair. Anna ran to her. "Dear



Drawn by Mary Fox, R.B.A.

Oh Mamma the Castle is firing!

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Mamma, are you ill? You tremble all over! What shall I get for you? Dear Mamma, speak to me!"

Mrs. Ross put her arm round her little girl, and said, "I want nothing my love." But she seemed unable to say any more; and little Anna, forgetting the guns, and every thing else, stood looking anxiously at her Mamma, who started, and sometimes shuddered at their loud reports. Just as the firing ceased, Mary, Mrs. Ross's maid, came into the room to say, that Mr. Grey, a kind friend of Anna's Papa, had just called on his way to the post-office, to beg Mrs. Ross not to be alarmed, and to say he would bring the newspaper himself, and let her know whatever had happened.

Mrs. Ross and Anna immediately went down stairs, and Anna placed herself at the window to watch for Mr. Grey's return. The time seemed very long; at last she exclaimed, "There he is! There is Mr. Grey!" and herself ran out to open the door for him; but Mary too had been on the watch, and, on Mrs. Ross coming into the lobby, she met him. Mr. Grey turned away a little on seeing her, and looked so grave, that Mrs. Ross could only say, "I see, Sir, you have bad news for me," and she then stood as motionless as a statue.

"No, no; not bad news, I hope," replied

Mr. Grey, "only an honourable wound, my dear Madam."

"Wounded!" repeated Mrs. Ross, "Is his name among the wounded?"

"Yes, my dear Madam, you shall see it yourself." Mr. Grey supported Mrs. Ross to a chair, and then showed her the list of the wounded in the newspaper. Of some it was said they were wounded slightly, of others severely, and of others dangerously. Major Ross severely, was read by Anna's Mamma. She repeated the word "severely." "Yes," said Mr. Grey, "but not dangerously." "God grant it may be so!" ejaculated Mrs. Ross fervently. Then added, "I must go to him, Mr. Grey."

Mr. Grey tried to dissuade Mrs. Ross from this plan. She had been very unwell during the winter and spring, and had a cough, and at times pain in her side, and Mr. Grey thought her quite unable for the fatigue she proposed; but Mrs. Ross would not be dissuaded, and Mr. Grey at last consented to make inquiries whether any vessel was to sail from Leith in which she could be accommodated. He then left her, and Mrs. Ross, after kissing little Anna tenderly, desired her to remain for a time with Mary, and then went into her own room, and locked her door. Anna thought the time very long while her Mamma staid away; but she knew that she would be displeased if she disturbed her while

locked into her own room. Mary intreated Anna to eat, as it was past her breakfast time; but when Anna tried to do so, she could not, for her heart was full, and she could only think of her Mamma. At last she ventured to take some tea and toast to her Mamma's room door. She knocked very gently, and Mrs. Ross opened it.

"Dear Mamma, it is very late, and you have eaten nothing." She looked up anxiously in her face.

Mrs. Ross stopped and kissed her, and took what she had brought from her; but when she said, "I thank you, my dear," Anna scarcely heard her, she spoke so low; and she saw that her eyes were swollen with weeping. Mrs. Ross, however, did not invite Anna into her room; but after putting down the tea, gently closed her door, and again locked it. Poor Anna did not return to Mary, but sat down on a step of the stairs near her Mamma's door, and wept in silence.

After a long time, as Anna thought, she heard her Mamma's footstep in her room, and instantly hastened softly down stairs to conceal her weeping face. Mary had left the room, supposing Anna had remained with her Mamma, and she had time to dry up her tears, before Mrs. Ross came down stairs, and entered the room.

"Come hither, my love," said she to Anna, who had turned away to hide her face. She im-

mediately came to her Mamma, who drew her into her bosom. "Will you go with me, Anna, and assist me to nurse your Papa?"

"Oh yes, dear Mamma, do let us go."

"But, my love, you do not know what you may have to suffer. We must go by sea, probably with very bad accommodation—no good bed to sleep on—no good food to eat—no maid to attend you."

"Will Mary not go, Mamma?" interrupted Anna.

"No, my love, I must have no expense I can avoid."

"Well, Mamma, I can do quite well without Mary, if you will tie my things that fasten behind."

"Yes, my love, but what I mean to prepare you for is this, you must try to enable me to trust that you will do every thing for yourself that you can, and neither be a trouble to any one, nor give me cause to be anxious about you, for when I get to where your Papa is, I must devote my whole cares to him; and, if I did not think I might trust to your being rather a comfort than a cause of anxiety to your Papa and me, it would be wrong to take you; yet I know no one here with whom I should wish to leave you."

"Oh Mamma, do not, do not think of leaving me! Indeed, indeed, Mamma, you may trust me. I shall not be a trouble to you."

"Well, my dear Anna, I hope I may. But remember, my love, I warn you before we go, that you will have many, many inconveniences and hardships to meet with; you will be sick at sea; you will be crowded into the same cabin with a number of people; and no quiet or comfort, night or day; and I may be sick at the same time, and no one to be sorry for, or take care of you."

"Or of you, Mamma?" asked Anna anxiously.

"I trust God will support me, my love."

"And God will take care of me also, Mamma."

"Oh my dear Anna," said her Mamma, pressing her closely to her heart. "If I thought you really loved God, and really trusted yourself to his love and care, I should have no anxieties about you; but Anna, there is a great, great difference between reading and learning about God, to please me, and because I wish you to do so, and loving Him really, and really trusting Him; and I fear, as yet, my Anna only reads and learns the character and will of God, because I wish her to do so."

Anna hung down her head and made no answer, because she knew that what her Mamma said was true; and while she stood thus, for an instant, she said in her heart, "O Lord, teach me to love, and to trust in Thee." And though

Anna, ever since she could speak, had knelt morning and evening at her Mamma's lap, and repeated her prayers; yet, perhaps, in the sight of that God who looks on the heart, Anna had never before really prayed. Mrs. Ross kissed Anna, and then rung for Mary, and desired her to pack up some things, while she also occupied herself in the same way. Anna immediately thought with herself, "now, how can I be useful to Mamma?" and then very soon found out many ways that she could be so, and anxiously avoided asking a question, or doing a thing that could be the least troublesome.

Before Mrs. Ross had finished her necessary arrangements, Mr. Grey returned to say that a vessel was to sail that evening for Rotterdam; that it would be crowded with passengers; but that another vessel would sail in a few days, for which he urged Mrs. Ross to wait; but she determined to go that evening.

Every preparation was soon made, and about six in the evening, good Mr. Grey saw Mrs. Ross and Anna safe on board, and soon after the vessel moved out of the harbour, the sails were spread, and when Anna looked back to the shore and the pier, where the numbers of people, and noise, and bustle, and voices had so confused her, that she scarcely knew where she was, nor what she did, it seemed as if they were receding from the ship, and she no longer heard their

noise. It was a beautiful evening in June, and most of the passengers remained on deck. Mrs. Ross and Anna did so also, and all around her was so new to Anna, and occupied and amused her so much, that she could scarcely believe it possible, when her Mamma told her it was her usual time of going to bed. Mrs. Ross, too, began to feel the air chill, and she and Anna went below. It was as Mrs. Ross had said; the cabin was crowded to excess, and the beds as small and close as possible. Anna for a time shrunk from creeping into the one destined for her Mamma; but recollecting her promise, not to give any trouble, she begged her Mamma to allow her to undress herself; and while she tried to do so, and laughed at her own awkwardness in undoing those fastenings she could not see, she also occasionally stole a look at her bed, which seemed to her no larger than a shelf in her Mamma's wardrobe at home. She, however, with her Mamma's assistance, crept into it, and getting as far back as she could, to leave room for her Mamma, was soon fast sleep.

Next morning poor Anna waked more sick than she had ever been in her life; so were most of the other passengers, and for that day, and the following day and night, there was nothing but complaints, and sickness, and crying children, and running to and fro of the two old sailors who attended on the passengers. Mrs. Ross suffered

less from sickness than the others, but the closeness of the cabin made her cough incessantly, and at the close of the third day, when the other passengers were beginning to feel well, she seemed worn out and ill. When Anna was able to go on deck, however, her Mamma went also, and the air revived her strength. Among the passengers was another officer's lady. Her husband had not been wounded, but she was going to join him. This lady's name was Mrs. Mason. When she was sick Mrs. Ross nursed her as well as Anna; and when she was again well, she was anxious to prove her gratitude to Anna's Mamma, by showing her every attention in her power.

When the vessel arrived at Rotterdam, Colonel Mason, Mrs. Mason's husband, was waiting there to receive her. Colonel Mason knew that Major Ross, Anna's Papa, was among the wounded, but had not heard of him since the day after the battle. He could, however, direct Mrs. Ross to the place where he, and other wounded officers of the same regiment, had been carried. It was a village a few miles from the field of Waterloo.

Mrs. Ross immediately left the vessel, and travelled the same day till within a few miles of this village. Mrs. Ross then became so very much fatigued, that she could travel no farther, and had to stop and rest till the following day,

when she and Anna set out from the village. As they drove rapidly along, Anna observed that her Mamma frequently clasped her hands together, and raised her eyes to heaven, and wept; but Anna did not say any thing, lest she should trouble her: she only prayed in her heart that God would comfort her Mamma. At last she ventured to say, softly, "You love God, Mamma; He will support you."

"I have no other support, my own Anna," replied her Mamma. "He does support me, or I should not have strength for this moment. Perhaps, Anna, your Papa may be very ill—perhaps you no longer have any Papa."

Anna had never thought of this; and just then the post-boy turned round to point out the village to which they were going, and which Anna now saw at no great distance. Mrs. Ross again clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven. She leant back in the carriage, but Anna kept her eyes fixed on the village.

"I see a great many soldiers, Mamma," said she at last. "They are all standing before a white house at the end of the village nearest us. And now I see they are Highlanders. Perhaps they are Papa's own soldiers. Now they begin to move slowly; they are coming quite near, Mamma, I hear music; how slow and melancholy it is!"

The carriage moved on till the soldiers came

up. The post-boy then stopt at one side of the road to let them pass. It was an officer's funeral. The soldiers, as they passed the carriage at a slow and solemn march, looked so grave and sad, and the music was so mournfully solemn, that Anna felt partly sad, and partly frightened. She held her Mamma's hand firm in both of hers, while she continued silently to watch the slow procession. There were many files of soldiers passed;—then the sad music—then more soldiers —then, carried by soldiers, came the coffin, and on it lay the officer's military cap, his sash, his sword, and belt. Just as this passed, Anna exclaimed, "Dugald! There is Papa's servant, Dugald!" The soldier heard Anna's voice, and looked up. "My master's child!" exclaimed he; and then the other soldiers who were near also looked into the carriage, and stopt for an instant. Dugald, however, gave them some directions, and they moved on, while he himself left the ranks, and came near the carriage, but not so near as to listen to Mrs. Ross, who made a sign to him to approach. He took no notice of her sign, but waited till the soldiers had passed, then hastened back to the village.

"I see how it is, Anna," said Mrs. Ross quickly; and when Anna looked round, her Mamma had sunk back in the carriage; her eyes were closed, and she was quite pale. Anna had seen her Mamma faint before; and though she was

very frightened, she remembered what should be done, and supported her as well as she could in her arms till the carriage stopt at the white house in the village. Dugald was waiting to open the carriage door; and though he was a brave rough soldier, when he saw Mrs. Ross in a faint, and poor little Anna, almost as pale as she was, attempting to support her, tears gushed into his eyes. He, however, hastily wiped them away, and then gently lifted, first Anna, and then her Mamma from the carriage. The woman of the house was waiting to assist, and Mrs. Ross was carried into a room and laid on a bed, and every thing proper done to recover her. In a little time she opened her eyes; and when she saw Dugald, who just then entered the room with something he had gone in search of to hasten her recovery, she said to him, "Your master is gone, then, Dugald,"

Dugald seemed as if he could not answer; at last he said, "He is gone, Madam, from a world of care, and sorrow, and suffering, to one of everlasting happiness."

Mrs. Ross then asked some questions respecting her husband: and when she had heard all she wished, and that it was his funeral she and Anna had met on the road, she sent Dugald, and every one away but Anna; and then desired her to draw the curtains of the bed close round her. "And now, Anna," said she, "come and lie

down beside me, for you are now all that God has left me on earth."

Anna did as her Mamma desired, and when she put her arms round her neck, and put her little face close to hers, Mrs. Ross wept very very much, and Anna wept and sobbed with her.

For three days Mrs. Ross was very little out of bed; for when she attempted to rise, she became so faint that she was obliged to lie down again. During these three days, Anna watched constantly by her Mamma's bed, and when she could listen read portions of the Bible to her. Mrs. Ross never seemed well except when Anna was thus employed; but her cough had become so unceasing, that it was only at short intervals she could listen. There were many officers lodging in the same house, who had been wounded in the battle, and they required much attendance from the people, so that Mrs. Ross was left almost entirely to the care of Anna and Dugald. Dugald, however, was an excellent assistant to Anna. He stationed himself during the day near her Mamma's room door, and never left his post except when obliged by his military duties. At night he wrapped himself in his plaid, and lay down just behind her door, so that whenever Mrs. Ross wanted any thing, Anna had just to open her door gently, and there was Dugald ready to get it, or to find some one who could.

Poor Dugald, from the first day he had seen his Lady on her arrival at the village, had thought her looking very ill, and had intreated her to allow him to bring the surgeon of the regiment to visit her. Mrs. Ross would not consent at first: but after a few days, when she felt herself becoming worse and worse, she allowed him to do as he wished. When the Doctor came, Mrs. Ross sent Anna out to take a short walk, attended by Dugald, for she wished to see the Doctor alone.

As Anna passed out of the house, and along the road near it, many soldiers were standing about, who, when they saw her accompanied by Dugald, guessed who she was; and she heard many of them say, "God bless her for her father's sake." Anna did not stay out long, for she wished to return to her Mamma; and on coming back there were more soldiers near the house than there had been before. They stood back respectfully to let her pass, and many of them again prayed God to bless her; and one, an old serjeant, stepped forward, holding in his hand a basket filled with nice fruit and flowers, and said, he hoped she would not refuse to accept of a little mark of respect from her Papa's own men. Little Anna thanked the old soldier, and said she would take the fruit to her Mamma. He then gave the basket to Dugald; and when Anna, who felt that she loved her Papa's old soldier, held

out her hand to take leave of him, he stooped down and kissed it two or three times, and then turned away to wipe the tears from his eyes, as many of the other soldiers did also.

When Anna returned to her Mamma, she pressed her to eat of the soldier's fruit, and she picked out the most beautiful of the roses to place in her bosom, and told her how the soldiers had blessed her for her Papa's sake. Mrs. Ross let her do as she would for a time, and listened to her account of what she had seen and heard; she then said, "There are many, Anna, who will be disposed to love you for your Papa's sake, for he was a kind friend to many; but there is one, Anna, who has promised to be the father of the fatherless. Do you love him, my child?"

"I think I do, Mamma."

"If you love him, Anna, then you may be sure He loves you far more; and if so, you will believe that whatever is best for you, though it may cause grief and pain at the time, is what he will do."

"I think I believe so, Mamma."

"Do you think God loved you when he took away your Papa?"

"I think God loved Papa, and took him away from this world to make him quite happy—happier than he could be here; and I love God for loving Papa."

"And if God should show his love to your

Mamma, Anna, by taking her away to be happy with your Papa, in heaven, should you then love God still more?"

Anna looked up in alarm, "Mamma, what do you mean?"

"I have asked you a simple question, my love. I believe firmly, Anna, that I should be far happier in heaven than here. Do you think you would love God more if he took me to heaven?"

Poor little Anna became as pale as one of the lilies she had brought to her Mamma, and could not keep from crying, while she answered, "No, no, indeed, Mamma. I cannot say I could love God if he took you away from me."

"Then, my dear Anna, you love me more than God; and you remember who it was who said, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."

"But, Mamma, how can I help it?"

"God is going to teach you how you may, my love. He is going to teach you by your own experience, that your Father in heaven can do a thousand times more for you than any earthly parents. He is going to take away your mother as well as your father, that you may have none to trust to, or to love more than himself. He is constantly near you, Anna. At this moment He is present with us, and looking on your little heart, which he sees ready to break, because I am telling you that you are to have no parents

but Him. Yet though you love Him so little, He still loves you. He sent his only beloved Son into the world, to assure us that he loved us. Jesus invited children to come unto him, and took them in his arms, and blessed them. He never changes. He loves children as much now as he did when he was on earth, and still invites them to come to Him, and promises that he will "gather them with his arms, and carry them in his bosom." Why, my dear Anna, do you suppose that God sent his Son into the world to become a little child?"

"I do not know, Mamma."

"It was for this reason among others, my love, that He might himself feel as children feel. Jesus was once a child of your age, Anna, and remembers and knows what the feelings of children are, and suits his love and grace to them. God has given his Son to us, that he might lay down his life for our sins; that he might be our friend, and guide, and teacher. He is in God, and God is in Him; and if you, my dear Anna, will give yourself to Him, he will be all these to you, and far more than any earthly parent could be; for all things are his, and all hearts are in his hands, and he can make all things, and all hearts work together for your good and happiness; and above all, He can give you yourself, my Anna, a new heart, and prepare you to live for ever in heaven."

Mrs. Ross spoke to Anna with so much solemnity and earnestness, that she soon became exhausted, and was obliged to lie down. Anna watched beside her, and thought of what she had said, and then she prayed in heart that God would not take away her Mamma.

From day to day Mrs. Ross continued to grow worse. At last she was quite confined to bed, and spoke so low that Anna could scarcely hear. A nurse had been procured by Dugald to be constantly with her, while he continued to keep watch at her door.

One morning very early, Anna was awakened by the nurse, who said her Mamma wished to speak to her. Little Anna immediately got up, and hastened to obey the summons. She found her Mamma sitting up, supported by pillows in bed. She looked very ill indeed, and breathed very quick, and she could only say two or three words at a time.

"My dear Anna," said she, "I have sent for you once more before I leave you. Listen to me. I am scarcely able to speak, but must say three things which I hope, my dear love, you will never forget. Anna, when the last day comes, the Lord, the Great Judge, will make a separation between his own people who have loved and served him, and those who have loved the things of this world more than him. He will place his own people at his right hand, and those

who are not his at his left. Anna, will you seek to meet me at his right hand at that day?"

Mrs. Ross spoke with great difficulty, but also with great solemnity; and when she asked the last question, Anna trembled, and answered, "I will seek to do so, Mamma."

"Then, my love," resumed Mrs. Ross, "you will begin seriously to seek Christ; for there is no name given under heaven or among men whereby you can be saved but his. I charge you, Anna, never to suppose you are safe, or that you will meet your Papa and me in heaven, till you can truly say that you know Christ, and that he is all your salvation. You do not fully understand what I say, therefore I charge you, my dear Anna, never on any account, or wherever you are, to let one morning or evening pass without praying to God; and, if possible, reading, as you have done with me, a portion of his holy word."

Mrs. Ross could say no more, but she made signs to the nurse to take Anna away, and she was again put to bed in a little room off her Mamma's; and when the nurse came again to her, it was to tell her that her Mamma was in heaven.

Two days after this, Mrs. Ross was buried in the same grave with her husband; and on the day following, little Anna, under the care of the nurse, who was a soldier's wife, and who had promised to Mrs. Ross before her death not to

leave Anna till she had placed her safely with her own friends, set out on their return to their own country. Dugald also accompanied them, and saw his master's child safe on board the vessel which was to convey her to a new home among strangers. He was then obliged to return to his regiment.

The home to which Anna was now to go was the house of her uncle, her Papa's brother. This gentleman had just been expected home from the West Indies at the time Mrs. Ross and Anna had left Edinburgh to join Major Ross, and with whom, if he had been arrived, Mrs. Ross would have left Anna. He was Major Ross's only brother, and had been appointed by him, in the event of the death of her parents, one of Anna's guardians. The other guardian was her Mamma's brother, Mr. Murray, and Mrs. Ross had left directions in her will that Anna should first go to her uncle Ross's, and remain with his family six months, and then to her uncle Murray's, to remain the same time; at the end of which she was to be allowed to choose in which family she would reside as her future home.

Poor Anna was again very sick for two days on her passage home. The nurse watched by her, and when she got better, took her on deck, and did all she could to comfort and amuse her; but Anna could not be amused. Her heart was sad, for she could only think of her own dear

kind Mamma; and when she looked up to the pure blue sky above the ship, she wished that she could die too, and go to her; and then the thought would come into her mind, perhaps if I did die, I should not get to where Mamma is; and then she would weep, and try to remember what her Mamma had said to her was the only way to get to heaven. She had not once forgotten to pray morning and evening since her Mamma had so solemnly enjoined her to do so; and indeed she had prayed far oftener; for she remembered that God was now, as her Mamma had told her, her only Father; and her heart began to feel confidence in God. She remembered that her Mamma had said, that all hearts were in his hand; and as every one was good and kind to the little orphan, she knew that it was God who made them so, and thanked him in her heart and in her prayers. When she went on deck, she would take her Bible with her; and the sailors were so sorry for her, that they had placed an awning over a corner of the deck, that she might have a place to retire to where the other passengers would not disturb her; and Anna thanked her Father in heaven for all their kindness, and asked nurse to tell the sailors that she did so.

Anna had never seen the uncle to whose house she was going; but she supposed he would be like her Papa. She had often heard that her

Aunt was particularly anxious about the education of her children. She had one son, and three daughters, for whom Anna had heard of tutors and governesses being sent both from France and England to instruct them; and she felt rather afraid, she scarcely knew why, to meet this aunt.

At last the vessel arrived at Leith, and just on its entering the harbour, a person came on board to inquire whether Miss Ross was among the passengers; and then Anna was informed that her aunt was waiting for her in her carriage on the shore; and her little trunk was got, and nurse was directed to follow with the other things she had charge of; and before Anna had time to think, she found herself on shore, then in her aunt's carriage, in which was her Aunt, a little girl about her own age, and a boy a good deal older, who had come down from the coach-box, where he had been seen seated beside the coachman, and jumped into the carriage after Anna, with no other intention apparently than to stare at her.

Anna's aunt kissed her, and desired her little girl Louisa to do so also, and George to shake hands with his cousin. "You must love each other as brother and sisters, my dears," said she; "for I hope Anna will choose to remain always with us."

Louisa and George made no answer, but con-

tinued to stare at poor Anna, who thought it very unkind in them to do so, as she felt very strange, and could scarcely keep from crying.

"Were you sick at sea, my dear?" asked her aunt Ross.

"Yes Ma'am, very sick," answered Anna.

"You will soon be well and happy, my dear, with your young cousins. Though they look so shy, and do not speak, it was their wish that our airing should be on the sands to-day, just in the hopes that we should hear something about you; and when we saw a sail making for the harbour, we sent immediately to discover from whence it came; and when we heard from Rotterdam, we hoped you might be on board. But, my dear," continued Aunt Ross, "you are not in mourning. That will look very odd. You must not be seen till you get mourning."

Poor Anna could no longer keep from crying, for this remark reminded her of her Mamma. She attempted to say that there had been no time to procure mourning, but she could not speak, and just turned away her head and wept. Her Aunt did not attempt to comfort her, but she heard her whisper to her cousins, "Do not mind her, my dears, it will soon go off;" and then they began to speak of other things, as if she had not been present; and George told his Mamma, that Sam the coachman had allowed him to drive for most of the time he had been on the coach-box;

and his Mamma said, that if she had known it, she should have been terrified out of her senses; and George laughed, and insisted on again getting out of the carriage, that he might show his Mamma at what a rate he should make the horses go on Leith Walk; and his Mamma intreated, and Louisa held by his jacket, and George only laughed the more; and getting his head out of the window, called to Sam to stop, which he immediately did. The servant from behind came to know what was wanted, and was ordered by George to let him out; and while he was doing so, he was desired by Aunt Ross to charge Sam on no account to allow Master George to drive. During this scene Anna was so astonished that she forgot every thing else.

"He is a sad boy, my dear," said her aunt to her on observing her looks of surprise; "but his Papa and Tutor know how to manage him. You, Anna, will be under my care, and I hope you will be very good and obedient."

Anna said she hoped she always should be so, and then the carriage was again stopt to direct Sam to drive to the dress-maker's; and when they arrived there, so much was said by Aunt Ross about how every thing was to be made, and "Let every thing be as deep as possible, for the child has just lost both her parents," and so on, that poor Anna was soon again in tears, and in her heart longed for her quiet little corner under

the awning on the deck of the little vessel, where the rough sailors had felt so much more for her than her Aunt seemed to do. At last Aunt Ross had given as many directions as she thought necessary respecting Anna's dress; the carriage was ordered home, and in a few minutes stopt at the door of a large house in Charlotte Square.

"Now, my dear," said Anna's aunt to her as they entered the house, "you will just go up stairs, and remain with Miss Palmer out of sight for a day, till you get your mourning dress. Oh, you do not know the way, and I feel so fatigued, I really cannot mount the stairs to the school-room. John," addressing a footman, "do you show Miss Ross the way to the school-room, Louisa must remain with me, as Lady Alderston may perhaps call this forenoon, and she expressed a wish to see my children; and Anna, my dear, tell Miss Palmer to have the other children nicely dressed, for if Lady Alderston should ask for them, I shall send to bring them down."

Anna promised to do as her Aunt desired, and then followed John, who proceeded up stairs before her to the door of the school-room, which he threw open, and announced, "Miss Ross, Ma'am, the young Lady who was expected."

Anna timidly entered, and was received with kindness by Miss Palmer. There were two little girls in the room with Miss Palmer, whom she introduced to Anna as her two cousins. They

were two pale sickly-looking little creatures; but they seemed very happy to see Anna, and immediately intreated Miss Palmer to give them a holiday because their cousin was come. "Oh, no, no, my dears," replied Miss Palmer, "you have had two holidays this week, and your Mamma said you could have no more, on any account whatever, and you know your cousin is to remain with you."

"But do, Miss Palmer, give us at least two hours," said the eldest, whose name was Jane. "Oh, pray do, if you please, just this once, Miss Palmer," said little Marianne, tears starting into her eyes, "for I am so tired sitting in that stiff chair with my feet in the stocks!"

"No, no, children, it cannot be," replied Miss Palmer, "and you must not tease me. I dare say your Cousin is a good little girl, and tired of being idle."

"Tired of being idle! I wonder who ever tired of being idle," said Marianne, putting her arms coaxingly round Anna. "Are you tired of being idle?" asked she, looking up in her face.

"Perhaps I could assist you. What were you doing?" asked Anna, while she warmly returned her little Cousin's caresses.

"Now, you see what a good, kind little girl your Cousin is," said Miss Palmer, "and how much better bred than you, Miss Marianne; for you repeated my words very rudely, and Miss Anna

has shown that she knows how to be both kind and polite."

"But will you really assist me?" asked Marianne, still clinging to Anna.

"Indeed I will, if you will tell me how I can."

"Oh, come, come then," exclaimed Marianne joyfully.

"But I must first deliver my message to Miss Palmer," said Anna: and then she told her Aunt's wish that the children should be dressed, and ready to be sent for if Lady Alderston called; and then, though the little cousins could not have a moment to get acquainted with Anna, every thing must be stopt, and they sent off to the nursery, though already quite neatly dressed, to be decked out, that a stranger might perhaps say to their Mamma, "What nice children—what pretty children;" and forget the next moment that they were in existence.

Little Marianne was very anxious that Anna should go with her when she went to be dressed, but Miss Palmer said, "No, no, my dear; Miss Anna shall remain with me, and that will make you return the sooner;" and poor little Marianne ran off to get dressed as fast as Kitty, one of the nursery-maids, would be prevailed on to assist her. In her absence, Miss Palmer asked Anna many questions.

"May I ask how old you are, Miss Anna?"

"I was nine about two months ago, Ma'am."

"Nine! You are very tall of your age. Miss Louisa is ten, and she is no taller I am sure. Have you begun music?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Mamma had been teaching me two years."

"Indeed! and French? can you speak it at all?"

Anna answered Miss Palmer in French, that her Mamma had been teaching her that language also.

"Indeed!" repeated Mrs. Palmer, "and you seem to have got the pronunciation very correctly. But that is not in my department. Poor Mademoiselle, the French governess of your Cousins, got into such bad health as to be obliged to return to her own country. Mrs. Ross is in search of another; and in the mean time the children have a master. You have learnt dancing, I suppose?"

"No, Ma'am, I never have."

"What! No dancing! That is very extraordinary."

Miss Palmer asked a great many more questions, and concluded, after Anna had answered them all, by saying, "Well, my dear, I hope to find it a pleasure to carry on your education. You seem to have been accustomed to regularity and obedience, which I too have always been accustomed to exact." She then kissed Anna affectionately; and the little orphan remembered

that God was her Father, and she thanked Him for making Miss Palmer love her.

When Jane and Marianne returned, Miss Palmer immediately set them to their lessons. Jane sat down to the piano-forte to practise, while Miss Palmer sat by to instruct her, and also to remind her how she ought to sit, and use her fingers, and how to place her feet, and her elbows, &c. As for poor Marianne, she was set on a high chair, the back of which was so made as to oblige her to hold her head and shoulders properly; and her poor little feet were placed in stocks, because her Mamma said she turned her toes in when she walked; and in this stiff attitude she was getting a lesson for her French master. Anna sat down by Marianne, and assisted her so much, that her little Cousin two or three times forgot, and threw her arms round her "dear Cousin Anna's" neck to thank her; but every time she moved from the posture in which she had been placed, Miss Palmer added to her task, so that poor Marianne at last remembered Miss Palmer's instructions, to express what she felt by words. "You have a silly childish way, Miss Marianne," continued her governess, "of always putting your arms round one, crumpling one's ruff, and almost strangling those you love. You know your Mamma has often forbidden your doing so."

Poor little Marianne seemed to think she had

been guilty of a serious fault, and a blush spread over her pale sickly little countenance, while Anna felt bewildered on hearing blame attached to those proofs of affection which her own Mamma had always received from her, and returned with the most tender kindness.

Dinner followed the lessons; and an hour's walk followed dinner, during which the children were directed how to sit, and how to eat, and how to be graceful, and how to be polite; and Louisa looked tired and cross—and Jane looked stupid—and little Marianne cried two or three times—and Anna did all she was desired as well as she could, and was praised by Miss Palmer, but wished very much that it was bed-time, when she hoped that nurse would be allowed to attend her. Bed-time came, but when Anna modestly asked Miss Palmer if she might be allowed to see nurse, she was told that her Aunt Ross had thought it best that they should not meet again, because a parting scene would have done no good to either; but that nurse had been well rewarded for the trouble she had taken.

Poor Anna could not stand this, and burst into tears. "Oh fie, fie!" exclaimed Miss Palmer, "what a baby! Come, Miss Louisa, you shall say your prayers first, and I shall give Miss Anna that time to recover herself."

Louisa knelt at Miss Palmer's lap, and repeated a short prayer without seeming to attend

to a word she said; and, though she concluded by a long yawn, Miss Palmer found no fault. When Louisa rose from her knees, Miss Palmer motioned to Anna to take her place. Anna drew back. When she was a little child she could have said her prayers at any one's lap, but now she knew better what it was to pray, and she felt that Miss Palmer was a stranger.

"Come along, child," said Miss Palmer impatiently.

"If you will be so good as allow me, Miss Palmer, I will say my prayers in my room before I go to bed."

"Nonsense," said Miss Palmer, "don't keep me waiting;" and poor Anna knelt down. She remembered, however, that it was God himself that she, a little ignorant sinful girl, was addressing, and she repeated a prayer her Mamma had taught her when she was two years younger, (for latterly she had been instructed to pray to God from her heart,) with awe and reverence in her tone of voice, and in her manner; and when she rose from her knees, she thought that when she got into her own room she would read a portion of the Scriptures, and pray to God for those blessings he had promised to give in answer to prayers of the heart. Anna was sadly disappointed, however, when, on Miss Palmer ringing her bell twice, the maid who had about an hour earlier come to take Jane and Marianne

to bed, again appeared, to whom Miss Palmer said, "Take the young ladies to the little room off mine, which was prepared for them, Hannah, and do not allow them to trifle while you are undressing them, for I shall be in my room in half an hour; and remember, Miss Louisa, if you are not in bed, I shall just take away the candle, and leave you to get into it as you best can."

Hannah had prepared every thing in the girl's little room. She had opened Anna's trunk and got all that was necessary, and now offered her assistance to undress her.

"If you please, Hannah, give me my Bible out of my trunk; I always have been used to read at least a few verses before I lie down to sleep," asked Anna modestly.

"Certainly, Miss Anna; but you will have very little time, for Miss Palmer is very exact in always doing as she says, and she will take away the candle whether you are in bed or not."

"Well, Hannah, I do not mind. Pray give me my Bible." Hannah did as she wished, and Anna began to read; but Louisa talked so much, and so often addressed what she said to her, that she found she could not attend to a word she read—and then Hannah every moment reminded her that Miss Palmer would be coming—so that at last poor Anna was obliged to shut her Bible, and allow Hannah to undress her,

and she was scarcely in bed when Miss Palmer entered the room. Louisa, who had disregarded all Hannah's exhortations to make haste, and who seemed quite a new creature when no longer in her Mamma or Miss Palmer's presence, was chatting, and laughing, and declaring that it could not be above a quarter of an hour since they had left the school-room, and only about half undressed.

"Very well, Miss Louisa," said Miss Palmer, "I suppose you like being in the dark. Come away, Hannah;" and she took the candle, and desiring Hannah to leave the room before her, immediately followed, closing the door after her, and leaving Louisa in the middle of the floor half undressed, and in total darkness.

"Oh! Miss Palmer—if you please, Miss Palmer"—exclaimed Louisa; but Miss Palmer said not a word in answer. They heard her moving about in her own room, through which was the only entrance to that in which the girls were; but she returned not, and poor Louisa had to get into bed, as Miss Palmer had threatened, the best way she could. Anna heard her muttering, "How cross! I shall never get these knots untied—what shall I do?"

"Come near, and I will try to assist you," said Anna in a whisper. Louisa groped about in the dark till she found Anna's bed, and then

they together at last succeeded in getting off Louisa's things, during which she said to Anna,—

"Did you ever see any one so cross as Miss Palmer is?"

"She told you what she would do," replied Anna. "You know she could not help doing it after she had said she would; and it was somebody else who was to blame when you were left in the dark."

"But she might have staid just a few minutes!"

"Then she would have broken her word," said Anna, "and that would have been much more sinful than leaving us in the dark."

Louisa was silent for an instant, then said, "I hope you like early rising, Anna, for you will see Miss Palmer will send Hannah to us at six o'clock in the morning."

"And what is the first thing you do in the morning?" asked Anna, in the hope that she might hear that the day was at least begun as she had been accustomed to see it.

"Lessons, lessons, lessons," replied Louisa, "from morning to night nothing but lessons, and sit this way, and sit that way, and walk so and so, and how awkward you are, and how ungraceful, and you will never be like Miss somebody, or Miss t'other body. Oh, how I wish that I was grown up, and then no more Miss Palmer for ever at my elbow!"

"But do you not read God's word the first thing you do in the morning?" asked Anna. "How can you know how to please him unless you learn what his will is from the Bible?"

"Miss Palmer reads a prayer, and one of the lessons, every morning," replied Louisa, "but I never listen, nor know what they are about."

"And does Miss Palmer not question you whether you have understood what she has read?"

"No, never. She is in a hurry to finish that we may get to our lessons—grammar, geography, French, scribbling, arithmetic, long division, and compound multiplication, and parsing and spelling, and jingle, jingle, on the piano—you are out of time, and you are out of tune, from the time you rise till you go to bed."

Anna could not help laughing.

"Do not laugh; she will hear you," said Louisa, "and that will bring a lesson on laughing——about loud laughing, and vulgar laughing—and the polished smile, and the genteel laugh. Oh! if you heard how George can mimic Miss Palmer; but, goodness, there she is coming;" and Louisa quickly groped her way into bed; where she was scarcely laid, when Miss Palmer, with a candle in her hand, opened the door and looked in.

"Just got into bed, I perceive," said she, "and your clothes left scattered on the carpet;

pray Miss Louisa, just get up and put them in their proper place." Louisa was obliged to obey; but did so with so bad a grace—so slowly, and with such a cross expression on her countenance, that Miss Palmer, as a punishment, told her, that the first thing she should do next morning should be, to get a portion of the Bible by heart, to teach her to be of a better temper.

When Miss Palmer left the room, all remained perfectly quiet, and Anna remembered her wish to pray, but she did not feel such confidence in God when she thought of him, as she had hitherto done since her Mamma's death; and when she began to ask him to forgive her for what she had done that was wrong, she felt that, during the last short time in which Louisa had been speaking to her, she had been led into what was very sinful, in joining in her laugh at the pains and trouble her governess was taking with her; and she prayed God, for Christ's sake, to forgive her, and then again she felt confidence in God as her Father in heaven; and she thought of her Mamma, and remembered how she used to teach her every thing in such a way that she loved to be taught. She remembered, too, how often her Mamma had told her that the only return she could make to those who took the trouble to instruct her, was to love them, and make it as easy as possible for them to teach her, by being attentive and obedient; and while

she thought thus, she felt so peaceful and happy, that she believed what her Mamma had often told her, that it was the Holy Spirit, God's own Spirit, who put every good thought into our hearts, and who was "the Comforter, and gave us peace;" and she prayed God to give her his Holy Spirit, to lead her every moment to think, and desire, and love, what was right, and then she repeated to herself her nursery lines:

> Now, when I lay me down to sleep,
> I give my soul to Christ to keep;
> Wake I at morn, or wake I never,
> I give my soul to Christ for ever:

and then she fell into a sweet calm sleep.

Next morning all was pretty much as Louisa said it would be. The girls were called at half-past six o'clock; and, on going into the school-room at seven, found Miss Palmer ready to receive them. Louisa again knelt at her lap, and carelessly repeated a prayer. Anna was directed to follow her; and, when repeating her morning prayer in a slow and reverent manner, attempting to enter into the meaning of what she said, Miss Palmer whispered to her, "Speak a little quicker, my dear." Miss Palmer afterwards read a lesson, and one or two prayers, in a rapid manner; then closing the Prayer-book, and putting it away in its place, without attempting to explain any thing she had read, and as if

the first duty of the day had been fulfilled, she said, "Now, my dears, let us to work;" and while she was looking for the proper book for Anna to get a lesson in grammar, Anna could not help recollecting how often her Mamma had said to her, that the *form* of repeating prayers, and the *task* of reading a portion of God's word, while the heart was not praying, and while the heart was not seeking to understand and obey, was a daring mocking of God instead of pleasing him: for that God looked only on the heart. When Miss Palmer gave Anna the lesson she was to get, poor Anna was so occupied with thinking how little she had begun this morning as her own Mamma had charged her to do, and in trying to find something to say which might induce Miss Palmer to allow her to return to her little room for half an hour, that she might really pray and read, that she quite forgot her lesson, and was roused from her thoughts by Miss Palmer saying, with much displeasure, "Miss Anna, what are you about? When do you expect to have your lesson, if you sit dreaming in that manner?"

Anna dared not venture to say any thing when Miss Palmer seemed so much displeased, but her thoughts were so much taken up with the idea that she had disobeyed her Mamma's last wishes, that she got her lessons very ill, and then Miss Palmer was still more displeased, and

the next lesson was no better—or the next, and poor Anna was in disgrace most part of the day. Next day was spent much in the same way, and Anna began to feel very unhappy. She had not yet got her mourning dress, and, as there was company constantly with her Aunt, she had not been allowed to come down stairs. Her uncle had, on the first day of her arrival, and each day since, come to the school-room several times to pay her visits, and had been so kind to her that she already began to love him, and she now thought of a plan that she determined to ask his permission to put into execution. Anna had observed, that there was, next to the school-room, a large bed-room in which no one slept; and she thought, that if she could get her uncle's permission, she would ask Hannah to wake and dress her half an hour earlier than Louisa, and then she would go into that empty bed-room, and pray to God alone, and read the Bible, as her Mamma had charged her to do, and be ready to join Miss Palmer and Louisa at the usual time. Full of this plan, Anna, the next time her uncle came into the school, ran joyfully to receive him.

"Well, my little Anna, how are you? Well, and happy, I hope," said her uncle, sitting down, and taking her on his knee. "You are still a prisoner up here, I find. That dress-maker is a naughty woman."

"I have a great favour to ask of you, uncle," whispered Anna into his ear.

"What is it, my love? ask any thing you choose. Is it a secret? Pray, Miss Palmer, take away Jane and Marianne, and leave us for a little."

Miss Palmer did not look quite pleased, but did as she was directed, and when she was gone, Anna told her uncle about her Mamma's last illness, and how she had sent for her just before she died, and the three things she had charged her to remember; "and, indeed, uncle," continued Anna, "I cannot obey my own dear Mamma if I never am one moment alone, and never even allowed to read the Bible, and then when the last day comes, and Mamma is on the right hand, and looks for me, where shall I be?" and then poor Anna could not keep from crying and sobbing.

Her uncle kissed her, and pressed her to his bosom. "You are your Father's own child, Anna," said he. "He used, from a boy, always to be talking in that way; and, though I think it all nonsense, at your age, to be making yourself melancholy with such things, still, for his sake, and as his Father, who was far better than I am, let him do as he chose, you too, Anna, shall have your own way; so tell me, my love, what you wish."

Anna clasped her arms round her uncle's neck. "Dear, dear uncle, how good you are! This is what I wish; you know there is nobody sleeps in the bed-room next the school-room, and if you would allow me to go in there alone every morning, and put my Bible in one of the drawers, and lock it, and keep the key, and Hannah to wake and dress me half an hour earlier than Louisa, and tell Miss Palmer not to be angry, for you allowed me."

"Yes, yes, my love, I shall settle it all; call Miss Palmer, and I shall tell her about it." Anna ran joyfully to tell Miss Palmer to come, and her uncle directed all to be as she wished, and left Anna quite happy.

Next morning Hannah came at the time she had been desired, and Anna moved about quite softly, that she might not wake Louisa. Then, taking her Bible, went into the empty bed-room. and bolted the door; and then she remembered that she was alone with God; and she loved to think that it was so; and she prayed to Him as to a father, and tried to recollect and confess what she had done wrong, that she might ask God to wash away all her sins in the blood of Christ. And then she believed that they were all washed away; and she prayed for God's Holy Spirit to guide her every moment, and to teach her to understand God's word: and then she read, and understood some, though not much;

but what she understood she read over two or three times that she might remember it. And she also chose a chapter, that she might begin to commit it to memory, as she used to do with her own Mamma; and she had got two verses, and was just getting a third, when Hannah came to the door to say Miss Louisa was dressed; and then Anna hastened, with a heart as happy and peaceful as possible, to go to her lessons. And though Miss Palmer read the Scriptures and prayers so fast, she still heard something she could understand. Anna's lessons this day were so well got, that Miss Palmer was again quite pleased with her; and she had some time also to assist poor little Marianne. Louisa spent a part of every forenoon with her Mamma, which Anna would also have done, as Aunt Ross thought she could herself best teach little girls how to be polite, and what to say when any one who called spoke to them; and so on: but as Anna had not got her mourning dress, Aunt Ross said she was unfit to be seen. On this day, however, Anna's dress at last arrived; and Aunt Ross herself came up stairs to see how it fitted, and said so much about every part of it, that poor Anna could not keep from crying; for the dark dress only reminded her that her own Mamma was gone to another world.

Aunt Ross chid Anna for being such a baby as to cry at every thing, and then desired that

she should dry up her tears, and accompany her to the drawing-room.

There was nothing in the world Aunt Ross desired more, than what she considered the good of her children; and she felt quite disposed to adopt the little orphan Anna into her family, and bestow a portion of her cares on her. Indeed, as superintending the education of children was what she supposed herself peculiarly capable of performing, it was rather agreeable to her to have one more added to the number of those who she hoped would, on a future day, prove the superiority of her mode of education. With this end in view, Aunt Ross spared herself no trouble which she thought could promote it. Her great aim was, that her young people should be genteel, fashionable, and accomplished. Nothing, however, is more difficult than to define what it is to be genteel and fashionable. Aunt Ross supposed she was a perfect judge on these important subjects; but many other fashionable ladies would have laughed at Aunt Ross's notions, and considered her a vulgar under-bred woman; while, perhaps, these very ladies themselves would, in their turn, be held in scorn by others. One of Aunt Ross's methods of forming, as she said, the manners of her young people, was to make them pass two hours in the drawing-room on those forenoons in which she remained at home, to receive such visitors as might happen to call. It

was for this purpose that Anna was now desired to follow her Aunt to the drawing-room. On arriving there, Anna and her Cousin were desired to seat themselves in a window, and occupy their time in getting a lesson for their Italian master: but when any person called to whom Aunt Ross introduced them, to be attentive in remarking their manners, their style of address, and so on. "If I do not introduce you to any visitor, Anna," said Aunt Ross, "you may suppose that I do not wish you to imitate the manners of that person, and you may just go on with your lesson." Such were Aunt Ross's instructions; and Anna was thinking them over, that she might be ready to obey them, when a servant opened the drawing-room door, and announced, "Mrs. Elford," and a pleasing-looking elderly lady entered.

"Mrs. Elford! How do you do?" said Aunt Ross, but without seeming very happy to see her. "How is Mr. Elford, and your young people?" "All well, thank God," replied Mrs. Elford; and then, looking smilingly to Anna and Louisa, "I hope you are both well, my dears?"

Anna who had been taught by her Mamma, that the only way to be truly polite, was to obey God's command, to love every one, and to feel gratified for every mark of kindness from others, immediately rose and hastened to give her hand

to Mrs. Elford, and looked pleased and grateful for her notice, while Louisa did not venture to leave her seat, till her Mamma said coldly, "Come and speak to Mrs. Elford, my dear." She then approached, but Mrs. Elford did not seem now to observe her, being wholly occupied with Anna. She had drawn the grateful-looking, smiling little orphan, into her kind bosom, and was now caressing her as she talked to her, while a tear sometimes stood in her eye.

"Will you come and see me, my love? I have many young people at home, and I am sure they will all be most happy to see you."

"I shall like very much to come, I am sure," replied Anna, drawing the kind Mrs. Elford's hand closer round her waist, "if Aunt will allow me."

"I allow of very little visiting," said Aunt Ross, dryly, "but we shall think about it; and now you may return to your lessons."

Anna was again kissed by Mrs. Elford, and then obeyed her Aunt.

When the two little girls had resumed their seats, Mrs. Elford asked Mrs. Ross in what church she had decided to take a pew.

"Not in the one you advised, Mrs. Elford," replied Mrs. Ross. "I found on inquiry that scarcely any genteel people sat there."

"I did not say genteel people sat there," replied Mrs. Elford; "I said the Gospel was

purely preached there; and the clergyman so plain in his style, and at the same time so attractive and persuasive in his manner, that I thought your young people would love him, and listen with attention to him, as I find mine do."

"Oh, I hope my young people are too well instructed, not to listen to any clergyman their parents take them to hear," replied Aunt Ross, "but I do not choose them to go where so few genteel people think of going. I have decided on taking a pew either in St. George's Church, or in one of the Church of England Chapels; but I think the latter, because, though I understand St. George's is crowded with the genteelest people, I am told the clergyman is very uncharitable in his style of preaching, always addressing even his congregation as if they were irreligious people, which I think is quite contrary to the mildness and charity inculcated by the Christian religion."

Mrs. Elford was beginning to answer Aunt Ross, when the door was again thrown open, and the servant announced, "Lady Alderston," and Mrs. Ross was immediately in such a bustle to receive this, as she thought, fashionable visitor, that she seemed quite to forget Mrs. Elford. That good lady, however, quietly rose to take leave, and, before going, went to the window where the little girls were sitting, again kindly invited Anna to visit her; and then, taking a

pretty little book from her pocket, gave it to her, saying, "Ask your Aunt's leave, my love, and then read this little book. I am sure you will like it."

Anna thanked Mrs. Elford very gratefully, and then, though she longed very much to look at the kind lady's gift, she put it aside till she should ask her Aunt's leave.

It had taken all this time for Lady Alderston to come up stairs. At last she entered—a lady so fat, she seemed scarcely able to walk, dressed out in the most fantastic style, and accompanied by a little dog quite as fat, which came into the room puffing and wheezing, and immediately squatted itself down on the rug. Lady Alderston sunk down on a sofa; and Mrs. Ross called to Louisa to bring a footstool, and herself placed a cushion; and at last the poor lady seemed tolerably comfortable.

"Allow me to introduce my niece to you, my dear Lady Alderston," said Aunt Ross, looking towards Anna, who immediately approached. Lady Alderston looked carelessly at her for a moment.

"A fine child, Mrs. Ross. Pray have you got the French governess you were in quest of?" and she took no more notice of Anna, who returned to her seat in the window rather mortified,—but recollecting her Aunt's injunction to pay particular attention to the manners of those

to whom she was introduced. Lady Alderston spoke of the Theatre, and of parties, and of balls, and of young ladies who had come out, and of Lord this, and Lord that, and Sir John and Sir Thomas, and Lady M—— and Lady S——, the one's carriage, and the other's beautiful suite of rooms. And Mrs. Ross seemed delighted, and poor Anna listened as she was desired, while her little face became colourless, and she yawned every minute, and was at last quite happy to hear another visitor announced, and then another, and another: but Lady Alderston sat on, and she still was obliged to listen. She was introduced by her aunt to several other visitors; but the two hours in the drawing-room seemed to Anna the longest she had ever spent in her life, and she felt quite rejoiced when her aunt permitted her and Louisa to return to the school-room. As they went, Louisa whispered to her, "You know, Anna, we are to imitate Lady Alderston, now see how well I can obey Mamma;" and then she walked exactly like her, imitating every motion, till she reached the school-room door. She threw it open, and called out, "Lady Alderston," and then waddled into the room, and sunk down on a chair, pretending to pant for breath as she had done. Anna could not help laughing, yet she felt that she was wrong in doing so, for her Mamma had often told her that those who ridiculed others for personal de-

fects, which they could not help, mocked not at them, but at their Creator. Anna, too, had observed that Miss Palmer herself had turned away her head to conceal the laugh she could not suppress; yet Anna continued to laugh, while something within was checking her all the while.

Miss Palmer, however, soon recovered her self-command, and told Louisa she would have no more such fooling; but this was all she said. And when Anna was at last quietly again set to her lessons, instead of attending to them, she began to think how differently her own Mamma would have viewed such conduct; and she said within her heart, "How shall I learn to be good now? Nobody here is like Mamma." Then she remembered that God's word would teach her how to be good; and that God himself would assist her if she asked him, for he had promised to give his Spirit to those who asked him; and as she sat with her head leaning over her grammar, she in her heart prayed to God to forgive her, and give her his Spirit, to lead her to do and think what was right; and then she felt quite happy, and began to get her lessons with a light and cheerful heart.

Anna had not forgot her little book; and the first time she again saw her aunt, she asked her permission to read it.

"What is it, child?" asked Aunt Ross.

"I have not looked at it without your leave,

Aunt," replied Anna, putting the book into her hand.

"Very right, my dear." And her aunt opened the book, and looked at the title-page, "A Help for the Young and Ignorant to understand the Scriptures." Mrs. Ross smiled contemptuously. "Poor Mrs. Elford!" said she, "does she really think children will read such books!" then giving it back to Anna, "Read as much as you can of it, my dear. I give you free leave. It will not be much." Anna thought very differently. She just wished for some help to understand the word of God, and she carried up her little book, and as she put it into the drawer beside her Bible in the empty bed-room, she thanked God for having put it into Mrs. Elford's heart to give her such a precious little book; and next morning when she went alone to read and pray, she found that it assisted her very much to understand what she had never understood before.

One day of Anna's life at her aunt's was very much like every day. Lessons, lessons, as Louisa had said, from morning to night—or sitting in the drawing-room—or a formal walk with Miss Palmer. No person in her Uncle's house seemed, from one end of the day to the other, to recollect that there was another world—two other worlds rather, to one of which every man, woman, or child, is on the way. One world where God is, and where good angels, and the spirits

of holy people are. Another world, to which those who forget God are on their way, where Satan is, and wretched spirits, and unholy souls of men, and women, and children; where there is no hope! where there is nothing but pain, and horror, and misery, and darkness, for ever and ever! but Uncle Ross, nor Aunt Ross, nor Miss Palmer, nor her Cousins—no one seemed to recollect these two worlds. Her uncle looked old, and had grey hairs; but he never seemed to think of any other world than this which he must leave so soon. He scarcely ever went to church. He never taught his children or his servants any thing about God. He often, when he spoke, took God's name in vain. And Aunt Ross, whatever she did, it was always to do as other people did. Every one does so and so, was a sufficient reason for her doing any thing she wished to do. She never seemed to recollect that God had given us his word to tell us what we ought to do, and that, at last, every one should be judged according to it. In educating her children she seemed to think they were to live for ever in this world; for she only aimed at preparing them to take a part in those things which belong only to this life. Miss Palmer also, after the quarter of an hour she spent in reading a lesson and one or two prayers in the morning, seemed to forget that God saw her and her pupils every moment; and that, while she was, hour after hour, urging

them on in their acquirements of such things as were of no value in his sight, she was neglecting his command, to train up children in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," to teach them to "Remember their Creator in the days of their youth," and to tell them that those who sought God early should find him. If Anna tried to talk to her Cousin Louisa about God, or Jesus her Saviour, or heaven, Louisa would get away from such subjects as soon as she could, and try to do or say something to make Anna laugh, for nobody, she said, spoke of such things except when they were melancholy. Poor little Marianne was the only person in the family who seemed to love such subjects. She was very sickly, and often confined for most of the day to her little crib, to avoid catching cold; which from having been born in a warm climate, and spending her infancy there, she did very easily. When she was so confined, Anna went to her whenever she was permitted, and the poor little thing soon loved Anna better than all the world besides, and would listen to any thing she told her, and loved to hear of that Saviour who came into the world to save lost sinners, and who loved children, and took them in his arms, and blessed them. She also was taught by Anna to pray to this Saviour, and to repeat some hymns which mentioned his love and goodness to children; and little Marianne would sometimes say, "I am so often sick,

Anna, that perhaps I may die soon, and go to Jesus, and to your Mamma." And then Anna and she would talk about what Jesus had done for them that they might get to heaven—how he had shed his own blood, and died a death so painful, that they might never be punished for the sins they had committed, and how he had promised to send his Holy Spirit into their hearts to make them holy, and fit to live in heaven with him for ever. And little Marianne would say, "I love God for making me sick, for I never should have known about Jesus my Saviour unless I had been confined to bed, and you, Anna, had come to watch me and teach me." After these times of sickness, Miss Palmer and every one remarked what a good, industrious little girl Marianne was.

Month after month passed away in the same manner at Uncle Ross's. Anna had become a favourite with every one, as well as with Marianne. Uncle Ross said he loved her, because she was always in good humour, and because she was so kind to his poor little Marianne. Aunt Ross loved her, because all her masters praised her for her docility and attention; and because she danced gracefully, and played well for her age on the piano-forte, and came into the drawing-room quite with the air of a fashionable little girl; and she never was rude or ungenteel; and she had improved so astonishingly in all these important things since she had been under her

care. Miss Palmer loved her, because she gave her little trouble. Louisa loved her, because she was good-natured, and always assisted in getting her out of the scrapes her love for ridicule, and idleness, and giddiness, were continually bringing her into. Jane loved her, because she never laughed at her stupidity, which all the others did: and George loved her for all the reasons the others loved her; and poor Anna's heart began to be puffed up with pride, for it is much easier for the human heart to continue soft and humble when in sadness and misfortune, than when all things are prosperous and happy. Poor Anna began to like to hear herself called graceful, and clever, and good-natured. She tried to be more graceful, and exerted herself to excel all the other little girls who were attended by the same masters; not that she might please God,—not that she might prepare to meet her Mamma at the last day, but that she might hear it said that she was the cleverest of all Mr. B———'s scholars, or the most graceful dancer at Mr. R———'s school, or the first in her class somewhere else; and all this, instead of being pleasing to God, only made her proud; and pride is the most hateful of all things in his sight. When Anna began to be proud, however, and to think highly of herself, she began also to think less of God, and of heaven, and of her Mamma. She still continued to pray morning and evening,

and to go alone to read the Bible, and good Mrs. Elford's little book; but she both read and prayed carelessly. Anna now looked upon herself as good and clever, and trusted to herself; and she had forgot that it was God who had given her any power she had, and who had given her health, and friends, and all things.

Anna was in this state of mind when poor little Marianne caught the measles. It was not certain that Anna ever had the complaint, and she was therefore completely separated from her little Cousin, as Aunt Ross said it would be quite a pity to stop all her lessons, and every thing, when she was improving so rapidly, by exposing her to the infection; Anna, however, was grieved not to see Marianne, and she now felt that she loved her more dearly than all the others; but Aunt Ross, or Uncle Ross, would not be prevailed on to suffer her to go to the poor little girl. Marianne was very ill, and many Doctors were called in, and Anna saw that her Uncle was very uneasy, for she observed him one time, when he came out of Marianne's room, wiping his eyes as he went down stairs; but still she could not get permission to see her. Anna prayed to God that Marianne might recover, but she now found that she could not pray as she used to do. She remembered, that for many mornings and evenings she had prayed to God with her lips while her heart was far from Him; and now, when she

wished to pray to Him from her heart, she could only remember how sinful and ungrateful she had been, and she could not believe that God would listen to her, or regard her, except with displeasure. She was very unhappy, and wished that she could be alone for a long time, that she might think over the past, and confess her sins to God, and remember what her dear Mamma used to say to her, and to read those passages in the Bible, which she now remembered to have noticed when she was reading, in which it was said, "Return ye backsliding children, and I will receive you," saith the Lord, or some such words; but Anna could not get alone, for Aunt Ross had desired that the lessons should go on as usual; and while Anna was thinking on these things, she was, at the same time, attempting at intervals to note down a task of music. She was also listening to every footstep which passed to Marianne's room, and, on Miss Palmer's leaving the apartment in which they were, Anna, forgetting every thing but her anxiety to hear of her little Cousin, slipped to the door, in the hope that she might see some one who could tell her about her. Just on opening the door, she saw a maid-servant come out of Marianne's room at the other end of the passage, and on going softly towards her, observed that she was weeping.

"What is the matter, Hannah?" asked Anna, fearfully, "Why do you cry so much?"

"Oh, Miss Anna, who could help crying that saw that sweet child!" and Hannah burst again into tears, and covered her face with her apron.

"Is Marianne so ill, Hannah?" asked Anna, beginning to cry also.

"Yes, Miss Anna, she is ill, very ill; but it is not that: I have often seen illness before; but to see that young, young thing, with its little thin white hands clasped together, and praying with such a solemn heavenly look in its innocent face! Oh, I could not stay—it made me seem to myself—I cannot tell what—so sinful"—and Hannah cried and sobbed again.

"Was Marianne praying to be well, Hannah?" asked Anna.

"No, Miss Anna. She was praying to Jesus to wash away her sins, and take her to heaven to be with Himself; and to come quickly and take her; and she prayed for you too, Miss Anna, and called you her dear, dear teacher; and for her Mamma, and every one; and she said to me that she was going to where your Mamma was." At this moment Miss Palmer appeared, on her return to the school-room. She reproved Anna for having left it, and, as a punishment, increased her task.

In the evening the children were informed by their Mamma, that their little sister Marianne was an angel in heaven. That they must be good

children, and they too would go there when they died. Aunt Ross could not speak without crying, and she kissed them all kindly, and then left them.

Next day the whole family left town, and went to a house a few miles in the country. Uncle Ross looked very sad; but a number of his friends came to see him, and they took him out, and they staid with him, and talked with him, and did all they could to make him forget his poor little Marianne, and be comforted. Aunt Ross's friends also came to see her, and the children were allowed to be constantly out in the pretty pleasure grounds, and to forget every thing in the novelty of the scene. George received a beautiful little pony in a present, from a gentleman, a friend of his Papa's, and before a fortnight had passed, poor little Marianne seemed forgotten, except by Anna; but Anna had spent this fortnight very differently from the others. When she found she might spend her time pretty much as she chose, she had found a quiet pretty bower in the garden to which she had retired every day; and while George and Louisa were going to every part of the grounds in search of novelty or amusement, or disputing which should ride on George's pony, Anna was trying to recollect the instructions her own Mamma used to give her, and remembering how sinful she had been, and praying to God to forgive her, and

thinking of little Marianne, and repeating to herself those passages of Scripture she had learned. When she had occupied herself in this way till she found her heart again loving God and Jesus, and trusting in Him, then she would join her cousins.

At the end of the fortnight the family again returned to town. The children were told never to mention Marianne's name before their Papa or Mamma. Lessons and masters were all again as before; and every thing was done to make every one forget that there had been death or sorrow in the house. When God sends affliction, however, it is in mercy, to make people consider, and remember that they must die, and prepare for it: and when people do not attend to what God does, but turn away from Him, and forget Him, then He turns away from them, and ceases to send His Holy Spirit to put good thoughts or good desires into their hearts; and then Satan, and their own sinful natures make them worse, and more forgetful of God, and more disobedient to Him than ever. So it was at Uncle Ross's. Uncle Ross himself now never went to church at all, and was sometimes so cross that nobody could please him, and then he would take God's name in vain when he found fault with every one, and would curse his servants. George, too, imitated his Father, and never would enter church, but spent the Lord's Day in

riding on his pony, or walking with other thoughtless sinful boys, or reading any foolish story book, or tormenting Anna; for though he was always kind and affectionate to her on other days, he could not bear to see her slip away from the drawing-room, that she might be alone on the Sabbath evenings; and he would take a hunting whip he had, with a loud whistle at the handle, and he would keep whistling at the back of her door, till the whole house rung. His Mamma reproved him for making such an intolerable noise, but his Papa only laughed, and said it was just what he used to do himself to Anna's Father. Poor Anna could not read or pray in such a noise, and she would be often weeping inside the room while George was amusing himself without; and she would say in her heart, "Oh, God, how can I be good?" and she would even sometimes wish that she might die like Marianne, and go where every one was good; but then she would be afraid; for Anna's heart was by nature sinful, like all other hearts, and she was so often led to do what she knew to be wrong, that she sometimes feared that she was not really a child of God. She still was often proud of the praises she received, and often eager to excel her companions, and felt elated when she did so, and despised others, and she knew all this to be very sinful; but she so constantly heard her aunt, and Miss Palmer, and every one talk, as if goodness

consisted in having lessons most perfectly, and in dancing gracefully, and in being fashionable in manner, and playing well, and as if nothing was so wrong as being the most stupid girl in the class, or dancing ill, or being awkward, or shy, or vulgar, that poor Anna scarcely could distinguish now what was right and wrong, at least what her own Mamma would have considered right and wrong, as the Bible taught.

Poor Anna was in this dangerous state, when, one day while she was in the drawing-room, her Aunt Ross received a letter, which seemed to displease her very much. After reading it more than once, she threw it on the table, saying—"How provoking! I had quite forgotten that tiresome, vulgar uncle." Then, turning to Anna, she said, "Here is a letter from your Uncle Murray, my dear, to remind me, as he says, that the six months you were to spend with us is now elapsed, and that he will be here himself in two days to take you home with him for the next six months. I am quite vexed at this," continued Aunt Ross, looking very much displeased. "You will lose every thing you have got. I have done all I could to improve you. Your uncle has determined to add to your fortune, so as to make it equal to Louisa's. You are two of the most elegant little girls to be seen—every one says so; and to take you away to live at a Scotch minister's! Vulgar people, without fortune, or any

advantage; and to associate with their rude, hobbish boys. How could your parents make such a will!"

"Mamma loved Uncle Murray," said Anna, who never could bear to hear any reflection thrown on her own Mamma. "Well, well," replied Aunt Ross, "your Mamma had some strange notions; but what is to be done now? I would not for the world you should lose all the advantages you have got with me; and six months is such a time at your age. All the other little girls will get before you, and Louisa never attended to any thing half so well till you came. What shall I do?" Aunt Ross thought for a little, then said, joyfully, "Ah! that will do! Miss Palmer shall go with you; and I can get another governess for Louisa, who I can myself superintend; and her French governess is to be with us immediately. That will do delightfully, and as much as possible counteract the evil you would acquire at your uncle's. Poor Miss Palmer, to be sure, will not like to bury herself in such a place; but your uncle will increase her salary for the time. You may go to the school-room, my dears, for I must settle all this immediately; so Aunt Ross rung the bell, and desired the servant to tell a lie, and say she was not at home, though she was; and the children went off to the school-room.

Every one was angry at Anna's uncle for com-

ing to take her away. Uncle Ross vowed she should not go, for he could not live without his pretty, good-natured, cheerful little Anna; and then he said, "I have adopted her in the place of my poor Marianne. I will give her the fortune I meant for my own child. What can that preaching minister do for her? She shall not go." Aunt Ross knew, however, that Anna's uncle could not be prevented from taking her away; she therefore tried to reconcile her husband to the idea of parting with her, and mentioned her plan of sending Miss Palmer with her. Uncle Ross could not, however, be reconciled to the thought of parting with Anna, "his only brother's only child." And though he was at last obliged to acknowledge that he could not prevent her going, he never saw her for the two following days without saying something against her Uncle Murray, and lamenting over her being obliged to go to such people. George and Louisa, too, lamented over Anna, and for themselves. "What shall we do without you, Anna?" said George. "Louisa must always have her own way, or she is as cross and ill-natured as—I cannot say who; and Jane is such a clod, it makes me yawn to look at her. And what, on earth, will you do at the manse? Make butter and cheese?" "Hold your tongue, George," said his Father, who had overheard him, "Do you not know that my father, your own grandfather,

was a minister? Many a happy day have I spent in a manse, though it might not suit me now, and is not a fit place for Anna; at least I can provide a better for her. But do not you be such a blockhead as to speak with contempt of the profession of your own grandfather."

"Dear me, Papa now thinks you will be as happy at the manse!" said Louisa. "I dare say you will choose to remain there."

"Go to the school-room, you impertinence!" exclaimed Uncle Ross, looking quite in a passion at Louisa.

"Oh no, dear, dear uncle!" said Anna, coaxingly. "Louisa did not mean any thing, but is sorry that you like me to go to the manse."

"I do not like you to go the manse, my own Anna."

"Ah, then, do not be displeased with Louisa."

"Very well, I forgive her, since you ask it," said Uncle Ross, allowing Louisa to seat herself on his knee, as a proof of reconciliation.

So much was said against Anna's uncle, and so much did George and Louisa ridicule every thing she should meet with at the manse, when out of their father's hearing, and so much did Miss Palmer lament over her fate in being obliged to go to such a place, that Anna felt quite afraid of her uncle's arrival; and on being told, on returning from her walk with Miss Palmer, on the day he was expected, that he had arrived, and

was in the drawing-room with her aunt, her heart beat so quick she could scarcely get breath to walk up stairs. Her walking things were taken off, and her dress arranged, though Miss Palmer remarked that it was waste of trouble, for what could Mr. Murray know about dress? Anna then waited, listening eagerly for some one's approach to desire her to come to the drawing-room. At last she was sent for, and, with a feeling for her uncle of mingled fear and dislike, she went down stairs, her heart beating quick as she went. The servant who had been sent for her opened the drawing-room door, and the moment Anna entered her uncle rose to meet her; but when he saw her cold and constrained looks, he stopt, and looked disappointed.

"Come and speak to your uncle, my love," said Aunt Ross; and Anna slowly and timidly approached, not venturing to look up in his face. He held out his hand, and she gave him hers.

"I perceive you are very sorry to see me," said her uncle, in a very gentle tone of voice, and sitting down, he put his arm round her, and drew her close into his bosom, and said in a whisper, "God bless my sister's child."

Anna heard these words said so kindly, and she looked up in his face. He looked very mild, and very kind, and said again, "You are sorry to see me, Anna." Anna had been taught by her aunt always to try to say what was civil and

obliging, because it was very impolite not to do so, and she answered, "No, uncle, I am happy to see you."

"Hush!" replied her uncle, but still in a gentle tone of voice, "I must never hear any thing but truth. I love you the more for being sorry to leave your friends; but you know it was your Mamma's wish. Do you remember your Mamma?"

"Oh yes, yes!" replied Anna, "my own dear, dear Mamma! I remember her quite, quite well."

Anna's uncle kissed her affectionately, "Then my love," said he, "you will try to do cheerfully what she wished."

"Yes, uncle, I will try," said Anna.

"And your aunt, and I, and my boys, will try to make you happy," said her uncle.

"I propose sending her governess with Anna, Mr. Murray," said Aunt Ross. "I know she can have no masters in the retired situation where you live, and I should regret extremely her losing those advantages altogether which she has enjoyed in my house. I am sure you must agree with me in thinking my plan a proper one."

"I beg your pardon, Madam," replied Mr. Murray, "I cannot agree with you. Anna must be entirely under my own and my wife's care while she is with me. Whoever instructs her

must be thoroughly known to me, and chosen by myself."

"I assure you, Mr. Murray, Miss Palmer was highly recommended before I took her into my family," said Mrs. Ross. "She is very accomplished. It is impossible you should find such a person in your very retired situation. She has been in the most fashionable families; and, indeed, I have had great difficulty in persuading her to go with Anna. I assure you Mrs. Murray will find her a very superior person—quite a companion."

Mr. Murray shook his head. "I cannot agree to your wish in this point, Madam. You really must not urge me."

"Impossible, Mr. Murray! Surely you will not refuse what is so evidently for the child's advantage. I appeal to your conscience, Sir."

Mrs. Ross looked very angry, and Anna felt frightened; but when she looked at her uncle, he seemed as mild and gentle as ever, as he answered:

"I am acting from conscience, Mrs. Ross, in declining to agree to your wishes. I know what my sister wished most respecting her child. It was that she should be taught to know her God and Redeemer, and to devote herself to his will; and I shall use those means which appear to me most suited to lead her to that knowledge and obedience."

Anna loved her uncle when he said this, and she drew his arm closer round her.

"Child, go to the school-room," said Aunt Ross, looking much displeased. "I must settle this matter immediately, and you ought not to be present." Her uncle immediately let her go, and Anna returned to the school-room.

"Well, what kind of a quiz is this uncle of yours?" said Louisa, the instant she entered.

"He is not a quiz," replied Anna gravely.

"What is he then?"

"I am sure he is very good," replied Anna; but she would not say any more, for she did not like to tell Miss Palmer that she was not to be allowed to go.

Anna was not again sent for, and did not see her uncle till she went down with Louisa and Jane to the dining-room after their Mamma's dinner. Mr. Murray immediately held out his hand to Anna, and placed a chair for her beside himself, but she was scarcely seated when Aunt Ross proposed that the ladies should go to the drawing-room. The little girls were obliged to go also, and Anna's uncle was left in the dining-room with Uncle Ross, and some other gentlemen who had dined with him, and she did not see him again that night, but Aunt Ross told Anna that her uncle would not consent to Miss Palmer's going—that her Uncle Ross was very angry; and then she spoke to Anna till it was

bed-time, of all the things she should do when she was away; and then said, that as it could not be helped, they must just submit for one six months; "and after that you know, my dear," said Aunt Ross, "you will always be with us, because the choice is left to yourself, and your Uncle Murray cannot prevent you." She then sent Anna to bed.

Anna was to go after breakfast next day, and all her things were packed, and every one expressed so much sorrow at parting with her, that she too was very sorry, and after she went to bed, wept till she fell asleep.

Next morning she rose at her usual early hour, and went to read and pray for the last time in the empty bed-room, and to fetch her Bible, and precious little book, that they might be put up to go with her. When she came to the room-door, she was surprised to find that she could not open it. She tried again, and feared George had played her some trick to prevent her getting her Bible and her dear little book. On trying a third time, she heard a footstep approaching from within, and the door was opened by Mr. Murray.

"Uncle Murray! Oh, I beg your pardon," said Anna, afraid that he would be displeased. "Indeed I did not know you were in this room, or I should not have disturbed you."

"Come in, my love," said Uncle Murray, kindly, "and tell me what you wanted in this room at so early an hour;" and he led Anna to the place where he had been sitting, and then took her on his knee, and she saw that he had been reading from a Bible that lay open on the table before him.

"Well, my dear Anna, what did you want?"

"I wanted to read, uncle, and if you will allow me to sit down just in the corner where I usually sit, I shall not disturb you in the very least."

"Well, my love, do so," said her uncle, and then he watched her while she went to her drawer, and took out her Bible, and her little book, and then set herself in a corner beyond the chest of drawers, and turning away her face from him, found her place, and began to read. He did not interrupt her for a time; then softly approaching to where she was, he looked over her shoulder, and saw that she read the Bible.

"Dear child," said he, "Do you understand what you read?"

"Not very well, uncle. I cannot understand much of this chapter."

"Should you like me to explain it to you?"

"Oh yes, yes, uncle, if it would not interrupt you."

Her uncle again took her on his knee, and read the chapter, and explained it just in the

plain kind way her own Mamma used to do, and then said, "And, what does my little Anna do next?"

"I try to pray, uncle, but ——"

"But what, my love?"

Anna's eyes filled with tears, "you would not love me any more, if I told you what I am thinking about praying, uncle."

"Yes, Anna, I will love you whatever you tell me."

"No, uncle, you will not be able, for I am so often wicked now, that I do not love to pray as I used to do, because Mamma taught me that when we come to pray, we ought first to remember, and confess our sins to God, and then ask Him to wash away our sins for Christ's sake: but I have always so many sins to think of now, that I do not like to begin to pray; and I read, and read, or get verses to repeat, till it is time to go to Miss Palmer, and then I just say a few words of prayer."

"That is not right, my Anna," said her uncle, "but I cannot love you the less for this, because it makes me hope that God is teaching you what he teaches all his own children, that you have a very sinful heart; and then you will feel your need of the Physician of souls: and when you know Him, my dear Anna, I shall love you far more than I do just because you are my niece; for he is the Physician of my soul

also; and those who love him love each other for his sake. Do you know who this Physician is, my dear Anna?"

"Yes. It is Jesus Christ. Mamma taught me that."

"And do you know the office of a Physician?"

"Yes. It is to heal the sick. My cousin Marianne had many physicians to attend her, but they could not heal her."

"No, because they had no power except what God gave them; and it was His will that Marianne should not recover. But you know Jesus Christ has all power in heaven and on earth; and he has promised eternal life to all who come to him. But you know you must come to him. If you wish your physician to heal you, it is necessary for you to bring your complaints to him, that he may use means to remove them. You must tell your Lord what the diseases, the sins are, which beset you, and lead you to disobey him, that he may wash away their guilt in his own blood, and give you grace, and strength in future to resist them. This is his will; for though he knows you far better than you do yourself, he has commanded you, and me, and all his people, to confess to him, to pray to him, to pour out our hearts before him, to make our requests known to him, and to do this without ceasing. Now if you cease to seek him in the way he has appointed, he will cease, my dear

Anna, to proceed in healing your diseased soul; but if you return to him, he will return to you."

Anna listened to every word her uncle said with the greatest attention, and she loved him more and more, but she made no answer.

"Shall we come to our Physician together, and ask him to receive and forgive us?" asked her uncle gently.

Anna scarcely knew what her uncle meant, but she did what he wished; and he knelt down, and made her kneel down also in his bosom, and he took one of her little hands in his, and then he confessed the sins she had told him of, and many others that Anna wondered how he knew; and then he prayed for forgiveness, till Anna could not keep from crying. He prayed too for Uncle Ross, and Aunt Ross, and all the family, just as Anna would have wished to pray for them. When he rose from his knees, he took Anna again into his bosom, and put his hand upon her head, and prayed God to bless her. He then said she should go and spend what time remained with her cousins; and as Anna crossed the passage to the school-room, she thought within her heart, "I should be sorry now not to go with my Uncle Murray."

Anna and her uncle were to travel in one of the public coaches. This coach set out at an earlier hour than it was usual for Aunt Ross to have breakfast; and when Anna was sent down

at the proper time by Miss Palmer, she found no one in the breakfast-room but her uncle and a servant, who was very carelessly preparing breakfast. Aunt Ross at last appeared, and made a slight apology; but Mr. Murray did not seem to be at all displeased. Before sitting down, he said a grace, which Uncle Ross never did; and, after a short repast, he took out his watch, and told Anna they must go. Uncle Ross's smart carriage and servants were at the door, to convey Anna and her things to the coach. Again she took leave of her cousins; again her Aunt Ross reminded her of what she must do when away; and as she left the breakfast-room, she heard her Uncle Ross call her name over the stairs. She ran up to him, and he hugged and kissed her, saying, "I could not see that cursed uncle of yours; do not forget me Anna. Farewell—farewell. What shall I do without you?"

Anna was very sorry to part with her strange, kind Uncle Ross; but Aunt Ross was calling to her to make haste.

"Plague on her screaming!" said Uncle Ross angrily, again pressing Anna to his bosom; and then, ordering her to get away, he went into his room, and flung to the door with such violence as to make the house shake.

Anna was soon in the carriage, and the servant just closing the door, when her Uncle asked whether his portmanteau had been put in. The

saucy footman called carelessly to one of his fellows, who looked back, and then stept slowly into the house, and, bringing it out, his fellow-servant opened the door, and he flung it into the bottom of the carriage, as if he had thought it beneath him to touch it. The carriage then drove off to Prince's Street, where they were to meet the coach; and in a few minutes Anna and her uncle were seated in it, and opposite to them sat a fat red-faced man, buttoned up in a huge great-coat; and beside him a young woman, with a baby on her lap, and another child in the corner of the seat almost behind her. The horn was blown two or three times, and then off set the coach at a quick pace. The fat, red-faced gentleman laid himself snug in the corner, and having, perhaps, been waked sooner than usual that morning, he was soon fast asleep. The baby, too, on the young woman's lap, was also soon asleep; but the little boy who sat beside her soon began to be very unruly. He fidgeted about, and declared he had a pain in his stomach. The woman tried both to coax and to threaten him, but he would not stay still, and at last declared he was very sick. Anna, who had learned at her Aunt Ross's to despise, and not feel for those who seemed, as Aunt Ross would have said, to be vulgar people, had looked at this little boy's uneasy face, and heard his complaints without feeling any compassion for him. She

was seated opposite to him; and two or three times that he had, in his uneasy motions, inadvertently touched her with his little feet, she had drawn herself away, and wiped the part of her pelisse he had touched with her handkerchief, her countenance expressing displeasure and disgust; and the young woman was constantly saying to the child, "Take care, Johnny, don't touch the young Lady's pelisse. Fie, Johnny, sit still; see, you have dirtied the Lady's pelisse;" —till Johnny, sick and uneasy, and wearied with the continued reproof, at last took his foot and fairly wiped it on Anna's lap. Anna looked in her Uncle's face for redress, and reddened with anger. The look she received in return from her uncle, however, was not one of compassion or sympathy, but one of displeasure; and when the young woman shook the little boy, and set him back with a reproof, and a slap on the offending foot, Mr. Murray said, "Poor little fellow, come to me, and I shall try to make you more comfortable. I hoped this little girl of mine would have tried to do so, but I see she thinks more of her own dress than of a little suffering fellow-creature." He then made Anna change places with him, and spoke so kindly to the child, that he soon consented to leave the seat where he was, and came on Mr. Murray's knee; and as it had been the motion of the coach, as he sat back, that had made him uneasy, he was soon quite

well, and began prattling to Mr. Murray in the most amusing manner; while Mr. Murray, on his part, seemed delighted with him, and caressed and fondled him as if he had been his own child. The young woman, too, now began to speak quite frankly to Mr. Murray, and did not know how to say enough to express her gratitude for his kindness to the little boy.

"He is your eldest child, I suppose?" said Mr. Murray, for she looked very young.

"He is not my child, Sir," replied she. "I have no child but this baby. He was my brother's child;" and then she looked very sorrowful, and added, "My brother was killed at the battle of Waterloo, Sir, and his wife never had a day's health after she heard it. She died about six weeks ago, and I have been into Edinburgh to bring away Johnny. He is to stay with my husband and me now."

Anna had been scarcely able to refrain from crying, after the look of displeasure her uncle had given her; and now she turned her face away and wept, while she thought how hard her heart had felt to this little boy, who was an orphan like herself, and how much her uncle was displeased with her. For some time Mr. Murray took no notice of Anna. He continued to talk with the young woman, who told him all about herself; and then listened with much attention and respect, when Mr. Murray reminded

her of the danger she was in of having her heart engrossed with the cares and anxieties of this life, as a young wife and mother; and spoke so kindly and gently to her, that she soon seemed quite to love him, and confessed her ignorance, and asked his advice, as if he had been her father. During this conversation, little Johnny had slidden off Mr. Murray's knee on to the seat between him and Anna; and having peeped up into Anna's face, and seen that she was in tears, he lifted up his frock, and began rubbing the part of her pelisse which he had dirtied with his shoe, and then said coaxingly to her, "Clean now." Anna put her arms round the little orphan, and began to caress him. She had been furnished with a large bag of sweet-meats by her Uncle Ross, and she gave some of them also to the little boy, and they were soon very good friends. But still Anna felt sad, for her Uncle Murray she feared was displeased with her, and she watched for another look from him, that she might know whether he had forgiven her. She did not watch long, for her Uncle Murray had been observing her all the time; and now, when he saw her so kind to the boy, he leant over to her, and said in a whisper, "Do not look as if you feared me, Anna; I only wish you to be good. You are so now, and my own dear child." And then Anna felt quite happy, and at ease, and she talked and played with the little boy, and felt quite sorry when she

found that he and his young Aunt were to leave them at the next stage. "What can I do," thought Anna, for the dear little orphan; and then she remembered that her uncle had given her a purse the night before, with a great deal of money in it, and she determined to give some of her money to little Johnny's aunt, to keep for him; for she had seen her Aunt Ross give money to ladies who came to ask her to subscribe to societies for clothes to poor people, and such things. So Anna took out her purse, and took some money from it, and held it in her hand till the coach stopt, and then she was just going to say, "Here is some money for little Johnny,"—when her uncle put his hand on hers, and said in a whisper, "Don't, my dear." Anna drew back; and the young woman, after thanking Mr. Murray most gratefully for his kindness, and making little Johnny (who now cheerfully did whatever he was bid) kiss his hand and thank the good gentleman and the young lady, hastened out of the coach, to be received with every mark of joy by a young man, who was waiting for her, and who was her husband, and by an old man, who was her father. Anna saw the old man take up Johnny in his arms, and hold him to his breast; and she heard the young woman say, "Johnny, that is your grandfather;" and then they went away, and she heard no more. In a little time, the coach again set off,

but now the fat old gentleman was quite awake, and began talking to her uncle, so she could not ask him why he would not suffer her to give money to Johnny's aunt.

Mr. Murray's house was far away in Perthshire, and it took two days to travel to it. When Anna and her uncle stopped for the night, and were shown into a parlour in the inn by themselves, then she asked him why he would not let her give the money, and he said, "Because, my dear, the young woman did not want money. You would have hurt and offended her by offering it." Anna looked surprised, because at her Uncle Ross's, she had always heard *low people*, as they were called there, spoken of with contempt, on account of their want of money.

"You look surprised, Anna," said her uncle, "but, my dear, if you would just think on all occasions, 'What is God's will?' you would be sure to act right. Now God has commanded us to *love* one another; to be kindly affectioned one towards another; to do good as we have opportunity; to consider every person we meet as our neighbour, and to be ready to show them every kindness in our power. Rich people sometimes think, that, however contemptuous and haughty they may be to their poorer brothers and sisters of mankind, they can make all up by taking out their purses and bestowing money; but this is not obeying God's command, to love their neigh-

bour, and, in some instances, as would have been the case to-day had you given the young woman in the coach money, only offends, and reminds your neighbours, that, because you are better clothed, you think yourself entitled to treat them as poor inferiors."

Anna listened to her uncle, but she did not understand him very well. She, however, perceived that, though her aunt and cousins had always spoken of him as being without fortune, he did not care about money as they did.

It was just growing dark on the second day of Anna's journey when her uncle told her that they were within three miles of Daluthen, where his house was. He told her also, that, about a quarter of a mile farther on, they would have to leave the stage coach, and take a post chaise for the rest of the way, as Daluthen lay at that distance from the public road. Anna was not sorry to hear she was to leave the stage coach, as the fat old gentleman had continued to travel all the way with them; and, though he was very kind to her, yet she had become tired of his talking about the weather, and last year's crops, and the markets, and the state of public affairs—and she thought Uncle Murray looked tired too, and the old gentleman did not seem to like to talk of any thing he began to talk of, but always went back to these subjects. At last Uncle Murray said, "Now, Anna, we are in the village where we

shall leave the coach." Anna looked out. It was nearly dark; but she observed, when the coach stopt, that a boy eagerly ran towards it, and now looked past her, as if expecting to see some one he knew, and he immediately called out, "My Father! Norman; it is my Father and our Cousin!" and then another boy came also, and the first boy opened the coach door, and threw down the steps in a moment. "My boys! my dear boys!" said Mr. Murray affectionately, "assist your cousin to get out." The elder boy held up his arms, and lifted Anna out quite gently, and then both boys sprung into their father's arms, and they embraced each other with the warmest affection. They then were each clinging to an arm, when the elder boy remembered Anna, and instantly resigning his, took Anna's hand and put it in his father's and walked on her other side towards the inn.

"Are you all well, Kenneth?" said Mr. Murray to his eldest boy.

"All quite well, and my mother expects you to-day, Sir, and I have asked Mr. Macalpin to have a chaise ready for you, and there I see Watty going to bring it out—we shall not have to stay a minute; but come into the house, for I know Mrs. Macalpin has been preparing something for you, and she will be hurt if you do not take it."

At the entrance of the inn stood Mrs. Mac-

alpin, ready to receive Mr. Murray. "Thank heaven, you are back safe, Sir. I hope you have had a pleasant journey. The weather has been wonderful for the season. Come in, Sir, if you please. The chaise will be ready directly; but I hope you will take something;" and she seemed to regard Mr. Murray with the utmost love and reverence. Mr. Murray thanked her, and followed her into her nice clean parlour, where was a blazing fire, and a table spread with the best that her house could afford.

"You have prepared a feast for us, my good Mrs. Macalpin," said Mr. Murray, kindly.

"A feast, Sir! Oh, I wish it were ten times better; it would be well my part to prepare it for you;" and then she curtseyed respectfully and left the room. Kenneth placed a chair for Anna next his father, and, after waiting till his father should say a grace, he kindly helped her to what he supposed she would like best. Mr. Murray, too, ate something, not to offend good Mrs. Macalpin, but he was anxious to get home, and very soon the party were in the chaise. Kenneth placed Anna on her uncle's knee, as there was not room for all to sit. They were a happy party. The boys seemed so full of joy to have their father home again, and had so much to tell him that had passed during the week he had been away. Yet, in the midst of all this joy, they were so kind to each other, and did not

talk both at once, but were so mild, particularly Kenneth, that Anna wondered if these could be the rude, hobbish boys, who were to spoil her manners. Her cousin George would have been a great deal more noisy and talkative than both these boys together; and if Louisa had been of the party, they would have quarrelled and snapt at each other twenty times during such a conversation, which these boys never seemed to think of doing.

At last the carriage stopt at a little white gate; a servant girl held it open till they entered. The house was a little way farther in, and the path to it had shrubs and trees on each side; but it was dark, and Anna clung close to her uncle, who held her hand. At the entrance to the house Mrs. Murray, and her two little boys, were waiting to receive the travellers; and then there was as much joy as before, and Mr. Murray entered the house with his youngest boy in his arms, and the other holding his coat. On coming into the room where the light was, Anna looked timidly at her new aunt; her aunt, too, was looking at her. Mrs. Murray looked very grave, though every one else seemed so full of joy. She was in deep mourning; and Anna now observed, what she had not noticed before, that her cousins were all in mourning also; and when Kenneth looked at his Mamma, Anna saw that he instantly began to look grave, and went

quietly, and whispered a word or two to Norman, who was immediately silent; and when she looked at her uncle, though he was caressing his two youngest boys, yet he also looked sad. Kenneth, however, appeared anxious to make every one happy again. He assisted Anna to take off all the mufflings she had been wrapt in to screen her from the cold. He then placed a chair for her by his mother, who had sat down to make tea.

All was quite different from what Anna had been accustomed to at her Uncle Ross's. There, nothing was done but by servants. Servants brought in tea and coffee; servants brought cake; servants were ready to take your empty cup and saucer; for Aunt Ross thought it quite ungenteel to do any thing for herself. Here Mrs. Murray made tea for every one, and prepared what was proper for the two little boys, and she had no one to assist her but Kenneth, who helped her to water from a tea-kettle, and watched how he could in any way be of use. Kenneth and Norman prepared the bread and butter, and handed it round to every one; and, in their most winning manner, invited and pressed their Papa and Mamma, and Anna, to eat. At Uncle Ross's, Anna had sat at tea in a splendid drawing-room, to meet other little girls, (for it was only on such occasions she had been there at tea;) and she and her cousins, and their young visitors, had

all been gaily dressed, and were behaving as gracefully, and looking as genteel and fashionable, and speaking as politely as they could. At Uncle Murray's she was in a little parlour, very commonly furnished, and no one seemed to be thinking of any thing but what they were doing, or speaking of. At Uncle Ross's there was always some one who looked out of humour, and of whom the children were afraid. Uncle Ross was displeased at something, and looked cross; or Aunt Ross's face showed that she thought some of her young people awkward, and would soon find fault enough; or something was jarring. At Uncle Murray's all was love and kindness; for though Aunt Murray looked sad at first, still she was gentle and kind to every one; and after Kenneth had seemed to watch her looks, and to try to make her less sad by his affectionate attentions, she became more cheerful, and seemed to love all her boys so very dearly, and spoke so softly to them, and was so kind to Anna, that she soon quite loved her.

When tea was over, Mr. Murray said that Anna must be fatigued, and ought not to sit up to prayers; and then he blessed her, and bade her good night. The two elder boys shook hands affectionately with her, and the little ones came to be kissed; and then Mrs. Murray herself accompanied Anna to her room. It was a very small one, next Aunt Murray's own. There

was a nice little bed in it, and every thing neat and comfortable, though quite different from her room at Uncle Ross's.

Mrs. Murray very kindly showed Anna where her things had been put, and assisted her to get what she wanted for the night, and to unpack her Bible from where Miss Palmer had stuffed it into a corner of her trunk. She then said she would leave Anna for a quarter of an hour, and would after that return, and assist her to undress. Anna understood quite well by her Aunt's manner, that she left her alone that she might pray; and Anna did so, and thanked her heavenly Father for having brought her to live with those who loved Him, and would teach her to love Him. When Mrs. Murray came back, she tapped gently at Anna's door before she entered. Anna hastened to open it and meet her; but when she came near the light, Anna saw that she was looking very sad again, and seemed to have been crying. Anna, however, did not venture to ask her aunt why she was so sad; but she said, "I cannot trouble you to undress me, Aunt Murray: I shall try to do it myself. I shall learn."

"The sooner the better, my dear, for your own sake," replied Mrs. Murray, in her own soft voice; "but you are tired, and I must not have you begin any new lessons to-night. I see you are not used to undress yourself."

"No, aunt, I have not for six months undressed myself; but before that I sometimes did, for my own Mamma always said, I ought to be as little dependent on others as I could for such things."

"Then, my dear, after to-night, if you choose, we shall begin to do as your own dear Mamma would have wished you to do."

"Oh, yes, yes, dear Aunt Murray;" said Anna, throwing her arms round her kind-looking aunt's neck; she then thanked her for the trouble she took in undressing her, and Mrs. Murray pressed her affectionately to her heart; but Anna thought she looked sadder than ever.

When Anna was laid in bed, her aunt sat down beside her, inside the curtains, and leaning over her, she asked, "Can you, my love, repeat an evening hymn?" Anna used always to do so to her own Mamma, and now began the one she had last taught her. Aunt Murray listened for some time, and then put away her face to wipe away the tears; and when Anna had finished, she stooped down and kissed her several times without speaking. She then prayed God to bless her, drew her curtains, and left her to sleep. Anna, however, could not help wondering what could make Aunt Murray so sad; but, after thinking for a little, she thought Kenneth looked so kind and good-natured, that she might perhaps

ask him when they met again; and with this resolution she fell fast asleep.

Next day was the Sabbath; but what a different Sabbath from those Anna had spent at Uncle Ross's! There, excepting that there were no lessons, but getting a small part of the Church Catechism and a collect to repeat, and going once to Church, the day could not be distinguished from any other day. Every one talked of the same things they did on other days. Uncle Ross read the newspapers, and talked about all kinds of worldly things, or went to the club to meet his old cronies. Aunt Ross was very often unwell on Sundays—much oftener than on any other day; and she would lie on the sofa, and, if nobody came in the evening, she would be particularly quick at seeing every one's faults on that evening, aud spend it in lecturing and finding fault. Miss Palmer, on that day, either wrote letters to her friends or went out to visit. In short, no one ever seemed to know that it was '*The Lord's Day*,' but each to think it peculiarly his own day, to be spent exactly as he chose. Not so at Uncle Murray's. Anna was waked at an early hour by her Aunt Murray, who, after assisting her to dress, again left her alone for a time. She then returned for her, and conducted her to her uncle's study. Here her uncle, and all her young cousins, and

the two servant maids, were assembled, all neatly dressed, ready for church. After all were seated, Uncle Murray read a Psalm, and then her aunt and young cousins, and every one, began to sing; but, though Anna had, for the last three or four months, been constantly praised for her quickness, and attention, and proficiency in her music lessons, she could not join in singing to the praise of God. Even little Hugh, who was not above five years old, and who sat between his Mamma and Anna, even he joined his young, clear voice with the others; all sung except Anna—who felt ashamed as she sat mute, and thought within herself, that she never before had heard music so sweet, as the full, clear voices of her four young cousins and their mamma. When the psalm was sung, Uncle Murray read and explained a chapter of the Bible so plainly, that Anna understood a great deal of what he said, and loved him every moment better, as she listened to him, teaching every one who heard him, how to know, and to love, and to serve God—and how to be good and happy. Uncle Murray then prayed to God for every one; after which the servants went away, and then he told each of his own boys, and Anna, what they were to get during the day to repeat to him in the evening; and then he kissed and blessed them all, and sent them away, while he remained alone in his study.

Mrs. Murray went to the parlour to get breakfast; and while she was doing so, Kenneth took Anna to the little sunny plot of ground before the door. It was now early in spring, and this little plot was filled with primroses, and snowdrops, and the early flowers which venture to peep above the ground whenever the snow goes away. Anna was delighted to see them, for she had only walked on the streets for some weeks, and she went from one spot to another, stooping down to admire their little delicate beauties. Kenneth followed her, and seemed pleased with her expressions of delight; and she soon observed, that Mrs. Murray also was near, for, on looking up, she saw her standing at the parlour window, which was open. Anna immediately went to the window,—"Dear aunt, how lovely those flowers are!" exclaimed she, pointing to the many-coloured spots which surrounded her.

"Yes, dear Anna," replied her Aunt, "they all return, and bloom again in spring." Mrs. Murray looked very sad when she said this, and she turned away from the window. "Why does aunt look so sad, Kenneth?" asked Anna, ready to cry herself.

Kenneth looked sad too, and said, "Mamma is thinking that flowers return and bloom in spring, and all things again look fresh and beautiful; but those who die, and are laid in the

grave, do not return. This time last year, my sister Mary was just going about admiring the same kinds of early flowers you are now admiring, Anna; but she is in the grave, and will never return, and that makes Mamma look so sad."

"Had you a sister? and is she dead?" asked Anna.

"Yes: Did you not know about Mary?"

"No, Kenneth, I never heard about her."

"She was just about your age, Anna, and Mamma says, you remind her of her every moment; and she can do nothing but look at you, and yet it makes her sad to do so."

"Is it long since Mary died?" asked Anna.

"Only about six months," replied Kenneth.

"But she is gone to heaven! she is gone to Jesus!" said Anna. "She will be happy. My Papa and Mamma are there, and my little Cousin Marianne."

"Yes," replied Kenneth, "Mary is happy, for she loved her Saviour and trusted in him; and Mamma says, she would not have it otherwise, and she rejoices that her little Mary is where there is no more sorrow. But Mary was constantly with Mamma; she was her companion the whole day; and she was so good, and so obedient, and so quiet, and yet so merry, that every one misses her still, particularly Mamma. Oh, Anna, if you would be a little daughter to

Mamma and Papa, and a sister to us, instead of Mary!" Kenneth said no more, for his Mamma, at that moment, called on him and Anna from the window to come in to breakfast; but Anna could not help thinking of what he had last said, and she, too, wished that she could be a daughter to Uncle and Aunt Murray; but then she must leave Uncle and Aunt Ross, and Louisa, and every one at Uncle Ross's, and she felt sorry to think of doing so.

After breakfast, Mr. Murray, and Kenneth, and Norman, went out together, and Mrs. Murray told Anna, that, while the days were short, Mr. Murray collected the children belonging to his parish before church time, that he might catechise them, and that, when the days were long, he assembled them in the evening, for many of them lived too far away to come in the evening when the days were short. Mrs. Murray told Anna, also, that Kenneth and Norman assisted their Papa, by instructing and catechising the younger children.

There was still an hour before it was time to go to church, and Anna, and the little boys, were set by Mrs. Murray to get what they were to repeat to her uncle; after which they went to church. The two maid servants followed, having locked the door of the house, and taken the key with them; for no one who was able to go was permitted to remain away from church in

Mr. Murray's house. And Aunt Murray told Anna that she must listen attentively, for her uncle expected every one in his family to give some account of what he had preached. Anna listened to her dear Uncle Murray with great attention, and she remembered a good deal of what he said; and Kenneth and Norman never ceased listening; and even the little boys looked attentive, and never made the least noise, or rose, or gazed about, or yawned, or looked wearied to death, as her cousins the Rosses always did at church. Indeed, every one seemed to listen to Uncle Murray, and he spoke as if he loved them all in his very heart.

Between sermons, it was the custom at Uncle Murray's, that those ladies and gentlemen who lived at a distance from church, so far that they had to come in carriages, and could not go home and return to afternoon church, it was the custom for such to come into the manse, as Mr. Murray's house was called, and Mrs. Murray received them very hospitably. On this Sabbath many ladies, and some gentlemen, were at the manse, and Anna assisted her aunt as she directed her, to offer them wine and cake, and apples, which had grown in her own garden; and Anna heard the ladies asking who she was, and remarking what a pretty, graceful little girl she was, and they made a great deal of her, and Anna's heart began to be vain; and when her

aunt said to her, "Anna, you had better go and see what Kenneth is about," Anna felt sorry to go away; but, though some of the ladies and gentlemen said, "Oh, do not send her away! Pray let her remain!" Aunt Murray repeated what she had said, and looked so grave, that Anna feared she was displeased, and immediately obeyed her; but as she left the room she could not help thinking, "How different Aunt Murray is from Aunt Ross! Aunt Ross would have looked so pleased at me, and have praised me so afterwards, had the ladies at her house noticed me so much; and Aunt Murray looks as grave as if it was naughty to be graceful." While Anna thought thus, she was slowly coming down stairs; and just as she got to the bottom she saw Kenneth enter the house, accompanied by an old man with grey hair, who seemed very frail, and leaned on a stick as he walked.

"Come in, Andrew. Why should you sit all the time between sermons in the cold churchyard?" and Kenneth assisted him towards the kitchen, while the old man was drawing back, and saying, "There is no occasion, Mr. Kenneth. I was very well in the kirk-yard. It's a fine day."

Kenneth, however, made out his point, and when Anna followed, and looked into the kitchen, she saw a number of old people sitting round a blazing fire, while Nannie, the eldest of the maid

servants, was kindly distributing bread and cheese, and beer, amongst them. When Kenneth had seen Andrew comfortably placed, he left him to Nannie's care; and on seeing Anna, he said, "Oh, come with me, Anna, and let us look if there is any one else who ought to be brought in." Anna would rather have staid in her aunt's little drawing-room up stairs, to be flattered by those ladies who foolishly thought it would please her aunt to flatter her; but she could not refuse Kenneth, and followed him, and he hastened back to the church-yard. A great many people who had come from a distance were there, seated on the grave-stones waiting for the service in the afternoon. Kenneth went amongst them, and they all seemed to love him and look at him with respect; and when he discovered any old person, or woman who had brought a little child rather than be kept away from church, he kindly invited them into the manse, and pressed them to go, and would not be refused; so that, between sermons, he filled his Papa's kitchen and parlour with old, or frail people, or women with young children—who were all rested, and refreshed, and prepared to profit by the service in the afternoon.

"And now, Kenneth, shall we not go up to the drawing-room?" said Anna, when he seemed to have brought in as many people as he wished.

"No," replied Kenneth, "I must not, for my

Father leaves me the care of the old and infirm, while Mamma takes charge of the ladies; for Papa never comes home himself. He always stays in a little room in the church to prepare for the afternoon; and I must not forsake my post. Besides," continued Kenneth blushing, "I do not like the kind of fuss ladies and gentlemen always make about us, just to please Mamma; and Papa says I am very right not to like it."

"But why!" asked Anna, half ashamed of being pleased with what Kenneth seemed to despise so much.

"Oh, because I do not wish to like any thing but truth," replied Kenneth.

"But why do you think it is not truth?"

Kenneth put on a funny face, and said, "'Dear, Mrs. Murray, what fine boys! Nobody has such charming boys as yours!' That is what the ladies say to my mother—then Nannie hears them say as they go out of the house, 'Poor Mrs. Murray, what a sewing, and mending, and patching, she must have, to keep all those great, awkward, tearing boys so neat as she does.' Nannie told Norman what she had heard, when she saw him pleased and conceited because the ladies had stopt to admire his curling hair. And when my Father heard it, he laughed so heartily; but Anna, this is not conversation for Sunday;" and Kenneth was sorry for having broken the Sabbath by speaking his own foolish words.

After church was over, the evening was spent at Mr. Murray's, in hearing the servants and young people give an account of the two sermons they had heard; and Anna was surprised to hear Kenneth almost repeat the whole—at least, he repeated till his father had time to hear no more. Mr. Murray also heard what the children had got to repeat, and examined every one carefully, but with gentleness and kindness, to find whether each understood what they had learned; and the day was closed by worship the same as in the morning. When the family separated for the night, each seemed to love the others from the heart; and when Anna was laid in her little bed, and Aunt Murray had listened to her hymn, and kissed, and blessed her, and left her to sleep, she thought how pleased her own Mamma would have been to have spent her Sabbaths on earth at Uncle Murray's, where every one wished to serve and please God; and she thought that if she chose to remain there, she would be taught what was good, and how to obey her own Mamma's last injunctions; and that if she willingly left her Uncle Murray's, and chose to go back to her Uncle Ross's to be always there, she would be choosing to be where God was forgotten, and where nobody taught her to be good; and though she felt sorry to think of leaving all the Rosses, yet, after this one Sabbath, Anna's

heart told her that her Mamma would have wished her to remain at Uncle Murray's.

Next morning, and every morning, Mr. Murray assembled his family to read, and pray with them; but, on week days, Kenneth and Norman set off immediately after breakfast to school. The school they went to was about four miles off, and they had a little pony on which they rode by turns, and Kenneth told Anna how they did. "I set off first," said Kenneth, "and ride to David Leslie's cottage. I then leave Shag to eat a mouthful of grass there, and David tells me whether we may cross the burn or not; for sometimes after rain, or the melting of the snow on the hills, it comes down so rapid and so deep, that the stepping-stones are quite covered, and we cannot cross. If David says we ought not, then we have promised to my Mother never to attempt it, even if it should appear safe to us, and that makes her easy when we are away. If it is safe, then I cross, and walk slowly, getting my lessons all the way, till Norman trots past me for about half a mile. Then there is a deep glen, and, if there has been snow, it often drifts into it, so as to almost fill it up, and near this lives Duncan Mackay; and if he says we must not try to pass, then we have promised my Mother not to try. If we may pass, Norman leaves the pony there, and I get on, and Shag trots gaily on for another mile.

Then comes a hill we go over from shortness, and poor Shag gets leave to walk up, without either of us on his back, but he trots down the other side, and then we are very near the school; and there is an old man lives in a cottage just as you enter the little town; and he has a field where we put Shag, and many other boys put their ponies till the school is over."

Kenneth told Anna this the first morning he was going to school, after her arrival at Daluthen Manse. Mrs. Murray and Anna then went to the gate to see the boys away. Kenneth on Shag, and Norman following on foot, and getting his lessons all the way. They then returned to the house, as Mrs. Murray said, "to be busy." "And now, my dear Anna, you shall see what I do, and then we shall find out what you would like to do; for nobody must be idle." Then Mrs. Murray sat down again at the breakfast table, and Nannie brought a nice wooden bowl full of boiling water, and a towel as white as snow; and Mrs. Murray began to wash the tea-cups, and the basins, from which the boys had eat their breakfast. Anna looked rather surprised; and Mrs. Murray smiled, and said, "Your Aunt Ross never did this, I suppose?"

"No, never," replied Anna. "Why do you not make Nannie or Mattie do it, Aunt Murray?"

"Because Nannie is at this moment churning the butter, and Mattie is baking oat cakes for the week, and they cannot do every thing at once."

"Can I assist you, Aunt Murray?"

"Yes, very much. You can put the things neatly in their place in the press, as I dry them;" and so Anna began to do as she was directed, and found that she liked the occupation quite as well as lying on a board to keep her figure straight, while she got a lesson, which she used to do at the same hour at Aunt Ross's. After all the cups and things were washed and put by, Mrs. Murray and Anna went to the boys' room. There every thing was in the utmost order, and on opening the drawers, they were not in the state in which Anna had seen her Cousin Ross's, all tumbled and in confusion, but quite neat and orderly. Mrs. Murray looked over the things, and whenever she saw the least thing that required to be repaired, she laid it aside, and after she had examined every thing, brought such away, and sat down to work.

Anna did not like sewing, so she did not for a time offer to assist her aunt, and then did so in such a way, that her aunt saw it was merely not to seem disobliging, and she said she could easily do all that was to be done herself, and declined Anna's offer. While Anna was sitting idle, look-

ing at her aunt, Mr. Murray came in. The two little boys had been with him to get half an hour's lesson, and he now desired Anna to return with him to his study. When there, he took her on his knee. "Well, my dear Anna," said he kindly, "how do you think you must spend your time while you are with us?"

"I do not know, uncle, but I will do whatever you bid me."

"How long do you think you will live in this world, Anna?" Anna looked at her uncle, for she thought he was in jest; but he looked quite grave. "I do not know, uncle. How can I know?"

"You are now in your tenth year, Anna. The Bible says that three score years and ten is the usual term of life; now, if you have lived ten years, according to the usual course, you may still live three score, that is, sixty years. Does not that appear a very long time?"

"Yes, uncle, very long."

"And how long shall you live in heaven, or in hell, Anna, when you die?"

"For ever, and ever," replied Anna, solemnly.

"And when sixty years are past in that *for ever*, Anna, will it be any nearer an end?"

"No, uncle."

"No, my love, it will not, sixty, and sixty, and sixty thousand years will pass away, and it

will be no nearer an end. Now, what I wish to lead your thoughts to, my dear Anna, was this question. If you are only to live sixty years more in this world, and perhaps not nearly so much; and if, in the next world, you are to live for ever and ever, whether ought you to seek to be most acquainted with such things as can only be of use, or give pleasure in this world, or ought you to seek to be acquainted with those things which will prepare you for heaven, and to live with God, and with holy angels, and holy people, for ever and ever?"

"I ought to seek to be acquainted with those things," replied Anna, "which will prepare me to go to heaven."

"Certainly, my child: but do you know that your heart will rise against your getting acquainted with such things, for the 'natural man,' the unrenewed heart, loves not such knowledge. It turns away from it, and is much better pleased with the things of this passing world. But God says, that we cannot both love this world and love him; and that they who are his overcome their love of this world. Now, Anna, tell me what you have been learning, and we shall see what has been altogether for this world, and what may assist you in preparing for another; and while you are with us, you shall go on with those things with which you have just said you

thought it right to become acquainted. What has hitherto been the first lesson of the day?"

"The first thing I did in the morning with Miss Palmer, was to practise music for half an hour."

"I think you did not join in singing the praises of God in our worship," observed Mr. Murray. "We are commanded to sing praises to him, and it is joining while on earth with the happy spirits in heaven when we do so; but music without this has no reference to another world. When you practised, did it make you think of God, or any thing good?"

"Oh, no, uncle."

"Then, while you are with us, Anna, we shall cultivate only that kind of music which honours God, and leads us to love him. He has bestowed on Kenneth a beautiful voice, and a fine ear, and he shall teach you to sing hymns and psalms. Now what was the next lesson?"

"Grammar, uncle."

"Very well. That may assist you to understand your own language better, and those useful books written in it; so let us see how far you are advanced;" and Mr. Murray brought a book, and examined Anna in her knowledge of grammar—and then of geography—and arithmetic—and French; all which he said might be useful, or necessary, in performing those duties

she might be called to in life, and which were approved of by God—such as becoming better acquainted with the different conditions of her fellow-creatures in other parts of the world—in managing an household—or being kind to strangers and so on."

"And then we had our dancing lesson," continued Anna.

"You shall yourself decide as to its usefulness, Anna," replied her uncle; and Anna could not discover that it could be of any use whatever in preparing her for heaven, or for fulfiling any duty to her fellow-creatures; and then Uncle Murray said, "Well, Anna, I think you will have enough to do. Your first lesson every day, after you have read and prayed in your own room, and joined in our family worship, and assisted your aunt while I have the little boys, shall be with me; but as it is to be one of thought and reflection on your part, I shall always tell you, the day before, what I shall wish you to do, that you may be prepared, as you know I have very little time to spare from my duties to my people. To-morrow, my dear child, when you come here, I hope you will be prepared to answer me distinctly this question," and then Mr. Murray wrote on a bit of paper, "What does Jesus Christ say we ought to seek first?" and gave it to Anna, and then sent her away to her

aunt, saying, that he would arrange about her other lessons when Kenneth and Norman came home.

In a day or two every hour of Anna's time was occupied, excepting a part of the forenoon, during which her uncle was visiting the sick, or old, or afflicted, or dying people in his parish, and her aunt was busied with her household concerns, or teaching the little boys, and Kenneth and Norman were at school. During the evenings, Kenneth became her teacher in grammar, geography, writing, and many other things which he knew about, Anna thought, better than Miss Palmer; for Kenneth was very clever, and very industrious and studious, and was always at the head of all his classes at school. He was also so gentle to Anna, and so anxious she should learn from him, and took so much pains with her, that she soon went to him, in all her difficulties, and told him every thing that distressed her, or that made her happy, and Kenneth was always ready to listen to her, and to tell her what was good and right; and when she was in fault, Kenneth would tell her so, but so kindly, that she loved him the better; and the questions that her uncle gave her to answer every day, were always talked over with Kenneth, and he could make her understand their meaning, and assist her in finding an answer, which made her know more about God and his will than she could find

out herself. He assisted her to answer her uncle's first question, and showed her that Jesus had said, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and his righteousness."

When the days grew long, and the weather warm, Kenneth, and Anna, and Norman, would go out in the fields to get their lessons; and there was one favourite spot where they usually went. It was a hill behind the house where the sheep went to feed. The turf on this hill was short and smooth, and mixed with pretty wild flowers, and there were grey stones and rocks on some parts of it, as if just intended for seats. One of these stones was their table, and others were their seats, and the manse, with its garden, and surrounding trees, was at the bottom of the hill, and many higher hills and mountains, partly covered with heath, were all around them. Here they would sit and get their lessons,—and Kenneth and Norman would teach Anna to sing hymns,—and Kenneth would sing words out of his own head, when he saw the sun set among the mountains, about the glory and goodness of God,—and then he would speak so earnestly to Anna and Norman, about being sure that they had come to Christ, and that they had taken him for their Saviour, and loved him, that it would make them pray in their hearts while he was speaking to them.

Month after month passed away in this manner at Uncle Murray's, and Anna every day loved

her uncle and aunt, and Kenneth, and Norman, and every one, more and more; and they also treated her as if they loved her very, very dearly. Those hours in the forenoon which she at first spent in sauntering about in idleness, she now occupied in taking charge of Kenneth's clothes. She had thought with herself what she could do in return for all the kindness and trouble he bestowed on her, and it struck her that she could thus best return his kindness, by lessening his Mother's cares. Her aunt gratefully accepted her offer, and when Kenneth knew what she did, he was so obliged and grateful, she felt delighted to do any thing for him; and she was far, far happier when thus employed, and conversing with her aunt, than when idle.

Anna never thought how time was passing; and when her Uncle Murray, one evening after she came in from the hill, took her on his knee, and said, "To-morrow, Anna, you have completed your stay of six months at Daluthen," Anna was so surprised, she could scarcely believe what she heard.

"Six months, uncle! Is it really six months? It seems so short."

"It is indeed six months, my dear Anna; and I have a letter from your Uncle Ross, saying, he and his family are coming to spend a few days with a friend who lives about five miles from this —that they will arrive there to-morrow. They

have been travelling about to see the country, but do not mean to see any thing more till you join them, which your uncle says must be the day after to-morrow." Uncle Murray looked sad when he told Anna this, and Anna could not keep from crying; and when she looked round, every one was looking sad or anxious.

"I am not going away," said Anna, clasping her arms round her uncle's neck. "I am going to choose to remain here."

"Stop, my love," said her uncle "hush, Kenneth," for Kenneth had uttered an exclamation of joy. "You must make your choice, Anna, in the presence of your Uncle Ross and his family. You must pray to God to direct you. You must listen to your Uncle and Aunt Ross, while they tell you what you must give up if you leave them. All this you must do before your choice is made, and I do not consider what you have said now as at all fixing your decision. No one must say another word on the subject," continued Mr. Murray, addressing his family, "Anna must make her choice entirely herself."

Every one obeyed; but every one looked sad. It was soon known in the house that Anna was going away, and perhaps might not come back, and Nannie and Mattie looked as sad as the others; and they told it to the people who lived in the cottages near, and old Janet Reay, to whom Kenneth, and Anna, and Norman read

the Bible by turns every day, because she could no longer see, came, almost bent double, and leaning on her staff, to the house, to hear the "dear bairn's" sweet voice tell her that she would come back; and the little orphan, Willy Graham, who was fed, and clothed, and taught, and treated as a child, or brother, by Mrs. Murray and the young people, watched for Anna, that he might intreat her not to vex every body by going away: and every one lamented, because it would grieve Mrs. Murray, who seemed now to love Anna as a daughter.

Anna did as her uncle directed her. She prayed to God to teach her how to choose, and while she so prayed, she felt certain that she ought to remain at her Uncle Murray's; and that she ought to feel grateful to that God, who had indeed been her Father, and had brought her from a house where she was taught to forget, and disobey Him, to one where she was taught to love and serve Him; and she determined to choose Uncle Murray's for her home. She, however, said nothing, as her uncle had seemed to wish it so; and, on the morning she left Daluthen with him, to go to meet her Uncle Ross, every one seemed as sad as if she never was coming back. Aunt Murray could scarcely let her go, but held her to her heart, and kissed her, and wept, till Uncle Murray was obliged, gently, to take her away; then Kenneth was not to be seen at all, and nobody knew

where he was but Norman, who said he was not far away, but did not want to bid Anna farewell; and Norman was attempting to keep from crying, but could not, and the little boys, and Nannie and Mattie, were all crying; and Willy Graham was standing with his arms round Shag's neck, whose back he seemed ready to mount and follow the carriage.

At last Mr. Murray and Anna got away, and, after a drive of an hour, arrived at the splendid house of Mr. Hodges, a rich old West Indian friend of Uncle Ross's, who had purchased an estate, and built this fine house upon it. Mr. Murray was so much respected within many miles of his own neighbourhood, that he was received with great civility by Mr. and Mrs. Hodges, and Uncle Ross was in raptures to see his own Anna. "We shall not part again, my own child; we shall all be happy again. I have missed you every day; dear child, let me look at you. How you are grown! and what a colour! Well, I shall always feel obliged to the Murrays, for they must have taken great care of you."

"And she really does not look so awkward as I expected," said Aunt Ross; "a little too robust, perhaps, though no, I believe it is only the unfashionable shape of her frock and spenser. We shall soon get all put to rights, and Louisa will do so much better when she has you again, my dear."

"Where is Louisa, aunt?" asked Anna, rather hurt at her not being ready to meet her on her arrival.

"You shall see her presently, my love," said her uncle, looking significantly at Aunt Ross. "Come, we shall sit in this window, and we shall see her and George very soon."

Anna sat down on her uncle's knee, at the window, as he desired. "There they are!" exclaimed Uncle Ross. "Look, Anna! They wished to surprise you;" and, when Anna looked, she saw George driving Louisa in a low small curricle, drawn by two pretty ponies, which were ornamented by many gay trappings of blue and silver.

"Well, Anna, what do you think of that?" asked Uncle Ross. "They received that pretty carriage in a present from Mr. Hodges, and George will drive you in it, my darling."

Anna thought she had never seen any thing so beautiful, and she asked leave to go down and meet George and Louisa, who were now looking up to the window, and inviting her by signs to join them.

When Anna went down, George desired Louisa to get out of the curricle, and allow Anna to take her place. To this Louisa objected, saying there was room for both, and squeezing herself closer to George, who protested loudly against her doing so, declaring that the curricle was his,

and he should have whom he chose in it; and then there was a long altercation, and each said more harsh and unkind things to each other than Anna had heard pass between the young Murrays the whole time she had been with them. At last Louisa was obliged to yield till George should drive Anna once to a particular part of the grounds, and back again, and then off went the smooth-going little curricle, the ponies so nicely matched and trained, that they seemed to move every rapid step together; and a boy, smartly dressed as a groom, followed on another pretty pony.

"We shall play Louisa a trick," said George, on coming in sight of the gate which led to the public road. He then called to his little groom to open the gate, and drove out upon the road. Anna remonstrated, and said George was not keeping his promise; but George only laughed, and drove the quicker. On coming to a turn in the road, a little way from the gate, Anna was much surprised to see on a bank, at a little distance, Shag leisurely feeding, while Willy Graham was lying on the grass beside him. "What a pony! what an ill-kept animal!" exclaimed George, drawing the reins, so as to bring his ponies to a walking pace. "And that cunning-looking little rascal; I dare say he is one of the young rogues Mr. Hodges is always complaining of, who come to poach, and who steal his hares."

"No, no," exclaimed Anna, "he is not, indeed. I know who he is;" but George, as usual, did not listen, but called out, "Ho, you young scoundrel, what do you want, lying about there, watching for an opportunity to steal!" for so he had heard Mr. Hodges address some boys the day before.

"George! George!" exclaimed Anna, attempting to stop him. "How can you speak so? It is Willy Graham. How can you be so cruel? He would not steal for the whole world. Let me out. I want to speak to Willy."

"Speak to that low boy, Anna! No, no, when you come back to us, you must forget that you ever knew such kind of people;" and George turned his ponies, and drove back into the grounds, while Anna looked back towards poor Willy, who had never moved from his posture, nor said a word, but was now looking wistfully after them.

Louisa reproached George, on his return, for having broken his word; and after he had given her a drive for a little way, it was agreed that they should go for a time into the house, as they wished to hear what Anna had been about while she was at the Manse. Whatever Anna told them only made her two cousins laugh; "and so," said George, at last, "poor Anna, you have spent six months in praying, and singing Psalms, and reading to blind old women, and

teaching dirty orphans to spell, and washing tea-cups, and darning your Cousin Clodpole's stockings. Oh, poor Anna, how I pity you! But it is over now, and we shall be as merry as we used to be, and you shall have as many drives as you please, in my curricle, to comfort you, and make you forget your six months' misery."

"And come now with me," said Louisa, "and I shall show you the dresses Mamma has bought for you, though you are so grown, I fear they will be rather short; but, at any rate, they will be very pretty, and you are to go out of mourning when you come back to us. And some ladies and young people are to dine here to-day, and you know, after tea, there is to be your declaration of your choice, and then, when your solemn Uncle Murray goes away, we are to finish the day by a little ball; and Mr. Hodges has been so busy preparing, for he has no children of his own, though Mamma says he is dying to have some, and he is so fond of us—but come away—" and off Louisa flew, dragging Anna along with her to her Mamma's room, where many dresses were displayed, and Mrs. Ross's maid ready to dress the children. Aunt Ross herself soon appeared, and then there was such fitting, and cutting of hair, and curling, and dressing, for about two hours, and then Mrs. Ross pronounced Anna to be "really wonderfully improved in looks, and astonishingly little awkward, considering all

things." During this business of dressing, Louisa had been constantly running to the window to look at the carriages which arrived with company to dinner, and at some she laughed and others she admired.

At last Mrs. Ross and her two girls descended to the drawing-room, where a large party were assembled, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, and young people; and they and Aunt Ross, and the girls, were introduced to each other, and then they all sat very formally, and began to try to speak to each other. Some of the young people did not look formal, and seemed happy to meet; but Anna remembered that her Aunt Ross used to warn Louisa and her against becoming intimate with any young person till she had discovered who they were, and given them leave; and Anna, though she had, on the contrary, been taught by her Uncle Murray to love every one, and to be always ready to meet any human being kindly, yet now felt, somehow, as if she must obey her Aunt Ross in the present company.

After dinner the young people were allowed to go out on the lawn, and to see George's beautiful curricle: and then George and Louisa told their young companions of the choice Anna was to make in the evening, and laughed when they spoke of her Uncle Murray, and said it was ridiculous of him to stay, for it would be impossi-

ble for any one to help laughing if he looked disappointed.

Some of the boys said they would not laugh, they would be sorry for Mr. Murray.

"Sorry!" repeated George, "sorry that Anna is not to spend all her life in singing Psalms and darning stockings!" and then most of the young people laughed, and Anna thought in her heart, she would rather be with her Uncle Murray, and her Aunt, and Kenneth, where every one loved each other, and felt kindly for each other, than stay in ever so fine a house, where people could amuse themselves by laughing at her dearest friends; and when she looked at George, as he stood holding the reins of his pretty ponies, and speaking in this way, she thought she would rather sing hymns with Kenneth on the hill, or even darn his stockings alone in her Aunt's little parlour, and think how grateful he would feel to her for doing so, than drive in George's curricle all the day long.

At last tea was over, and Mr. Murray said he must prepare for returning home. Uncle Ross had been very civil to Mr. Murray, because he thought he would have to part with Anna in the evening, and was sorry for him; and now he placed a chair for him near himself, and said, "Let us two uncles speak a few words each to Anna, and then let her say in whose house she will choose to remain as her future home. Anna

sat opposite her uncles. Her Aunt Ross sat by her, and whispered to her, "Now, my love, say nothing rude or unkind to your Uncle Murray."

All the other ladies and gentlemen and young people sat, or stood around, and waited in silent expectation for the end of this scene.

Uncle Ross then said, "My dear Anna, your parents left directions in their will that you should be allowed to choose your own home. They directed that you should first reside six months with me, then six months with your uncle, Mr. Murray, and at the end of these twelve months choose with whom you would remain. You are now ten years old, Anna, and have a great deal of good sense; so I am sure you must be aware of how superior the advantages you will enjoy in my house must be to those which your good uncle Mr. Murray has to offer you. I will now say, before all these ladies and gentlemen, that if you come to me, I will make your fortune the same as Louisa's; and you know, Anna, I love you with the affection of a father." Mr. Ross said no more; but turned to Mr. Murray, who immediately said, "In choosing to remain with me, Anna, I plainly tell you that you will give up many worldly advantages. I can offer you none whatever; but, Anna, 'what will it profit you, if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?' You know in whose house your soul's concerns

will be most attended to. Think, my child, what counsel your parents would give you were they at this moment present. I shall say no more, Anna. You know that your aunt and I, and all of us, love you dearly, and will rejoice to have you; so, my love, think in your heart, and then choose."

"I have chosen," exclaimed Anna, rising and throwing herself on her Uncle Murray's breast. "I will never leave you, Uncle Murray. You shall teach me. You have taught me how I shall again meet my own dear Mamma—how I shall go to heaven. Uncle Murray, I choose to remain with you."

"Anna, Anna, what do you mean? Think before you speak!" exclaimed Uncle Ross, seizing her arm to draw her away.

"No, no," said Uncle Murray, clasping her close into his breast. "I will not give up my own dear child."

"Sir, how can you be so madly selfish!" exclaimed Uncle Ross, in a voice of such passion that it made Anna cling closer to her Uncle Murray. "You know that you have not a sixpence to give the child. You know that if you were to die to-morrow, your own would be beggars, and that Anna would be obliged to come to me. Give up the child."

"I will not give up my precious child," replied Uncle Murray quite mildly. "Your life, Sir,

and my life, and her life, are in the hands of God. We have only to act aright in the present moment, and leave the future to Him."

Mr. Hodges now took Mr. Ross aside, and spoke something about law; and then Uncle Ross became calmer, and said, "You are right, Hodges, the law will set such a matter as this to rights;" but Aunt Ross knew that Mr. Hodges had just put law into Uncle Ross's head to make him calm, and that no law could set aside a parent's will in such a matter. She therefore attempted to use fair means.

"My dear Mr. Murray," said she, putting on her most winning face, "surely you are not serious?"

"I am perfectly so, Madam," replied Mr. Murray.

"But consider the child's interest, Sir."

"I do, Madam, I think the salvation of the child's soul her very nearest interest."

"Pshaw! Mr. Murray, that is mere cant," rejoined Mrs. Ross, getting angry; but recollecting herself, "at least" added she, "you say so in character as a clergyman; but surely, in conscience, you must be aware of the superior advantages Anna would enjoy with us."

"What are the advantages you mean, Madam?" asked Mr. Murray, on observing that the whole party were listening excepting Uncle Ross and Mr. Hodges. "Why, Sir, how can you ask

such a question? Every one must know what I mean. Advantages in education, in manners, in fortune, in society, in every thing."

"But the *one thing needful*," said Mr. Murray, smiling. Then turning to Anna, who still clung to him, "My Anna, we must go; take leave of your cousins."

George and Louisa looked quite stupified with astonishment; and when Anna went to take leave, turned away from her without speaking. But when she and her uncle left the room, they seemed to come to life, and ran down stairs. Some of the other young people also followed; and George caught hold of Anna, exclaiming, "Anna is in jest, Sir, she does not mean what you suppose. Come back, Anna," attempting to draw her away.

"No, no, no," exclaimed Anna, "I am not in jest. Farewell, George;" and she held fast by her uncle's arm.

"Go then, Miss Anna," said George in a passion, "and darn stockings to the end of the chapter. John," continued he, "is the old rattle-um of a chaise ready? Get them away."

The old chaise was soon at the door; for the servants had never asked the post-boy to put it or his horses any where, and left him to feed them as he could; and now not one of the saucy footmen seemed to intend to open the door; while George stood pretending to laugh at the

crazy machine, as he called the chaise. Two of the young visitors, however, immediately ran forward, and opened the carriage door, and, as they handed Anna in, said, "You have done very right." And then they looked with much respect at Mr. Murray, who shook hands kindly with them as he passed into the carriage.

Anna felt happy when she found herself safe and alone with her Uncle Murray; and she threw her arms round his neck, and he embraced, and blessed her, and called her his daughter, and looked so happy and so kind, that she thought him like what an angel would be, when she thought at the same time of the angry passionate faces she had left; and she loved him more dearly than ever.

When Anna and her uncle came to that part of the road near the gate, where Anna had seen Willy—there he was still. The instant, however, in which he discovered that Anna was in the chaise with her uncle, he sprung on Shag's back, and urging him up the bank, and across a field towards a hill at a little distance, he was soon out of sight. In about five minutes, as the travellers passed the hill, a bright blaze burst forth on its top, and instantly there was another blaze on a hill about a mile farther on the road to Daluthen, and then another and another all the way to the manse. For so Kenneth and Willy had agreed, that it might be known as

soon as possible whether Anna was returning: and Willy had got friends of his to gather dried whins, and place them on the top of these hills, and remain beside them, keeping up a little fire to be ready to set the whins in a blaze; and Kenneth had remained with his mother; and Willy and Shag had watched at Mr. Hodges' gate, to be ready the instant he saw Mr. Murray, either to have the signals set on fire, or to return in sadness.

And now the post-boy seemed to enter into every one's feelings of anxiety to meet, and his horses went so rapidly—and Uncle Murray was so kind, and spoke to Anna as his own child, and seemed so pleased with her, that she never had felt so happy in her whole life before——and when she came within about a quarter of a mile of the manse, there were Aunt Murray, and Kenneth, and the other boys all coming to meet her—and then such a joyful meeting, though Kenneth did not speak a word, and there were tears in his eyes—and then old Janet Reay was seated at her cottage door as they passed, that she might once more hear the dear bairn's sweet, cheery voice—and many of Mr. Murray's people were standing about near the road, just to see the dear young creature, who had given up this world, and chosen the better part—and all was love, and kindness, and good will—and Mr. Murray spoke kindly to his

people, and they looked with reverence and love at him—and when the party went into the house, there were Nannie and Mattie in equal joy, though they both declared they were sure Miss Anna would come back. Sweet was the hymn to Anna that she sung with all her dear friends that night, and still sweeter was it to her when she heard her uncle thank God for having put it into the heart of their beloved child to return to them.

Next Sabbath Mrs. Murray put off her mourning dress, and Anna put off hers; for Mrs. Murray said she and Mr. Murray had found another daughter instead of their Mary, and the orphan Anna had found a father, and mother, and brothers; though Mrs. Murray still often spoke of her beloved Mary, and Anna often spoke of her own Papa and Mamma, who lay far away, near the field of Waterloo.

END OF ANNA ROSS.

ANDREW CAMPBELL'S VISIT

TO

HIS IRISH COUSINS.

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TO

HIS IRISH COUSINS.

It was in the spring of last year that I set out to pay this visit. I had been very busily employed all the winter at my trade, and had, besides, walked two miles and back again, every evening, to attend the School of Arts in Edinburgh: for, ever since I can remember, nothing has delighted me like acquiring knowledge on any useful subject; and the lectures I heard from the gentlemen there, opened up many things to me in a most wonderful and pleasant manner. But this is not a matter I need enter upon, considering for whose sakes I mean to write the following pages; for little do they care about acquiring any kind of knowledge. Yet when I think back upon the time I spent among them —how pleasantly it passed—and how kind, how exceedingly kind they were to me—I never cease to wish that, in one way or other, I could make

them some return. When I first came home again, the remembrance of that kindness, and, above all, the remembrance of our last parting, when upwards of a hundred men, women, and children came to see me, and another who was with me, on our way—and the weeping of the women and the young ones—and the powerful kindness of the men—continued to keep up such a sort of mournful regard for them in my heart, that I could not bear to hear any of my own people speak about them, nor would I answer their questions, many of which I thought very unkind; for the Irish are but little thought of in that part of Scotland where I live, which is about a mile and a half to the south of Edinburgh. The reason of this, I suppose, is, that most of the Irish who come to Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, instead of trying to get amongst those of us who are sober and well-doing people, to learn any thing we could teach them, and trying to gain a good character for themselves and their country in a strange place, that they might get employment and advance themselves,—instead of this, they all flock together to the most blackguard parts of the town and suburbs, and there they live among themselves, just as they would do in any wild out-of-the-way corner of Ireland, spending all they gain in carousing, and what they call fun and merriment, but what respectable working people in

my country would think it beneath them to join in: So that the poor Irish are quite looked down upon by Scotch people in the same station with themselves—that is, who make no higher wages than the Irish might do if they chose, and which numbers of them do make, for they are excellent labourers when they like; and though I have not heard of their rising into places of trust with their employers, yet they are known to be clever, and sharp, and strong in body, so that, when hands are wanted, they are sure to get work. But, instead of doing as our people do with their wages, that is, after reserving what is necessary for plain food and clothes, putting a little into a savings bank, or society box, against a time of sickness or distress, or educating their children, or purchasing some small bit of furniture for themselves,—instead of spending their wages in this way, they fling them away so as to have no return, so that they never seem a bit the better for any thing they gain, and are looked upon by our respectable work people as a set of uneducated savages. It was therefore hard on me, when I returned to Scotland, to be asked the questions my acquaintances wished me to answer; for they really desired to know whether the Irish lived in the same way in their own country that they did in ours; and they knew that, though I am shy and silent with strangers, yet that few things pass where I am

that I do not notice. I had nothing, however, to tell them which would have raised their opinion of the Irish; for it is a far different thing to see and feel kindness and to tell about it, so I just put them off by saying that I had been very happy during my visit; and that, if I had seen things that I thought might have been better, I could think but little of them where every one was so kind to me.

But to return to the many thoughts I had about how I could make any return for the kindness of my Irish friends. It came into my head one day, just after a friend and I had been packing up a box containing some things to send as a remembrance to our Irish relations,—it came into my head—"Well, to be sure, this boxful of little matters will show them that we still feel for them with kindness; but what real good will it do them? If I could only do any thing to rouse them from that thoughtless, idle kind of state in which they live. But how can I return all their kindness by finding fault? What if I could just make a kind of story of what I saw when among them, and describe how it appeared to a stranger, I could send it to them, and they would soon find out who were intended." I could not get this thought out of my head after it had once got in. It always returned whenever I thought of my Irish friends. For a time, however, I could not begin to write their faults, and

Eng. Steel by J. & J. Johnstone Drawn by Grace Kennedy See Page [illegible]

ANDREW'S FIRST MEETING WITH HIS COUSINS.

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perhaps I never should have found the heart to do so, had I not become a little hurt and offended at them. When we parted I really had blamed myself; for, though I felt warmly for them, yet their kindness seemed so far to exceed mine, that I thought I had a cold heart compared to theirs; and for some months I wrote very often to them, and felt that I liked them the better the longer I remembered them. But with them it seemed, "out of sight out of mind;" for, except two letters, never a line have I got from one of them to this day. And there is another person now with me who has more cause to be displeased than I have at their silence—but more of him afterwards. This seeming neglect, however, reminded me of that fault in my friends which appeared to me the cause of the others I had observed most—that of idleness—a careless, listless idleness. Never did I see time wasted as I saw it the month I was with them. And when I thought how much depended upon the manner in which we spent our short course here—that it would decide our lot for a long, long, never-ending eternity—I could not resist writing the following little history, in the hope that it might call the attention of my kind friends at—(I shall not just name the place, but I shall call it Ballinagh)—to take some concern regarding such things as deserve the attention of men who possess rational minds and immortal souls.

ANDREW'S STORY.

THE winter had been cold and wet, and my trade, as a gardener, had exposed me much to the weather; for, though cold, there had been little frost, so that I had been constantly able to work at something or another; but the damp, joined to my walks into Edinburgh in the evenings to attend the School of Arts, had, though I am in general very robust, brought on a kind of feverish cold, which continued to hang about me in the spring. I had also met with a disappointment which lay heavy on my spirits, and my friends began to notice that I did not look like myself. They spoke in this way to my mother, who keeps my house for me, and after refusing till I was ashamed, at last, just to please her, I consented to consult a doctor. This gentleman, after seeing me two or three times, advised me to give up working for a few weeks, —and go to the country, away from the east coast during the season that the sharp winds prevailed from that quarter. I only told my mother that the doctor had advised idleness and

the country; for his bidding me avoid the cold east winds let me see that he thought worse of my complaints than I had done myself. This made me very thoughtful; for death, though perhaps not very near, yet, if we know that it may be in the cup we have begun to drink, has something wonderfully alarming in it—at least it had so to me. I kept up a good heart, however, in presence of my mother, and all she thought of was to prepare for my departure.

My mother had a younger sister of whom she very often spoke. This sister had, many years before, married an Irishman. He had come into Galloway in search of work, when she was servant to a lady who lived near Port-Patrick. This marriage had sorely grieved my mother; for, though she had heard a good enough report of the young man, yet such a marriage was not expected to turn out well, just because the Irish took no more pains then than they do now to make their country be respected among strangers. My mother mourned over her sister as one who had been led away, by fine speeches and a handsome outside, to unite her lot for life with a wild uneducated Irishman, perhaps a Papist. Since that time my mother and her sister had never met, but letters had often passed between them; and my aunt's account of her husband and his friends had continued far better than my mother looked for. My aunt's husband was the

oldest of his family; and, when his father died, my aunt wrote that he had got the farm, and mentioned him always as the kindest of husbands—and she had sons and daughters, and cows, and land, and potatoes in plenty—and she wearied much to see my mother's children, and my mother wearied to see hers. As yet, however, none of us had ever met; and I now proposed to my mother that I should spend the time I was to be idle in visiting this aunt and her family. My mother was, at first, unwilling to consent to this, for she knew that the part of Ireland in which my aunt lived was considered very unsettled; yet she would have liked to hear of her sister, and she was sure I would be well taken care of if I was once with her. But then the country I had to pass through! What might not happen to me on my journey? I would not listen to my mother when she spoke in this way; so she went to ask advice from a gentleman who was an elder in our church, and who, she knew, had been in Ireland. He assured her that I might travel from one end of that country to another without the smallest danger; for, though some parts of it might be in a disturbed state, it was never a stranger, but some of their own countrymen the people wished to harm. My mother, after this, made no objection—I only found her, the Saturday evening before I came away, directing one of the gardener lads to write

on a bit of paper these words—"The prayers of the congregation are requested for a young man, setting out on a long and dangerous journey." I put out the words, "long and dangerous." My mother intended to take this next morning to church with her, for the precentor to read aloud; and, after putting out the words I have mentioned, I let her do as she liked, for I was well pleased to have the prayers of the people, thinking, as I then did, that I perhaps had a journey before me that my mother little dreamt of.

I set out on the Monday after. It was early in the month of May, and the day was as fine as it was possible to be. After walking for a mile or two, thinking little of any thing but the home I had left, and feeling somewhat sad and lonely, my attention was at last quite taken away from all other subjects by the extreme beauty of every thing around me. My road, hitherto, had been through the suburbs of the town which were between my home and the road to Glasgow; but now I had got into the country, and, being a gardener, I could not move on half a dozen paces without seeing something or other to keep me standing or leaning over some wall to look and wonder at its beauty; and to think of Him who made the things of this earth, where men continually forget and dishonour Him,—so full of loveliness, so pleasant to the sight, and so winning on the heart. When I stood looking at the coun-

try around me—the fields so beautifully green—the fine tall trees with their fresh young leaves—the fruit trees covered with blossoms, some white, hanging so delicately on them—others as if they were clustering roses to the end of every branch—and near these the purple lilacs, and the white so pure among its pale green leaves—and the flowers and the bushes,—every thing so rich, and fresh, and green—as I stood looking at all these, I forgot how time passed; and it was far on in the day when I arrived at the friend's house where I intended to spend the night, though it was only about six miles from Edinburgh. This friend was gardener to a gentleman, at whose beautiful place he lived, and my evening was spent in walking about with him through the gardens and pleasure-grounds, which were, if possible, more lovely than any thing I had seen during the day. My friend was a true servant of God; and, after a day spent so pleasantly as I had done, it was delightful to kneel down with him and his young family to return thanks to God.

Next morning I really thought I felt better in health, and again set out on my journey, sauntering on as I had done the day before, stopping to look at whatever took my fancy, either in the glorious works of God, or in the works of man; and in this way one may learn much; but it was four days before I got to Glasgow. I stopped there a day to see some of the wonders of that great

and busy town: but as I had been there before, I had only to see such things as had risen up since then. Next day I went to Greenock to get the steam-boat for Belfast. Farther than this, however, I do not mean to say one word respecting the road I took to reach Ballinagh, for I do not intend that any but my friends there shall discover what part of Ireland I was in. I shall only say that I took several days to travel to it from Belfast, and that very many things I saw before I reached it, made me feel both love, and shame, and sorrow for poor Ireland.

It was early in the forenoon when I first came in sight of Ballinagh. I do not know what to call it, nor can I compare it to any thing I ever saw in my own country, so I must just try to describe it. The person who showed me the way was a tall stout Irishman, who had left his cabin door, most civilly and kindly, to guide me. He was dressed in a large grey coat, buttoned at the neck, but loose below, and the sleeves hanging empty, while the coat was wrapt over his arms. When he stopt to show me Ballinagh, he stretched out one of these strong powerful arms, quite naked, to point the way. He then shook hands cordially with me, wishing me a happy meeting with my cousins, the Cooneys; for he supposed I was *the gentleman* they were looking for. I could not help feeling pleased at his kind good-natured way; but no more could I help

thinking that, in some countries, such a pair of strong arms would not be long without a good shirt and coat to cover them. His legs too were bare; but he looked stout and cheerful, and I had seen many such since I had entered Ireland. But to return to Ballinagh, when my guide stretched out his arm and said, "There is Ballinagh;" I saw before me one house, resembling a small farm house in my own country, with a stack or two near it. Not another dwelling could I observe at the distance I then was. The country which lay between me and the farm house had one kind of beauty—it was very uneven, swelling into little hills, in some parts covered with the brightest verdure, in other parts either prepared for or bearing young crops. The land was not, however, regularly laid out in fields as I had been in the habit of seeing it in my own country; but here was a patch of one thing, and there was another, of every shape and dimension. None of the hills were of any height, and they were cultivated in this way all over; while the lower grounds between were, in many parts, green and boggy. This kind of land extended a good way. There were few trees upon it, but beyond, the country was finely wooded. About half a mile to the left of the farm house, stood a fine old church, and a handsome mansion near it, both embosomed in wood. To the left, about the same distance, but amidst boggy

and naked land, stood, what I supposed to be, a Roman Catholic chapel, for I had seen many like it in my way. As I came nearer Ballinagh, I began to discover the habitations of the people from the smoke which, in several places, appeared to issue from the ground. The first cabin I came to rather surprised me, I must say, though many strange habitations I had seen in this strange country. This one I came upon unexpectedly. There was nothing that could be called a road leading to the farm; but there were many paths trodden in different directions, and there was one which led pretty directly to it. This path crossed near one or two of the hills which lay between. I had got to the top of the first of these, and was descending on the other side, when smoke began to rise a little before me, and I perceived that I was almost on the roof of a cabin. It was built against the side of the hill,—the roof was grown over with grass and moss,—and if there was a chimney, the smoke preferred coming out at the door, which I did not yet see. I however heard the joyful voices of children at play; and on going down the slope at the side of the cabin, and coming in front, I perceived half a dozen young creatures, all of them nearly naked, tumbling about, and wrestling, and laughing, and talking in their joyous way, on the green before the door. One wore a shirt intended for a much bigger boy,

and nothing more; another ran about in a waistcoat, with his nimble legs bare: In short, one suit seemed to be divided amongst the whole. Two men, in the same kind of grey coats I have before described, were lying at their lengths on the grass, but with their heads near each other, and apparently in conversation. A cow was feeding near, and a pig busy devouring potatoe skins at the cabin door.

The instant I was observed, the men started to their feet, and the naked children gathered round me; and when I asked for Arthur Cooney's house, all claimed me for their cousin.

"It's our cousin,—it is Nelly Cooney's nephew! Our cousin is come!"

"Kate!" shouted one of the men; and a young woman came running to the cabin door, with a child in her arms. "It's our cousin, Kate, woman!"

"Oh, Sir, and I am glad to see you!" and we shook hands as if we had been old friends. "Sure ye'll come in for a minute, honey. Your aunt got her sister's letter about ye only the day afore yesterday, and we have been watching for ye ever since."

I wished to proceed immediately to my uncle's, and the two men instantly offered to accompany me. Some of the children also followed. I have said before that it is my nature to be rather shy and silent with strangers; and I must just tell

the truth, as I am writing in the hope of being of some use to my Irish friends, that I could not but think, as I walked along, what I should be able to say to my mother about her sister's relations. As we proceeded, the same thoughts still occupied my mind; for we passed many more cabins, which I scarcely saw till we came upon them, from the hilly ground against which they were built, and their being so green on the roof; but from every cabin we were joined by men, and boys, and girls, and we had to stop and speak to the women, some of whom also joined us. Some men, who were working in the fields, came to see what was the matter, but not many were at work; and, by the time we came near my uncle Arthur's house, I am sure there were not fewer than twenty men, as many tall, half-naked boys, and women, and girls besides—and such a joking, and roars of laughter—and every one something so civil to say to me—and one was my uncle's brother—and another was my uncle's nephew—and my uncle's sister's son—and his brother's wife's brother. The two I had first met were my aunt's eldest sons, and two of their boys were the finest merry little fellows possible, but almost naked. I said little as we walked along, but that did not signify, for my presence seemed to have sharpened the wits of my companions; for all the jokes and fun I ever heard or witnessed before, seemed nothing to what these men,

women, and children kept up. I have always been a sober-minded sort of a person, however, and confess that, though I can enter into a little such merriment on a suitable occasion, a great deal of it wearies me, even when I cannot but feel pleased with those who keep it up, as I certainly did with people who seemed so greatly cheered by seeing me. I could not help saying to myself, however, "I wonder if, in any part of my country, it would be possible to find so many idle men and boys in the middle of a week-day?" and I asked my Cousin Jemmy, the oldest, whether it was any particular day with them since so many of them seemed free not to work?

"Oh, none in the world," answered Jemmy, "but there's nothing to do."

"It is well with you," replied I. "In my country none but gentlemen, and not many of them, can say they have nothing they are obliged to do."

"Oh, but we are all gentlemen here, cousin," said Joe, my other cousin, who seemed the best at keeping up the constant laugh of all the party.

Many a joke about and against themselves followed, while I could not help thinking with myself, as I looked at the land we were passing over, that, in some countries, if there were as many hands to work, we should not see cows standing up to the middle in water to reach the sweet young grass that grew on the more solid parts

of the marsh; neither should we have had, in our path, to wind about so many pieces of undrained bog.

We were, however, at last espied from Uncle Arthur's; and all the inhabitants of his house came from within, and from the doors, to meet us, consisting of my uncle himself, a tall, fine-looking elderly man—my aunt, to whom my heart instantly warmed, for she was the picture of my mother—two other tall young men, my cousins, and four younger boys and girls—and then the joy, and joking, and laughing, commenced with greater glee than ever.

I will just say that the same kind of thing went on till night. My aunt and I had a good deal of conversation, for she had many questions to ask about home, and my mother, and her Scotch friends: but, though she resembled my mother in looks, she did not remind me of her in conversation, though she was rather more like what I had been used to than the others were. My cousin, Richard, too, the oldest at home, seemed a thoughtful lad, and to be looked up to by the rest. I shall say nothing about what struck me at first in my aunt's management of her house. Some things appeared strange enough; and an Irish farm house is certainly as different from those I had seen in my own country, as a cabin for a farmer's son is from such a house as he would choose to live in. But it is the hearts and

minds of my friends I would wish to speak to; and now I would ask them how they think they would have felt if they had been accustomed to close every day by reading the word of God and prayer, to see all friends part as they did that night, and then the family separate without seeming to have a thought of the God who created and continually preserved them? I thought of my poor mother as I parted from my aunt, but I did not like to say any thing.

I was glad to find that I was to sleep in the same room with my cousin Richard; for, of all the Irish I had seen, I best liked the manners and appearance of this young man.

"I see, Andrew," said he, when we were alone, "you are not so light-hearted as we are in this country—I hope your health is not the cause."

"No, Richard, I really feel quite well,—and to tell you the truth, I think the same of you."

"You are right, Andrew; I have not been very light-hearted for a long time." He seemed very grave when he spoke, and I did not like to say more, but took my Bible from my bundle, and sat down near the candle to read.

He came and looked over my shoulder, "Is that a Bible, Andrew?" asked he.

"Yes," answered I, surprised at his question.

"I never saw one before," said he.

"Never saw a Bible!" repeated I, looking at him in astonishment.

"No, Andrew; you Protestants think you can all understand it,—but Catholics learn differently."

My eyes were opened at once! "So then you are all Papists!" exclaimed I, "My aunt has married a Papist! Oh, my poor mother, you feared this!"

"So, Andrew," said Richard mildly, "you think as ill of Catholics in your country, as we do of Protestants in this."

"Ay, Richard, but with better cause."

"Ours is the old religion, Andrew—but I would not like to begin our acquaintance with disputing about any thing." And so saying, he retired to a corner of the room, and kneeling down, began, as I supposed, to say his prayers, in a whispering voice.

I tried to read, and did not look at him for a time. The discovery, however, that I was amongst such a host of Papists disturbed me greatly, and still more the thought of my poor mother, and what she would feel when she heard of the religion of her sister's husband and his family. I wished much to know whether my poor aunt had forsaken her own church; but Richard continued so long at his prayers, that I began to feel ashamed. There he was, a poor ignorant Papist, so deeply occupied with his kind of prayers, while I, who thought myself so much better taught

from the pure word of God, could not fix my attention even on that glorious revelation. I looked towards Richard, and observed, that, as he repeated his prayers, he held up a little cross before him. I had often heard of such things, but never before had I seen any thing of the kind, or indeed, ever, to my knowledge, been in company with a Papist; and I almost wondered if it could be right to feel such a kindness as I did for poor Richard, even more, I thought, as I now saw him looking so devout and lowly with the little image held up before him. Oh, how precious did I feel my Bible as I now turned to the chapter I was to read in course; and when I had gathered what instruction I was able from it, how truly did I thank Him who had placed me where I had been taught his real character, and led to come to him through the one Almighty High Priest and Intercessor, who is ever present, ever willing to hear and answer the sincere prayer of the heart. Richard had finished his prayers before I had, and he moved gently about not to disturb me.

"Richard," said I, at last, "Has your mother changed her religion?"

"My mother does not like us to say any thing about her religion," replied Richard.

"Then I hope she continues a Protestant," said I.

"You Protestants believe that Catholics may be saved," observed Richard, without noticing what I had said.

"It is not for us to say who may, or who may not be saved, Richard," answered I; "we leave that to your bigoted Priests. All we venture to say on such matters is, what the Scriptures plainly say, that whosoever truly believes in Jesus Christ shall be saved. You Papists profess that you believe in Him; if you do so truly, that is, if you do so in the manner required in Scripture, we trust you are safe.—But, while the Scriptures are withheld from you, we fear that you cannot know the right way; and when we see you do many things, thinking to please God, which He has plainly forbidden, we fear that in all things you are greatly deceived, and saying, 'Peace, peace,' when as yet, between God and your souls, there is no 'peace.'"

"You Protestants always talk of *believing*, *believing*," said Richard, "but you never *do* any thing."

"Have you conversed with other Protestants, Richard?"

"There is a Protestant clergyman lives in the large house, beside the large Protestant Church you would see as you came here," replied Richard: "He has two curates, as they are called, and all the three come among us trying to inveigle us into talking with them, just that they

may make Protestants of us: and some of us, from curiosity, have put ourselves in the way to meet some of them, when we knew Father Conelly was at a distance; but all they can say to any of us is:—'Believe, believe—read the Bible, read the Bible,'—and they never tell us to do any thing."

"Is reading the Bible to know God's will, that we may obey it, doing nothing?" asked I.

"Why, it is nothing the least *hard* to do," replied Richard; "just to sit, and read, and believe, and do nothing, is a very easy religion. It is no wonder so many have left the true faith to take to it."

"But, if you would read the Bible, you would see, Richard, that instead of doing nothing, you are required to be holy in heart, word, and behaviour, every moment of your life—and to do good in every way, and to every person as you had opportunity. But tell me what it is you Catholics *do*, Richard?"

"I never pass a day without doing something to further my salvation," replied he; "and look here," continued he, as he cautiously drew down one, and then the other stocking from his knees; "this is what I call doing something for my soul. Bring the candle and look." He seemed in great pain as he spoke.

I took the candle near to where he sat, and never, in my life, did I see any thing in such a

state as his knees and the foreparts of his legs were; and wondered how he could walk about in such a condition. They were covered with cuts and wounds, and inflamed, and festering. I looked in his face. He seemed in much pain, but tried to smile.

"Well, Andrew," said he, "do not you think this is doing something more than just believing and reading the Bible?"

"But what good can this do to your soul, Richard?" asked I.

"What good! Did you ever hear of St. Patrick's purgatory in your country?"

"Never in my life."

"Never heard of St. Patrick's purgatory! Oh, you poor Protestants! You are let perish by your heretic priests without ever being told what you should do for your souls. Oh! Andrew, you know nothing while you keep out of the true church."

"But tell me about this purgatory, Richard. I have heard that you Papists believed in purgatory; but I supposed it was to come after death."

"Oh, that is another; but I am just come back from Lough Derg, where St. Patrick's purgatory is. I did all that is required—and kept the long fast—and went many of the rounds—and repeated every thing on my knees. Some

parts, near the holy stations, are very rough and stony, and few could go on as I did. Oh, Andrew, I only wish you had been here in time to go with me to Lough Derg; you would then have seen what it is to do something for our salvation."

"But, Richard, you have not yet told me what hurting your legs in this sad way is to do for your salvation?" said I.

"Doing every thing on my knees was the most efficacious way," replied he, "and gained me some privileges; but the chief thing is the prayers to St. Patrick, who is the patron and protector of those who truly observe the rules of his purgatory—and there are some services you do not understand about yet. But, Andrew, when I came away from the edge of the Lough, I was as free from sin as the day I was baptized, and entitled to indulgences for many days. Ay, no wonder you look surprised. You may read the Bible, and believe a good while indeed, before you get any thing like this for doing so. But try our way, Andrew. You must perish for ever if you remain in yours. Dear Andrew," added he, earnestly, "what a happy journey this would be for you, if it brought you back to the true church!"

I could scarcely find words to answer Richard, I felt so concerned when I heard him speak so

earnestly, and saw him looking in my face with such love and kindness, and at the same time speaking such strange nonsense.

"Why do you not answer me, Andrew?" asked he.

"I cannot answer you, Richard."

"Why?"

"Because what you have just told me has brought such a damp over my heart that I cannot say a word."

"Oh, you think you have been so long in the wrong way. Do not be discouraged. You have just come here to be put right. But it is late," added he; "we shall say no more to-night. Sleep sound, Andrew, and fear nothing. Even if you should die to-night, (which our Lady forbid,) if your heart is in the true church, I could tell Father Conelly, and he could baptize your corpse, and I would work hard for money to purchase masses for your soul."

"Sleep, Richard! I could not lie down in peace, leaving you in such an awful state of delusion, without warning you of your danger. There is but one name given under heaven, or among men, Richard, by which we can be saved, —that is, the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is the declaration of the Most High God. There is salvation in no other; and, if your Priest teaches you that the things you have mentioned to me can take away sin, he is blinding

your eyes, and leading your soul to everlasting destruction."

"I know that we are saved by Jesus Christ," replied Richard, rather displeased. "Father Conelly tells us that continually. We do not need Protestants to teach us what every Catholic child knows."

"But did you not say, Richard, that, by going to Lough Derg, and walking on your knees till they were in that sad state, you had been made free from sin at the time, and got indulgences for many days?"

"To be sure I did; but we pray to St. Patrick to intercede for us with Christ. His prayers will surely be heard sooner than ours any day. But good night, Andrew—it is very late."

Immediately I was silent, as Richard seemed displeased, and yet unwilling to appear so, and we were soon asleep.

Next morning, Richard and I rose about the same time. He was in perfect good humour, and seemed rather desirous to renew our conversation of the night before. I was much pleased to find that this was the case; and on observing him carefully adjusting round his neck a little piece of dirty-looking brownish cloth, I said "Now, Richard, do not suppose I mean to offend you, but you seem to feel so much reverence for that queer-looking bit of cloth, I can-

not help thinking it has something to do with your religion."

"Yes," replied he, "it is the scapular."

"The scapular! What is that?"

"It is the scapular of the Blessed Virgin."

"And what good does it do you?" asked I.

"I shall tell you all that is known about it in these parts when we have time, Andrew; but that would take many hours, and now I must not begin, for it is one of the privileges of those who have the scapular, that, if they daily repeat the offices of the Blessed Virgin, and attend to some other observances, our Lady has herself promised —I shall give you her own words. She has said, 'They that, out of devotion, shall enter my confraternity of the scapular, if, after their death, they go to purgatory, I that am the Mother of Mercies, will descend the first Saturday after their decease, and, by my prayers and intercessions, will help them hence, and conduct them to the mountains of celestial glory.' So you see, Andrew, I must take care not to forget repeating this office, and it takes a good little time." So, after he had hurried over the rest of his dressing, he knelt down carefully on his poor sore knees, and, with a book in his hand, began to read what he called the office of the Virgin. I could not help listening, while I slowly dressed myself; and indeed he seemed to wish me to

hear him, as he read pretty loud. I remembered a good deal, such as—

> "Now let my lips sing and display
> The blessed Virgin's praise this day;
> Oh, lady, to my help intend,
> Me strongly from my foes defend," &c.

And then he repeated, in a kind of singing voice—

> "Hail, lady of the world!
> Of Heaven bright queen:
> Hail, Virgin of virgins!
> Star early seen!
>
> Hail, full of all grace—
> Clear light divine!
> Lady to succour us
> With speed incline.
>
> God from all eternity,
> Before all other
> Of the world, thee ordained
> To be the mother.
>
> By whom he created
> The heavens, sea, and land," &c.

It is impossible for me to say how much I was shocked when I heard Richard repeat all this, particularly the last most blasphemous lines. I felt as if I had been listening to the devotions of a poor heathen to one of his goddesses. And what was it better? Indeed it was worse; for the heathen has no means of knowing truth; but here was an immortal soul, with the knowledge of

truth constantly in his power, but deterred from receiving it by fellow-creatures, in the same state of blindness as himself, but with this guilty addition—that they are wilfully blind. This is worse than heathen idolatry, though what the priests teach is nearly the same. The heathen is led by his priest to suppose that his goddess can do him some good; he therefore presents offerings, and prayers, and praises to her, just as Richard was doing to the Virgin; and the heathens have the same authority for doing so that the Catholics have for worshipping Mary. The heathen priests teach their people to worship the goddess, and the Popish priests teach their people to worship the Virgin: And the heathen priest can just give as good a reason for the worship he teaches, as the Catholic priest can for the worship he teaches; for the heathen priests say that their superiors in the priesthood have, for many hundred years, taught that it should be so; and the Popish priest can only say that his church, that is, Catholic Popes and priests, have, for a few hundred years, said it should be so. For the heathen idolatry is much older than the popish, and both are equally contrary to the revealed will of God. A man has just as much authority from the word of God to worship the idol Juggernaut, or the idol Baal, or the goddess Venus, as he has to worship the Virgin Mary, or any other being than God.

Such were my thoughts as I listened to poor Richard. I caught the following words also:—

> "Mother of the living,
> Gate of saints' merits,
> The new star of Jacob,
> Queen of pure spirits—
> Be thou of Christians
> Refuge and stay—"

> "He hath created her in his holy spirit,
> And hath poured her out over all his works."

"Oh! Holy Mary, mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, queen of heaven, and lady of the world, who neither forsakest nor despisest any, behold mercifully, with the eye of pity, and obtain for me, of thy beloved Son, pardon for all my sins."

I could listen to no more; but going to the farthest end of the room, and turning my back upon the poor idolater, I prayed to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, for his blessed sake, to open the eyes of this deluded one, that he might see how vain it was, and how dishonourable to our only High Priest and Intercessor, Jesus Christ, to offer these prayers to a fellow-creature which he alone can receive, and offer to God, and answer. I then turned to the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel, where there is a prayer of Christ for his disciples, and I wished that I could only stop poor Richard that I might read it to him, but I feared offending him.

Still he read on, and now his voice was raised as if he wished me to hear :—

> " Fair lily among thorns,
> That serpent frights ;
> Clear moon that in dark
> The wanderer lights," &c.

Again—

> " Thy name, Mary, is oil poured forth,
> Thy servants have exceedingly loved thee."

These last lines greatly shocked me by the boldness of the blasphemy in taking words evidently applied to Christ, and thus applying them to a creature. (Song of Solomon i. 3.) " Thy name is as ointment poured forth."

And these words,

" Pray unto the Father for us, whose Son thou didst bring forth ;"—in which the very office of Christ, as our only Mediator and Intercessor with the Father, is ascribed to a human creature.

My Irish friends can never have any idea of the effect that hearing such words addressed to a fellow-creature produces on a mind which has been instructed from the pure word of God, till they themselves examine the Scriptures, and discover how boldly and awfully they have been disobeying the plainest commandments of God.

When Richard had finished what he called the office of the Virgin, he came to me.

"Still the little Bible, Andrew?" said he.

"Ay, Richard, but you have taken off my attention to listen to your strange prayers. Will you now listen to one from my book?"

"But yours is not a right Bible, Andrew; I would not believe any thing I heard out of it."

"Now, Richard, just let me ask you one question:—Did you ever hear that there were a great many different ways of understanding the Bible amongst Protestants?"

"To be sure I have. Who has not?"

"And have you not heard, too, that those differences amongst Protestants, about understanding the Bible, made them hate each other?"

"Yes; I have often."

"And do you believe it?"

"Yes; I have always believed it."

"Then, do you really think all those Protestants who are differing about the Bible, and hating each other, would agree about the translation being right, if they could prove that it was not?"

Richard thought for a little,—"Well, Andrew, I do not think they would."

"Certainly not; and yet you will find that all Protestants, who are Christians at all, receive the same translation. You, however, ought to read the Douay translation till you are convinced of this. But now listen to me for a few minutes, while I read the prayer our blessed

Lord, and only Mediator, Himself offered for us all the night before he suffered." I then read:—

"'Jesus lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee: As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.—I have manifested thy name to the men thou gavest me out of the world.—I have given them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them,—I pray for them;—I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil. They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word: That they all may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us. Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.'" (John xvii.)

Richard listened with the deepest attention while I read these words, and he repeated:—

"Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth."

"Ay, Richard," said I, "that is the only way we can be sanctified, or made holy."

"Thy word is truth," repeated he again: then added, "That must mean the Scriptures."

"Certainly," answered I; "There is no other word of God in the world than the Scriptures."

Richard stood thinking for a little; he then said, "Would you lend me your Bible for this day, Andrew?"

I most gladly assented, and he took the Bible, and locked it carefully up in his box. We then went to join the family.

This day passed with my friends very much as the day before had done; but as I got better acquainted with them, I could enter more into their ways. And now, I must just mention what things about them struck me most; and first, and above all, I must notice their idleness. This day, and almost every day I passed amongst them, they really did next to nothing, till at last my surprise at this became one of the leading jokes with them all. I had long been accustomed to work from six in the morning till six in the evening, without ever thinking of stopping, except one hour for breakfast, and another for dinner; but none of my Irish friends had the slightest idea of working *every day* in this way. There was my uncle Arthur—a tall stout man

about fifty—I have seen him striding about whole days, his long loose coat flowing behind him, or leaning on some piece of broken wall, not doing a thing, but 'looking frae him,' as we say in my country. Many a time have I thought, "Well, if I was to build up that wall which looks so ruinous-like, one week, and it was thrown down the next, I would rather do it than live in such idleness." But there was as much to do on the boggy undrained land as would long have employed all the hands in the place, without working for the love of working. It was not my part to find fault, however, so I said nothing, excepting once that I was looking about me as I walked, and not observing to keep just on the safe bit of the bog, I all at once sunk up to the knees. "Well," said I, as I wiped off the mire, while some of the others were fishing for my shoes, "this land might surely be made very different with a little pains. The grass grows, every thing grows, far quicker than in my country. What crops might be got from it if some Scotch farmer had it!" All my friends were silent; and when I looked up, I saw them looking at each other as if they did not quite understand what I had said, and as if they were not pleased; at last, my cousin Jemmy said, very seriously, "Surely, Andrew, you would not be thinking of taking the land over our heads?"

"I take your land, Jemmy! Do you believe I could do such a thing?"

"No, no," said they all; "but do not ye be speaking that way, Andrew, for it might put it in somebody's head."

A day or two after I arrived at my uncle's, we were invited to a wedding. It was a nephew of my uncle Arthur's who was to be married. He was a tall, thin, newly grown-up lad, of about nineteen. The bride was a bit slender lassie of about seventeen. All was joy, and carousing, and joking, and laughing, as usual. We met at the bride's house. It was a cabin, like the others at Ballinagh. I asked my cousin Richard,—for somehow he and I always got together,—where the young couple were to live? "With Pat's father, (that was the bridegroom,) till he gets a cabin built," answered Richard.

I knew that Pat's father had just such a cabin as the one we were in. He seemed, too, to have a numerous family besides Pat. In my country, a young wife would seldom think of coming into a situation where she would be so likely to find herself one too many. "How will Pat support his wife when they get a cabin of their own?" asked I.

"He will get a bit o' the land," answered Richard, "as much as will grow their potatoes."

"And has that young lad made something with which to furnish his house already?"

"Furnish!" repeated Richard, laughing, "They'll not need much furniture at first."

"But they'll need some," answered I. "He must be a clever young fellow to have been able to make what is needed to begin a married life with, at his age."

Richard laughed again; "You Scotch are the clever fellows," said he. "You can hinder yourselves, I suppose, from liking any girl till you have made all you want for furniture and such like. Now, we Irish boys cannot help liking the girl who takes our fancy; and we can think of nothing else till we have her home with us some where or other; and then the cabin and the furniture may come after as they best can. As for my cousin Pat, I do not believe he has half-a-dozen tenpennies in the world: and the bride, I know, had to borrow her wedding-gown from Kate Cooney, for never a one had she. That's our way, Andrew."

"And that's what you call *liking a girl*, in this country," said I.

"And what is your way of liking a girl, in your country, Andrew?" asked Richard.

"What would you think of waiting and working for her five or six years?" asked I.

"And will she wait for you?"

"There's no fear of that, if it is a real liking. But, Richard, would you really take the girl you loved better than all the world besides, to an

empty cabin, with nothing to give her but potatoes, sick or well?"

"Indeed, Andrew, and I mean to do it very soon."

We could say no more at the time, but when I looked at the young slender thing of a bride, so thoughtless-like, and the boy bridegroom, and saw all the elder friends pleased and satisfied to let two such creatures begin the cares of this world, without either house, or clothes, or money provided for their earthly wants, and apparently without a thought but for the present moment, I said within myself,—"Well, we are always hearing a mournful talk in our country about the *poor* Irish—and what a pity of the Irish—and one season we hear of their potatoe crop failing, and then they are all dying of want—and the next we hear of murders and burnings, and soldiers obliged to keep them down by force. But what else is to be expected if they go on in this way? What will happen if the potatoe crop fails next year in this corner? half the people must starve,—and that young couple among the rest, or else they must beg from their neighbours, —and all these wild half-naked boys growing up to get their will in the same way,—and the land divided and divided, how can it support them all? and then, when want and discontent get among them, what will they not do?" This thoughtless way of marrying was the thing that appeared

to me the next worst to the want of the Scriptures, that I saw among my Irish friends. It leads to every earthly evil, and to evils also when this world is over. It is impossible on this plan ever to get above poverty. Children come before a penny is made—nay, before a house is built: They must eat—they increase in number, while the power to maintain them does not increase;—and their education, every thing, is neglected, and they grow up into young savages, ready to do whatever their natural dispositions lead them to. It is impossible to respect a people much who have so little thought and so little respect for themselves, as to go on from generation to generation in this way, without trying to improve themselves in any thing.

On the night after the marriage, when Richard and I were alone, he asked me if I really thought it so wrong to marry the girl one liked without having provided any thing to support her. He spoke seriously, and said he had never heard any one talk as I did.

"I shall just tell you what I have done myself, Richard, and let you judge," answered I. "It is now near five years since I got a dear girl's promise to marry me when I had got a house, and was in a way to maintain a family. She went to service near where I worked as a gardener. I was then only a journeyman, and not getting very good wages; but I worked hard

and laid by every farthing I could. She saved something too out of her wages, and put it in the savings bank: and so with hard working, and learning my trade, and gaining a good character, I got, in two years, to be gardener to a gentleman. Here I could save more, and the term before last I was able to take a piece of garden ground for myself, which is a making way near a town, and to furnish a cottage, and had a little money now for a beginning. We were to have been married last term, but your cousin, to be, had become such a favourite with one of her young ladies who was sick, that she was persuaded by the family to go to England with her for her health, thinking she would be soon back; but the poor young lady has grown worse and worse, and cannot bear to part with Mary: And this is one cause, Richard, for my being here; for my spirit was quite sunk with the disappointment, and that made my health worse. Yet I cannot blame Mary, and I know she longs as much to be with me as I do to have her. But how different would all have been had we married without any thing to begin with? We might now have had two or three children,—we must have been poor, for my wages could never have done more than maintain us,—I never would have laid by any thing, neither could Mary,—she could have learnt nothing,—now she has been where she has learnt much

in every way. We have both more sense and experience; and if we are blessed with children, instead of a burden and a toil, we will be able both to maintain and educate them."

Richard listened very attentively, then said: "Well, if I could get my Maple into a service near me, I would try your way, Andrew; for, to say the truth, I think there is more true love in it than in our foolish way of marrying without either house, or food, or raiment provided."

"O Richard, only come to Scotland with me," said I: "my mother will find a place for your Maple, and you will work with me. I assure you a gardener is a very pleasant trade."

Richard shook his head.—"Andrew, you are more than kind—but my own country—and my own church;—I must think twice of such a plan."

"Well, we shall talk of this matter again," said I, "but now tell me, did you read any of my Bible?"

"Yes, a good deal, but I shall read no more of it; for it made me very unhappy. You saw me laughing and looking merry at Pat's wedding, but all the time I felt as if there had been a heavy weight upon my heart, and I longed till all that ranting mirth was over. I think I was wrong in having read your Bible. I know Father Conelly would blame me; yet I wonder

why the word of God should have made my heart so heavy: I suppose it must be because, as Father Conelly says, I cannot understand it."

"What part did you read?" asked I, as he gave me back my Bible.

"I noticed the place you had read to me from," replied he, "and slipped a mark in there, for I wished to read it again: I did so, till my heart felt I cannot tell how. O how different! how high and holy the words of Christ seem, compared to what our priests teach us! Then I read on about the sufferings and death of Christ, and every word went to my very soul. Father Conelly sometimes preaches about Christ's sufferings, but, somehow, what he says is not like the Bible; it is neither so holy nor so moving."

"But why did it make you unhappy to read what you seem to have loved so much?"

"Because it made me think that, perhaps, I was not right in my religion after all; and that I had gone through so many severe penances—and been at Lough Derg—and done all on my knees—and had worn the scapular—and repeated the office of the Virgin so regularly—and all perhaps for nothing. I read on, too, in your Bible, that his apostles waited after Jesus ascended into heaven, and did not preach to the people till they had received the Holy Ghost, sent by him, to enable them to teach his

will, in the languages of all the different people who were at Jerusalem, that every one might have it in their own, and understand it. Now this struck me particularly, because most of our chapel service is in a language none of us understand. Then, when the people were pricked in their hearts by what they heard, and asked the apostles what they must do, St. Peter and the other apostles said nothing but what you say. They said nothing about any other means to take away sin but through the death of Christ, or any way of being holy but by receiving his Holy Spirit to make us so. And those who were baptized after hearing and believing, are not said to have done any of the things our priests desire us to do. Neither is the Virgin Mary ever mentioned. And now," continued Richard, "when I thought of going to repeat the Paters and Aves, which I usually do at night, and to take out this little image," going to a drawer and fetching a little crucifix, "I just felt somehow ashamed when I thought of it, and then thought of that Saviour of whom I had read in your Bible."

"No wonder you did, Richard," said I; "your priests tell you, what is true, that Christ is God; but then, as if to contradict what they had said, they bid you look at this poor ill-made little image of wood, that you may the better conceive the greatness of his love and sufferings for you. Can any thing be more childish and af-

fronting to him? When you read of him in the Bible, did you not feel that you were reading of one, who, though he was in the form of man, could be no other than the Son of God? Do you remember what Thomas said when Jesus appeared to him, after his declaring that he would not believe unless he saw the prints of the nails in his Lord's hands and feet?"

"Yes, I remember;" replied Richard, "he said, 'My Lord and my God.'"

"And did you not feel, Richard, that you could say the same as Thomas?"

"I did say it," answered Richard; "I said in my heart, 'He is my Lord and my God;' and I loved to think that he was so."

"And do you remember what Christ said to unbelieving Thomas? He said, 'Thomas, because thou hast seen me thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.'" (John xx.)

"Yes, I remember," replied Richard; "and I thought how this blessing is perhaps for me, for I have not seen him, yet I believe; and then I thought it was very presumptuous in me to think I might understand what I was reading, just as I would any common book."

"Well, we shall not enter on that point to-night," said I; because I did not wish to take his attention from what he had read in the Bible, to begin a dispute about what his priest

taught him: "But, Richard," continued I, "have you not learnt a great many things by just once reading a small portion of the word of God?"

"Yes, yes, and it has gone more to my heart than all I ever knew before."

"Well, then, Richard, I lent you my Bible this morning, will you lend me this little image to-night; and, instead of placing it before you and repeating prayers you do not understand, will you try to believe the truth—that you really are in the presence of that same Lord and Saviour of whom you read this morning,—that he sees and knows your inmost thoughts,—that he is the hearer of prayer, and the only Mediator between God and our souls: and pray to him for such help, and guidance, and pardon, and light, and grace, as you need. Remember how you loved him as you read of him,—remember that you felt joy in believing that he was your Lord and your God,—remember too that he has himself said, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'" (John vi. 37.)

Richard looked very grave, and turned away without answering me. I did not wish to make him speak, so I took my Bible and began to read. I, however, kept the little image, and when Richard went to prayer, he did not ask me for it. Neither did I hear him that night, and I trusted that his heart was praying rather than his lips.

Next day was the Sabbath, and, as soon as I was dressed, I took my Bible and was leaving the room. Richard asked, why I was going?

"Because I do not wish to disturb you in doing what you think right, Richard, and I cannot on this day stay to hear what I have heard you repeat on the mornings I have been here."

"Why, Andrew?"

"Because this is the Lord's Day, and I cannot spend any of it in hearing what dishonours him."

Richard looked distressed. "But if I miss the office of the Virgin one morning willingly, I may lose the benefit of the scapular when I go to purgatory."

"O, Richard, what nonsense!" exclaimed I, "you will not find one word about purgatory from one end of the Bible to the other."

"Andrew, I cannot miss it, but I will speak quite low."

I staid, and did not hear a word.

On this day I hoped to find out whether my aunt had changed her religion; but I was disappointed, for she said, she was unwell and not going out at all—her head ached—and she had a cold. I asked what church she went to, but she put me off without answering to the point.

I had promised Richard to go with him to his church in the morning, to hear mass, as he called it. I really did not know what mass was, and

thought I must be present at their worship before I pretended to judge of it. I was to go afterwards to the Protestant Church.

A Sabbath among Irish Catholics is certainly not like a Sabbath in Scotland; for, though too many in my country profane that holy day, yet the more respectable of every class observe it, at least with outward honour; and very many both consider and feel "the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable, and honour him, not doing their own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, nor speaking their own words,"—Isaiah lviii. 13; and therefore the promise of God is fulfilled to them, that, "they shall delight themselves in the Lord," verse 14.

My Irish friends were tolerably quiet before we went to their chapel, which we did early in the day. The chapel was about half a mile from the farm house. A number of us went together, men, women, and boys and girls; and where there are many Irish, nothing can banish what they call fun; so Richard and I walked a little apart from the others, for he always wished to talk about religion, which seemed the subject nearest his heart.

"Would your Protestant clergymen not be displeased with you, Andrew, for going to a Catholic chapel?" asked Richard.

"I really do not know," answered I. "But what if they were?"

"Have they no power to deprive you of the privileges of your kind of church?"

"If I did any thing forbidden by the word of God, they would deprive me of church privileges. If I was to kneel down and repeat the office of the Virgin, they would regard me as not sufficiently informed to be admitted to church privileges, because I should be ascribing that character of Mediator to a human being, which is due to Christ alone. They would, therefore, consider me as so very ignorant of the true nature of the Christian religion as to be unfit to join in some of its institutions, and would direct me to study the Scriptures, and attend to the word preached, till I was better informed."

"But I do not very much see the use of the clergy to you Protestants," observed Richard; "for you all suppose you can understand the Bible yourselves; and you all think if you only can persuade a Catholic to take a Bible—O, every thing is done, and he will be a good Christian directly!"

"I do not wonder that you think so, Richard," answered I; "for the truth is, we are so anxious to get you to read the Bible that we perhaps say too little of the need of clergy to explain and enforce it. We are so bent on opening your eyes to discover how you are deceived, that we may think too little of the difficulties in your way when you attempt to understand the Scrip-

tures for yourselves. But if you come with me to Scotland, which I hope you will do, you will see what a warm regard we have for our clergy, how hard they labour for our good, and how much they have to do."

"Well, I cannot see how they can have so much to do," replied Richard. "I am sure the Protestant clergy near this do little enough. We have here a Protestant clergyman and two curates, and there are not above fifty Protestants; so what can they have to do?"

"That is because the parish is so full of Catholics," answered I. "We have scarcely any Catholics in my country, and every clergyman has the charge of very many souls. But you said the Protestant clergy here did all they could to induce you to listen to instruction."

"Oh yes," replied he, "they spare no pains to make that out. They have visited every one of us who would suffer them to enter our cabins. Whenever they hear we are sick, they send every thing we can want, and come themselves to see if we will listen to them. They have set schools a-going, and come begging and intreating us to let the children go to them. But what does all that signify, when we know that it is just to make Protestants of us?"

"But I cannot see, Richard, that any thing but sincere love for your souls would make them take so much trouble to make you Protestants;

for what change would it make to them if you were all Protestants to-morrow, except giving them more to do?"

Richard was silent. He did not seem ready with an answer to this remark, but, after a little, said,—"Tell me what your clergy in Scotland do. You all understand and read the Bible for yourselves, and you do not mind what they say unless you find it in the Bible; so what signifies what your clergy teach you?"

"I shall tell you how they do, Richard. They read, and study, and pray over the Bible a great deal more than most other people can do, because they devote their lives, and are set apart for that very purpose. Then they must be learned, or they are not admitted into orders. They must know the languages in which the Bible was at first written; and they know all the customs alluded to, and so on, which enables them to understand it better than we can. Then they compare one part with another, which is far the best way to come at the meaning. Well, they have their minds stored in this way, and they go into the pulpit to instruct us. They do not then just tell us that there is such a text in the Scriptures, and that the church explains it so and so, and then go on to tell us we must do this and t'other, because the church (which, with you, means themselves,) have decreed that it shall be so, and lose sight of the word of God altoge-

ther; but they open a large Bible in the pulpit, and they tell what part they are going to explain and preach upon; and then, every one in my country has a Bible also, and they all find the place the clergyman has mentioned, and he pauses till they find it, and then he reads it, and they look on their Bibles, and see word for word what he is reading. He then begins to explain its meaning; and they find that, though they had understood it so far, yet he makes the meaning more plain, and points out the duty to be learnt more clearly: and it is delightful to be thus instructed. Then his prayers are far better than such as we can offer, though they are just asking the things we want. Our clergy show us from the Bible how we may attain pardon for our sins, and grace, and strength to do the will of God. And they exhort us to study the Scriptures continually, that in all things we may know what that will is. For the law of God, the Scriptures say, 'is exceeding broad,' extending to our thoughts, words, and actions. And if we do not know it, how can we obey it?"

Richard listened very attentively to all I said, but made no answer; and, after walking on for a time in silence, we reached the chapel.

The people were thronging in. There was an outer door to the chapel, then a small porch, and, within, another door. Near this inner-door was fixed against the wall a stand, on which was

placed a long-shaped stoneware basin, into which each person in passing dipped a finger or two, with which, as he entered the chapel, he made on himself the sign of the cross, at the same time bending his knees in a kind of way that looked like a quick curtsey. I looked into the basin as I passed,—it was about half full of what appeared to me to be very dirty water. The chapel was crowded in every part. It was a large place of worship, coarsely finished in every part, except at one end where the altar stood. I did not know the meaning or use of any thing at that end of the chapel; but Richard told me in a whisper, as it was some time before the priest arrived. I never had entered a Roman Catholic chapel before, and every thing was quite new to me; and I may make some mistake in describing what I saw; but, if I should, my Irish friends must excuse me, as all I wish to do, is to point out how things appeared to a stranger who had learned his religion from the Bible. The first thing which struck me, as I never before had seen it in a church, was a picture above the altar, representing a young woman with a child in her arms. I observed that the people, as they came in, looked at this picture, bent their knees, and crossed themselves. I asked Richard why they did so, and he whispered to me, that it was a picture of the blessed Virgin and the infant Jesus. Then, thought I, if this people were suffered to

read the Scriptures, they would find that every one of them who had bent the knee to this "likeness," had disobeyed a most express command of God. For He hath said:—"Thou shalt not make unto thee the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath. Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them," &c. (Exodus xx. 4, 5.) And as the people continued to pass where I sat, still bending the knee to this picture, I could not but think what a weight of guilt lay upon his head, who kept up the word of God from so many immortal creatures, and taught them to do what it so plainly prohibited.

There were steps up to the altar, and a railing round it, which kept the people from approaching very near; and upon it there was a little image of a figure on a cross, and a kind of box, and some other little things, and two candlesticks with a deal of cut paper about them—and some paper flowers; and I was wondering what could be the use of so many little trumpery things in the house of God, when the priest entered. He went within the rails, attended by two boys, in white dresses, carrying little bells in their hands. Every new thing I saw seemed intended to take the mind farther and farther from that kind of worship which is described by Christ as acceptable to God. When Christ graciously instructed the Samaritan woman in the way of salvation, He said, "God is a Spirit, and they

that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth," (John iv. 24.) The priest soon began the service; but, instead of being able to join "in spirit, to worship God who is a Spirit," I did not understand a single word he said. I listened in astonishment to what appeared to me an altogether useless blinding service, one sentence of which the people did not comprehend. They all, however, behaved with great seriousness and decorum. The service lasted a considerable time, and the priest at times turned his back upon us, and performed many ceremonies at the altar—and bowed himself—and crossed himself—and the little boys rang their bells—and then the people knelt down—then rose; for I began to perceive, that as they did not understand a word of what the priest said, it was necessary to ring these little tinkling bells, that they might know that he had come to particular parts of the service. Then the priest opened the little box on the altar—and did a great deal with his back to us—and bowed—and knelt—and rose—and repeated much Latin; and while he knelt, he raised high in his hand, that all the people might see it, what appeared to me a very small biscuit. At the same instant the boys rang the little bells, and all the congregation fell down on their knees before this little cake or biscuit. The priest, too, seemed to be worshipping it.

Now, I hope, my Irish friends will not be dis-

pleased when they read this, but just remember, that as I never had read in the Bible any thing that could in the smallest degree lead me to expect or comprehend what was meant by this service—and as I did not understand what the priest said—and had never witnessed any thing of the kind, it just struck me in the way I have described it; and nothing could appear to me more surprising than to see such a crowd of rational men and women looking on so long at what they could not understand; and submitting to kneel and prostrate themselves when a little bell rang, while they did not know what the priest was saying.

After the priest and all the people had worshipped this little bit of bread, the priest seemed to me to crumble it into a cup, and pour something on it, and then to swallow the whole himself,—but I may be wrong, for I could not see exactly what he was doing, as he was turned away from us.

At last the service was ended, without my having understood any part of it; and the people poured in crowds out of the chapel, no more the wiser than I was.

"Well, Andrew, what do you think of our service?" asked my uncle Arthur, when we left the chapel.

"I cannot say what I think of it," replied I,

"for I did not understand one word the priest said."

"But it is not for the like of us to understand all these holy mysteries," said uncle Arthur.

"But how can I tell, uncle, what I think of a thing I do not understand? I supposed it was the business of the clergy to instruct us how to get to heaven, but certainly we know as little about that since we went into the chapel as we did before."

"But the priest was offering up the sacrifice of the mass," said Richard. "That is of more avail than any instruction he could give us."

"That is right, Richard," said uncle Arthur, "Listen to him, Andrew. He thinks more of these things than any of us, and can tell you more about them."

Richard and I again walked apart, while the others, relieved from the restraints of the chapel, began to amuse themselves in their usual manner.

"And what is this sacrifice of the mass, Richard?" asked I.

"Now, Andrew, you need not pretend ignorance about the mass, said Richard, "for I am sure it is in the Bible."

"I have heard of the mass, Richard," answered I, "but I really do not know what is meant by it; and as to my having seen any thing about it in the Bible, I declare to you I never did."

"Well now, Andrew, I know it is in the Bible—that when Christ first taught the Apostles to offer up the sacrifice of the mass, He took bread, and said, 'This is my body.' I know this quite well, for Father Conelly has told it us a hundred times; and when our priests say these words in Latin, then the bread becomes the real body of Christ."

"Well," replied I, "you are right, Richard, I have heard this before; but I thought Roman Catholics called it transubstantiation. I have read of many who were put to death in my country, when the Papists had the power there, because, after having read the Bible, they no longer could believe this doctrine; but I do not know yet what you mean by the *sacrifice* of the mass."

"Why, after the priest has said these words, and the bread has become the real body of Christ, he offers it up as a propitiation for our sins to God. That is the meaning of it."

"Not a word about such a thing is in the Bible, I am perfectly certain," said I. "On the contrary, the Bible is altogether contrary to it. A man offer up Christ as a sacrifice! How can you, Richard, believe any thing so shockingly blasphemous!" I then opened my Bible at the 9th chapter to the Hebrews, and read from the 24th verse;—'For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the

figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us: Nor yet, that He should offer Himself often—but now, *once* hath he appeared in the end of the world, to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment; so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.' Again it is written, 'Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God,' (1 Peter iii. 18.) And again, 'He died unto sin once,' (Romans vi. 10.) Now, Richard, can any thing be more plain than the Bible upon this point? Christ was *once* offered—once suffered for sins—died once. How then can your priests teach you such an absurdity, as that they often offer up the sacrifice of Christ?"

Richard looked perplexed, then said, "I had better not speak to you, Andrew; I shall be quite unsettled if I do."

"You had better read the Bible, Richard," answered I, "and let yourself be settled by that."

Richard seemed very thoughtful for a time as we walked along, then said, "It would be very hard, Andrew, if all I have done for my soul should come to nothing. Now, if I listen to you, and read the Bible, and think I can understand it, I am sure the next time I go to Father Conelly to confess, he will show me that I am

just as sinful as I was before I went to Lough Derg—and all I did—and the scapular, and all will go for nothing."

"But, Richard, after you have read the Bible, you will not go to Father Conelly to confess, for in all the Bible you will not find one word about confessing to a priest—to a fellow-sinner; but you will learn to confess your sins to God, and to trust that He will pardon you for Christ's sake. And you will also learn what things are really sinful in the sight of God; and you will see what an awful state those are in who think it a sin to read the word of God; but think it no sin to expect that, by praying to a woman, and wearing a bit of dirty cloth, they can be saved from any punishment due to them for their sins."

"But, Andrew, many people far wiser than I am, believe in the power of the scapular to preserve them from evil."

"Man's wisdom is mere folly, Richard, when it is set up in opposition to the wisdom of God: and a very little knowledge of the Scriptures would make you despise such foolish inventions of man's wisdom as scapulars, and such nonsense."

Richard did not answer me, and, after a little, I asked him to go with me to the Protestant Church.

"No, no," replied Richard, "that I cannot do; for Father Conelly has said he would ex-

communicate any of us who went there, after all the warnings he has given us. It would be a poor return for all the pains he takes to keep us from heresy, if I just went into temptation whenever it was put in my way."

I did not urge Richard on this point. What I most earnestly wished, was to get him to read the Scriptures. I hoped, that, if I could make that out, his eyes would soon be opened to see how completely different his religion was from the religion of the Bible. I therefore said no more at that time.

When the hour for going arrived, I set out alone for the Protestant Church. One or two scattered people were proceeding towards it. As I went, I passed the clergyman's house. It was a large old-fashioned mansion, something like what I had seen at gentlemen's places in Scotland, with beautiful grounds and shrubberies around it, and fine woods beyond: and I could not help stopping often, as I walked, to admire the richness and fine full growth of all the plants and flowering shrubs, some of which were of kinds difficult to rear in my country. I also very much admired the church when I reached it. It was very large, and built in that venerable old style, which seems, somehow, as if it was just on purpose for a church. On going in, I seated myself in one of the farthest-back pews, but was invited by the door-keeper to a

seat nearer the pulpit; and, indeed, I might have had my choice of the greatest part of the church; for, though it was large enough to contain many hundreds, there were not above forty people in it—one here—and one there; and as they stept softly to their places, still the echo of their footsteps sounded through the large empty building.

My Irish friends know that the forms of service in the Protestant Church in Ireland are different from the forms of the Protestant Church in my country, though their faith is the same. They know too that I prefer the forms of my own church. But, O! how precious did the truths of the Bible, delivered in a language I understood, appear to me in the Irish Church, compared to what I had been present at in the morning. It was melancholy, however, to see such a handful of people listening to what was taught by the word of God, after having seen such crowds assembled to look at ceremonies not authorised by the Bible, and listen to words not any of which they understood. A grave looking young man read prayers in the Protestant Church. When he had finished, an elder clergyman preached; but I felt sad and discouraged when I heard him proclaiming the glorious truths of the gospel almost to empty walls—and I thought of that tremendous day when we shall all appear at the judgment seat of God—and of what those would

say who had turned their backs on those who brought His message of peace and reconciliation in His own gracious words—and listened to others who hid His will from them, and taught, instead of it, the most sinful and foolish inventions of their own.

On my return to my friends, I was eagerly asked how I liked the preacher, and so on; and I saw, by my aunt's evident anxiety on the subject, that she knew as little about him or the church as the others did. When I praised all I had heard and seen, however, and then lamented over the smallness of the congregation, my friends only laughed, and seemed to feel pleasure and triumph; and my uncle Arthur said with an oath,

"And by —— it will be smaller yet if they go on with their ——." And then he began to talk about tithes and proctors—and twenty things I knew nothing about: and all my friends kindled into great anger when they began to speak on these subjects. My uncle Arthur, particularly, seemed full of indignation. He rose, and strode about, as he uttered the most violent abuse against many persons and things I had never heard of. All the others seemed to feel as he did, so that it was needless for me to say a word at that time. I could not help thinking, however, that, had they known the word of God, particularly that saying of our Lord, "Seek ye *first*

the kingdom of God," (Matth. vi. 33.) they would have been less vehement about these worldly matters. But on these points I am too ignorant to say any thing to my dear friends.

I have already said, that nothing can be more different than the way in which the Sabbath is spent amongst Catholics in Ireland and in my country. After returning from chapel, my friends made the Sabbath a day of complete idleness and merriment. There was no retiring alone for prayer and self-examination,—no reading of the Holy Scriptures,—no instructing of children; none were seen walking apart to meditate in the fields—but friends flocked to the farm-house—and the women talked over their worldly matters—and the elder men did the same—and the lads and girls romped, and danced, and joked, and sung idle songs; and the children spent the whole day, as they did every day, in doing just what they chose; and there was much laughing—and much of what they consider fun—and there was, before the day closed, much quarrelling. But I shall say no more—only I thought, when I witnessed the Sabbath so spent, 'Now, if, amidst all this forgetfulness of God, the sky should suddenly darken—if the neighbouring earth and hills should begin to tremble—if clouds and fire from heaven should descend upon them—if there should be a tempest, and lightnings, and thunderings—and the voice of a trumpet exceeding

loud, so as to make all who heard it quake—and then the words should be heard, "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy," what would my friends think of the way they are now spending it? And if they were acquainted with the Scriptures, they would know that these very words had been spoken by God himself from Mount Sinai, while the mountain trembled because the Lord descended upon it in fire—and there was thick darkness—and thunderings, and lightnings, and the voice of a trumpet, (Exodus xix.) Such were the awful accompaniments when God made His will regarding the Sabbath known to man; and how daring are those who conceal this command of God, and teach the people that they may, without sin, disobey it!'

I only witnessed what I have described, during meals; for whenever I could, I withdrew to my own room to endeavour to spend my Sabbath in the manner the Scripture directs. I was, as usual, followed by Richard, who seldom lost sight of me; and on this day we had a great deal of conversation, which ended in his at last consenting to read the Douay New Testament. We were to go next day to a town a few miles off in order to procure one.

We with some difficulty put this plan in execution; for, whenever it was known, so many were ready to accompany us, that we feared we could not make out our purpose without its being

known, and Richard had not yet courage to venture being even suspected of reading the word of God! We, however, succeeded in procuring what we desired, most of our friends having been attracted away from us on reaching the town. I shall not say for what purpose—but my friends will perhaps remember how many broken heads and bruised limbs had to be looked after at Ballinagh, on the day after our visit to the town of ——.

When Richard and I returned in our sober way, he requested me to lend him my Bible, when I did not want it, that he might see in what it differed from the Douay Testament. This request delighted me; and I felt certain that Richard would not long remain in darkness, if he sought for truth in a manner so sincere, and rational, and sensible.

For the next fortnight Richard spent most of his time in reading the New Testament. He, however, did not speak of what he read to me. He seemed to wish to avoid doing so; and I just watched to do what was most agreeable to him, and was certain that he would learn far better from the Scriptures themselves than from any thing I could say. He was, however, very thoughtful, and sometimes appeared very sad; but every day increased in kindness to me. I may say the same, indeed of all my friends. My aunt watched over my health; and I really think,

from their having few doctors within their reach, that the Irish country people, particularly the women, acquire a good deal of skill in treating illness as it ought to be. I witnessed a good deal of this while I was at Ballinagh—and in my own case, after my aunt and several others, mostly women, had consulted over my health, and asked me many questions, I really must say, that I every day got stronger while following their advice, till at last I felt as active and well as formerly. As to my poor aunt, I never could find out, either from herself or any one else, whether she had changed her religion. I suppose, if she had, she did not wish that her sister should be distressed by knowing it,—and so well did all her friends keep her secret, that even the children seemed on their guard when I asked any question on the subject, and had some evasive answer ready. She never went to church while I remained at Ballinagh. I fear, however, that she is a Catholic, for this reason, that I do not believe my uncle and she would live so happily together as they do if she was not; for, though he is kind to all, still his will must be law to all around him.

There were many things about my uncle Arthur that occupied my attention very much. He was a character quite new to me. At least, in my country, a man with his parts would probably have risen to a far different station,

and consequently have appeared in a different light. I have already said that he spent much of his time in idleness; but the reason of that appeared to me, after the first, to be because he had no object for which he would be at the trouble to exert himself in any way. When there was any thing he thought himself obliged to do, he would fall to it as if it had broken in upon the business of his life, and would dispatch it in half the time any one else would; and then fling away the spade, or whatever it was, that he might just stride about again in idleness. When we talked together, which he liked to do, he never had patience to listen to the end of what I was saying, for he always thought he saw what I meant, before I had uttered half a dozen words. He was often right, for I never met with any one so sharp as he was; but he was sometimes wrong, though he never had patience to be put right. At first he seemed to think me a soft slow fellow, and, I saw, could scarcely refrain from 'making me look about me,' as he called it, and which he was constantly doing to the others, making the person he spoke to look like a fool, and setting the others in roars of laughter. I have seen him turn his eyes on me with that kind of laughing sparkle in them which was always the forerunner of making some one look about him, and then check himself and turn away,

just because I was a stranger and depended on his kindness. He soon, however, seemed to regard me with more respect; and as I could not help feeling that, next to Richard, he excited most of my regard, in spite of his many strange ways, I tried to say what I had to say in a few strong words, such as he would listen to, and in this way we had many long conversations. I think I will just put down one or two of them here, as far as I remember; and if he should read them, and perceive that what I say has more sense in it than what I really said at the time, let him remember that he never suffered me to say any thing to an end for the first ten days I was at Ballinagh.

The first time my uncle listened to me with real attention, was one day I began to speak of the education young people received in my country. About twenty boys and girls, between the ages of seven and twelve, were gambling about within sight of us.

"Have you no schools here?" asked I.

"Schools! ay, plenty of schools, but few scholars," replied my uncle.

"But what kind of schools are they?"

"Why, the Protestants set schools a-going, and some of the bigger boys and girls who had a turn for learning like you, Andrew, would not be kept away; for they were taught the Bible, and a great deal that the old ones knew

nothing about: so Father Conelly was obliged to set a school a-going himself, as the Protestants would have got away all the young ones; for their parents had not the heart to force them to stay away before Father Conelly's chapel school was set a-going."

"And what are the children taught at the chapel school?"

"It is not I that knows," replied uncle Arthur carelessly.

"And why do not these great boys and girls go to it?"

Uncle Arthur answered by shouting out in a voice that made all the children stop short in their play—

"Murphy Cooney! come here."

Murphy instantly obeyed.

"Your cousin Andrew wants to speak to ye, Murphy."

"Murphy," said I, "why are none of you big boys and girls at the chapel school to-day?"

"Oh, because we do not care for the chapel school. It's not like the Protestant schools. We learn nothing but Paters and Aves."

"Do you not learn to read?" asked I.

"We only get a lesson at reading after we can say about twenty rhymes that none of us can be bothered to get."

"But what does Father Conelly say to your idleness?" asked I.

"Nothing," answered the boy carelessly.

"Is this all the education the children here get?" asked I, turning to uncle Arthur.

"Off with ye, Murphy," said he to the boy, who obeyed in a trice. "It's all the education their fathers got, Andrew," added he; "and whatever you may think, we do not want any more than Father Conelly thinks good for us. Old times were better for the real Irish than times are now. We like to keep to old things, and times may come round again."

"I can never think ignorance good, uncle, of whatever age it may be."

"Ignorance of what, Andrew?"

"Of the way by which a man may live creditably and comfortably in this world, and prepare for happiness in another."

"Why sure that is learning worth getting, Andrew."

"Well, a good education will give that knowledge, uncle."

"And what do ye call a good education? Sure learning to read will not give such knowledge."

"No, certainly. Learning to read is only the means by which we may attain such useful knowledge."

"Ay, and ruinous knowledge too," said uncle Arthur, "there are more of us can read in this corner than can make a good use of it."

"But, uncle, I did not say that just to learn reading and writing can be called a good education. The young must be receiving instruction daily and hourly besides, in what is the will of God—in what is right and wrong—in what will be useful to them in life, and what will be hurtful,—and they must be taught to deny themselves to what is evil, and learn self-restraint—and to prefer a painful good to a pleasant evil. And all this they should be learning at school and at home, from the time they have sense to receive instruction till they are obliged to go into the world and act for themselves."

"Very fine, Andrew. If you will begin a school here, and promise to teach all that, I'll provide ye with plenty of scholars."

"But, uncle, that is what is considered a good education for people in our line in my country; and is what is constantly going on, more or less, in every part of it."

"Well, Andrew, will ye come and begin the school?"

"I think I might do worse, but then I would need to have my own way in teaching."

"Ay, sure; that would be but fair. Tell us what it would be."

"Well, then, in the first place, when I began to instruct the children in what was right and wrong, I would think with myself, Now these creatures who are intrusted to me are immortal,

—they must live for ever:—what I now teach them, while their hearts are young and tender, will never be forgotten by them,—they will never after perhaps be able to help believing what I tell them now; how awful then will be my guilt if I lead them astray!"

"True, most true! Andrew," said my uncle, who doated on his children and grand-children.

"Well uncle, what should I do in such a case?"

"Why, you would just have to do as well and honestly by them as you could. Tell them what you really believed was right and wrong—you could do no more."

"No, no, uncle; that would not be my way. That is not the way in my country. My way, when I begin this same school, must be, to take the word of God, and say to the children, We are all sinners—none of us are by nature disposed to obey God—neither do we even know what his will is; but here we have it written for our instruction—we must learn it from this holy book. Then, as long as the young ones were under my care, I would, while they learned to read this book, point out daily more and more of its instructions; so that, without perceiving almost how they grew in knowledge, they would every hour receive some holy lesson taught by God himself. And, as there is no duty of life which is not taught in the most perfect way in

the word of God, they would all know, at least, what they ought to do. The way of salvation is also clearly and plainly taught, and I would feel far more anxious to point out this way to them, than any knowledge regarding their well-being in this passing world. The will to apply for salvation, and the will to obey the laws of God, must come from God himself. But it is the part of education to teach the way of salvation and obedience."

My uncle Arthur listened to all this, then said, "I wish your school was begun, Andrew."

"But would Father Conelly suffer the children to come to it?" asked I.

"Never a bit," replied my uncle, rising to walk about, as he always did when he was not quite pleased; "never a bit," repeated he again. "Father Conelly would not be long master here if he did. But you know all this is a joke, Andrew."

"Ay, uncle; but it is no joke to see all these young immortal beings growing up with no more instruction than the beasts that perish."

"It is no fault of theirs," said my uncle, stopping short, as he walked; "a just God will lay the sin on other heads."

"But on whose head will the sin of neglecting their children come?" asked I.

My uncle looked fixedly at me; "On whose head does the Bible say it will come?" asked he,

"The Bible commands the parent to instruct his children," answered I. "God says thus regarding his laws: 'Ye shall lay up my words in your heart and in your soul—and ye shall teach them to your children—speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.'"

My uncle, after hearing these words, walked about very thoughtfully for a time.

"Did you never read the Bible, uncle?" asked I.

"No, never."

Most unhappily, as I thought, who should appear at this moment approaching towards us but Father Conelly. My uncle's reception of him was not very cordial. He seemed to feel his coming at that moment rather an interruption. After the usual things said on first meeting were over, and Father Conelly had taken a good glass of whisky, which my uncle had called some one to get immediately on his arrival, because the *day was hot*, we seated ourselves on the bench at the farm door. Father Conelly seemed about forty; a stout, short, common-looking man, with that kind of florid complexion which, after youth, becomes purple. He seemed very cheerful, and disposed to joke with my uncle. Uncle Arthur was not, however, at that moment, in spirits for joking. On observing this, Father Conelly ask-

ed, if any thing was the matter; and inquired with much kindness and interest for my uncle's family and relations, about all of whom he seemed to know perfectly. My uncle's heart was opened by this kindness, and after answering about every one shortly, he said,—

"This young nephew of mine has been asking me, Father, about the schools here; and he seems to think very little of our kind of education."

The priest fixed his eyes on me. "What countryman is your nephew?"

"A Scotchman."

"O ay; the Scotch have a madness for education, and by that means the enemies of the truth have been enabled to sow the tares among the wheat so thickly, that they have almost entirely choked the good seed; and that poor country is now nearly completely heretic."

"Yes, Sir," said I, "that is the common effect of reading the Bible, and receiving education."

"You see, Farmer Cooney, the young man cannot but acknowledge the truth of what I say," said Father Conelly; "so you ought to be cautious of listening to subjects of this kind; for the human heart is too apt to be led astray by a desire for knowledge; and sometimes, when we have got the better of the temptation for our-

selves, it comes in a new form, leading us to desire it for our children."

"All too true, Father," answered Uncle Arthur; who, because he had just been feeling what his priest described, believed that it was what he seemed to consider it, 'a temptation of the devil.' I could not stand this; and, though I would not have said the same to Uncle Arthur, I could not refrain from saying to Father Conelly,—

"I cannot but think, Sir, that if you were to spend a little time in my country, and then come back to compare your own with it, you could not but acknowledge that heresy had done marvels in bettering the condition of my countrymen, both as to this world and their hopes for another. For every body knows that, when we were under the dominion of a Popish priesthood, we were even poorer and wilder than your people in Ireland are now. And nobody either in England or Scotland, I can fancy, can see any reason for our clever, sharp, kind-hearted Irish neighbours being so far behind both countries, but because they are still under your dominion, keeping them from education, and from the word of God, and holding their minds in subjection under such blethers of your own invention, as an English or Scotch child, tolerably instructed, would laugh in your face if you asked him to believe."

"Andrew! Andrew!" said my uncle in surprise, and laying his hand on my shoulder. "It's not like you, Andrew, to forget yourself so far. Do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"Yes, yes, uncle. But we never found in our country that smooth words went far in breaking the bondage of their iniquitous yoke."

"The boy is mad!" exclaimed my uncle. "Leave us, Andrew," added he, in a voice that could not be disobeyed, though he did not look really angry, while the poor priest seemed ready to choke with indignation.

I obeyed my uncle, and walked off to some distance, then turning round, saw Father Conelly and him going in the opposite direction—the priest talking apparently with much vehemence, and moving his arms as he spoke. My uncle was striding on at his usual pace, one step of his serving for two of Father Conelly's.

I did not feel sorry for what I had said, though rather afraid that I might have offended my uncle. On our next meeting, however, I found that I had not. He said nothing of what had passed, because others were present, but was as kind to me as usual. The first time we were alone, I said I hoped my having said what I did, had not brought him into any trouble with his priest?

"Never a bit, Andrew; and I cannot blame you for speaking out your mind boldly to him, who should have been ready to answer you."

"O but he had not time to answer me, uncle." "May be not; but he might have answered it me."

"And could he not?"

"Would he not? you should ask first."

"Well, then, would he not? or what did you wish him to answer?"

"I wished him to answer me why our priests were so unwilling to give our young people education—but never an answer got I to that, but many a warning against heresy."

"Uncle, did you ever read or hear the parable of the talents?" asked I.

"The talents, no: What may they be?"

I had happened to get this parable by heart long before, so I repeated it to him:—"The kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered to them his goods. And to one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability: and straightway took his journey. Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents. And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two. But he that received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money. After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them. And so he that had received five talents, came and

brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents; behold, I have gained besides them five talents more. His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord. He also that had received two talents, came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents; behold, I have gained other two talents besides them. His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord. Then he which had received the one talent, came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed: And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo there thou hast that is thine. His Lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed: thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."*

My uncle listened not only with patience, but with deep attention while I repeated this parable.

"Well, Andrew," said he, when I had finished it, "and what does all that mean?"

"Why, I have been taught that it means, that every one of us receives a portion of advantages from God, for which we shall be called by him to give an account at the day of judgment; and that those who have improved these advantages shall be rewarded; and those who have not shall be condemned."

"Very well, Andrew, I dare say that is just the meaning; and what then?"

"I am going to ask you a strange question, uncle."

"Ask me any thing."

"Do you think any one in this neighbourhood has as much sense and sharpness as Father Conelly? Do you think you have as much yourself?"

My uncle laughed heartily. "So it is your notion, Andrew, that because we let the priest guide us in spiritual matters, we think him wiser than we are in all other things?"

* Matth. xxv.

"To be sure, I think you certainly must. For instance, if there should come a great rain, so as to flood this part of the country; and if it continued to increase, and you began to be alarmed, and to fear that, if it did not abate, your dwellings would be swept away, and your children drowned: If, while you were under these fears, you heard that there had been such a flood, in the same parts, once every hundred years, ever since the world began, and that there was a book in which an account was given of every particular—how high the water rose, so as to enable you to judge what houses it would be necessary to leave—how to secure the crops that they might not be injured: in short, every thing that ought to be done to prevent the whole neighbourhood from being ruined: And if the book was plainly written in English, and neither of you had ever seen it before, whether do you think Father Conelly or you would understand it best?"

"Why, I think we should understand it just the same," answered my uncle.

"There, then, uncle, you think your understanding as good as Father Conelly's. You will therefore have to give an account to God of the use you have made of your understanding."

"And why I have not read the Bible, I suppose, for myself,—but what more, Andrew?"

"Well, uncle, suppose this book about the

flood could not be trusted away from the place where it was kept, but that one person, either you or Father Conelly, were permitted to see it that you might bring back to the others an account of what it said; whether do you think you or Father Conelly would be chosen to go?"

"Why, I think—indeed I am sure they would all choose me; because I am a sort of head here, being the oldest of my own family, and so many young ones coming up, and all as if they were in a manner my own. They would be sure that nobody could be so anxious as I would to read the book right. And they are always in the habit of looking up to me about every thing."

"Well, uncle,—There you see with how many talents God has intrusted you - - - -."

"I see, I see," exclaimed my uncle, starting up. "Andrew, you must not speak this way. There is too much in my own mind that answers to the truth of all you say. But things cannot change now. If the young ones could be better trained—But it cannot be without letting them to the Protestant Schools—it cannot be—I am too old to change my religion now. Nonsense! change my religion! I would not change my religion. Andrew, we must have no more of this kind of talk." And my uncle strode away.

After this, Uncle Arthur avoided speaking

with me on any subject connected with religion or education. He, however, spoke freely on all other matters, and seemed to like me to be with him. In the wish too, which, every day I remained at Ballinagh, became stronger—the wish to get Richard back with me to Scotland, my Uncle Arthur agreed with me. At first, when I asked his consent, he put me off, and seemed to regard the matter merely as friendly kindness which it was needless to disappoint till nearer my departure; but, as that time drew nearer, he began to consider my wish more seriously, and, after several conversations with Richard, it was agreed that the matter should be left entirely to himself.

My aunt would never have agreed, had she supposed any thing but a short visit to her sister had been intended. To this she willingly consented. The most difficult point to manage was the arrangement about Maple. Uncle Arthur said immediately, that delaying Richard's marriage would be an unspeakable advantage; but he liked the girl Maple, poor thing! and her mother was a Cooney, though not a near relation, and he would not have Richard forget or be inconstant to her. Neither would I; but I said nothing to his father, and it was agreed, that, if Richard went with me, I should, on getting home, engage my mother to try to get a place for Maple, who could easily be brought

to Belfast, and Richard or I should meet her at Greenock. Matters were thus arranged between my uncle and me—but Richard still said nothing.

I had now been a month at my uncle's, and in a few days I must depart—and still Richard was going about, thoughtful and sad, or shut up in his room reading the Bible. He had never asked me to return the little image; and now he did not repeat the Office of the Virgin. But these were the only signs by which I could judge of the state of his mind.

At last, one night, when we had retired to our room together, Richard held out his hand to me. "Andrew," said he, "my mind is at last fixed, I am determined to go to Scotland with you."

I do not think I ever felt greater joy.

"Thank God, dear Richard!" exclaimed I, shaking his hand with such warmth that it quite moved him.

"Remember, Andrew," said he, "I do not yet say that I have left my own religion: but I have read the New Testament twice over, with all the attention in my power. And though I do not say I understand it all—indeed, there are very many parts I do not understand in the least—still I understand enough to see that our religion is not taught by it. There is not a single word about confession to a priest—nor purgatory

—or prayers for the dead—or the sacrifice of the mass—or scapulars—or praying to the Virgin or the saints, or any thing at all regarding the Virgin as if she differed from other servants of God. In having been honoured to be the mother of the human nature of our Lord, she was indeed the most blessed among women; but I read all through the Acts of the Apostles with the greatest care, and though we are there told of the manner in which the Apostles and other teachers instructed the people, the Virgin is never so much as mentioned, far less are the first Christians taught to regard her intercessions as at all useful or necessary. Then, in those epistles, written by the Apostles to the first Christians, instructing them in all they should believe and do, not one of them ever mentions the Virgin. Indeed, after our Lord's ascension to heaven, she is no more named than the other women who believed on him, and followed him; and they are only mentioned once or twice in the beginning of the Acts along with the other first Christians; so I feel, that, with respect to the Virgin, we are entirely deceived by our priests; for, if the first Christians, who they always tell us were the most holy, did so much better than we without being taught such things as they teach us, surely we had better go back to their way. Then, as to holy stations and

such like, they had none of them either. And when Christ and His apostles performed miracles, they did not go to shut themselves up in some house or convent with old women, and come out and say there had been a great miracle; but they waited till multitudes were gathered together, and then, before thousands of people, restored the lame and the blind, and called the dead from their graves. Or if a miracle was done more privately, it was performed on some person who was well known to have required such a miracle to restore him,—such as the man who was born blind, and all his life had begged openly—or the one who had been a cripple for eight and thirty years. But what has made me think more than any thing else," continued Richard, "that our priests must mean to deceive us, is, that I have compared your New Testament and the Douay together, and they scarcely differ at all in the meaning. Now, our priests teach us to regard your Bible as a book full of such bad things that it is the greatest sin to read it."

I shall never forget the joy I felt when I heard Richard speak in this way. It just seemed to me as if my short illness and disappointment had happened that I might be sent to help this dear lad, who had been attempting to work out a righteousness of his own in which to appear be-

fore God, while he was ignorant of that only true righteousness which is of God by faith in Jesus Christ.

"If I understand the New Testament at all," continued Richard, "Christ, and Christ alone, is the Saviour of sinners—their only refuge and hope—the one Mediator, and Redeemer, and Intercessor; and the only way of attaining to holiness is, through the change wrought in our hearts by the Holy Spirit sent by Christ."

"Well, my dearest Richard," said I, "that is my religion. That is the religion taught so plainly in the Bible, that he that runneth may read. And your priests well know that this religion was taught by Christ himself to *the multitude*—and that *the common people* heard Him gladly, while the priests of that time, and the learned, and the wise in their own conceit, derided Him—and persecuted Him—and at last crucified Him."

"Yes, yes," said Richard. "That is all in the Douay Testament as plain as day, and fixes me to go with you, Andrew. I could not study the Scriptures in peace here much longer—I will leave father, and mother, and Maple, and all, and take up any cross that may be before me, and follow where I may know more of Christ; and then, if I find that I have been all wrong myself, when I have learnt better, if God spares me, I will return here, and try to con-

vince my friends that they are led on in darkness by their priests,—and perhaps some of them may listen to me."

After this conversation, Richard became dearer to me than the dearest brother—we loved each other as our own souls.

When the morning of the day arrived in which we were to leave Ballinagh, all our friends came to take leave of us, and, as I said before, showed such sorrow at parting from me, (for Richard they expected back in a week or two,) that I cannot, to this day, think of it without being moved. I had made myself a favourite with the children and boys, by telling them stories about the young people in my country, and other things, trying, in this way, to teach them how good—and happy—and respected, and rich—and comfortable every boy in Britain might be, if he would attend to his education, and be industrious, and not care about indulging himself, and so on, for I always thought of being of some use in all I told them; and they seemed to guess this; for never did I see more kind-hearted, grateful young creatures. Our parting was really sorrowful on both sides. With the women too it was also so; for though at first, I believe, they thought me rather sober and wanting in fun, they, at least many of them, before I came away, liked me to go into their cabins, and talk with them about the good of their children, and such

things, which are always near the hearts of the women. And much I said to them about the advantages of good education; for well I knew, that though, for a time, their husbands might not regard what they said on such subjects, yet if I could convince them, they would, in the long-run, make out all they wanted for their children. I believe all my friends saw that my regard for them led me to wish for their real good; and if this book ever reaches them, I hope they will regard it as a mark of my continued affection for them, and gratitude for all their kindness.

I shall now only mention my last conversation with Uncle Arthur. On the morning I came away, I went into his room before he had left it. He received me very kindly.

"Uncle, will you take a keepsake from me?" asked I.

"To be sure, Andrew, provided it has no great value, except such as my regard for you will give it."

I took my Bible and the Douay Testament from under the breast of my coat, and presented them to him. He hesitated for an instant, for he knew them; then hurriedly taking them, he said—

"What stuff—to believe that a book that has made this lad what he is, can do any harm!"

He then opened my Bible, with an expression in his face, as if he was defying some one.

I had noticed before, in his room, two little images, one a crucifixion, the other a virgin and child.

"Will you give *me* these for a keepsake, uncle?" asked I.

"To show your friends what we poor Irish worship?" demanded he, rather bitterly.

"No, indeed, my dear uncle; but to remind me that I left you *with* the word of God, and *without* these foolish little idols. And that recollection would be dear to me, and the strongest proof of regard you could give me."

"Andrew, if you knew the struggle I had before I could get myself to make use of these, ye would not tempt me to part with them."

"What kind of struggle do you mean, uncle?"

"Ye know well enough, Andrew, that it cannot be in the nature of a plain man like me, to think there can be any good in holding up a bit ill-shaped stick before my eyes, when I pray to him who made the sun—and the mountains—and the stars. But the church says it is profitable for us to humble ourselves in this way, because it is her will."———

I could not listen to any more, but said such things against that guilty and apostate church as

I must not say here. My uncle was not angry —and he took my Bible, and let me take his little images, and then prayed God to bless me.

I shall say no more of my parting with my dear and kind friends.

Richard has now been in Scotland fifteen months. He has become an excellent gardener, and has laid up a little money. My mother regards him as a son. I have got my Mary home, and she loves him as a brother. In the one thing needful, he has made rapid progress, and is now truly, I shall not say a Protestant, but a Bible Christian, which too many Protestants are not. He speaks of returning to his own people, though he painfully feels their apparent neglect of him. Maple was provided in a place by my mother, where she is carefully instructed by her excellent and pious lady. She has had two or three letters from her friends, by which we know those we love at Ballinagh are well, and perhaps they think this enough—but on this subject I shall say no more.

And now, I wish my friends grace from God to lead them to think seriously of those things which are alone of everlasting moment. "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

END OF ANDREW CAMPBELL'S VISIT.

THE

WORD OF GOD,

OR THE

WORD OF MAN.

ADDRESSED TO

IRISH CATHOLICS.

BY A FRIEND IN SCOTLAND.

Drawn by Grace Kennedy, J. H. Sc.

THE WORD OF GOD, OR THE WORD OF MAN.

Edinburgh Published by R. Ogilvie, 11 South Bridge Street.

THE

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If the Irish were not known to be such a thoughtless, light-hearted, regardless people, on almost every subject, one would scarcely believe it possible that they could be so careless, and so completely led blindfold, as they are on the subject of religion. Let any man, calling himself a priest, go amongst them, and let him tell them any thing, and they will believe it.—They never think of asking him how he knows all he tells them; but, from generation to generation, the father teaches the son that he must believe the priest; and, just because his father did it before him, an Irishman takes the word of his fellow-sinner for his law, though he cannot give a rational reason for his doing so; and is ready to kill any one who dare say that he is a dupe for his pains. But is it possible to be more completely duped

than every man is who is trusting to a list of lies on that subject which is of more importance to him than all other subjects put together? Now, every man who puts the priest in the place of God, and listens to, and obeys him rather than God, is thus duped; and, if any Irishman should read this, and feel his anger kindle at being told he is a dupe, and still more at its being said that he makes his priest his God, I only ask him calmly to prove that he is not a dupe, and that he does not worship his priest. And, to enable him to do so if he can, let him just answer the few following questions: "From whence does the priest learn all that he teaches you?" You will answer, "He teaches me the doctrines of the Church. He has learnt what he teaches me from the Church." Then I ask, "What is the Church?" Now, not one of you can give a rational answer to this question. Just stop and try if you can.—Well, you have tried, but I am sure you cannot, for none of your priests can. The first time you see the priest, ask him, humbly and respectfully, "If you please to answer me, Sir, from whence do you learn, that confession to you,—and receiving absolution from you, —and going to mass,—and doing penances enjoined by you,—and praying to the Virgin,—and to the saints in heaven,—and going pilgrimages to holy stations, and such like things, will take

away my sins, and make me fit to appear before God?"

He will answer you, "That the Church has decided that such observances do take away sin."

Then ask him respectfully, "Sir, will you be so kind as tell me what you mean by the Church?"

"Why," he will answer, "I mean the Holy Catholic Church."

"Yes, Sir," say you, "but what *is* that which you call the Church, the Holy Catholic Church? Is it composed, Sir, of all the priests and holy people of the Catholic faith, who are now in the world, or were at some other time in the world, —and who gave them the power to say what would save the soul?"

Your priest will probably be displeased with you for asking this question, and will perhaps refuse to answer you, and blame you for being presumptuous and unbelieving, and will think himself right in doing so; because your priests are themselves deceived. Yet, though it may be painful to you to offend him, it is of everlasting moment that both you and he should come to the truth on this point,—and you may surely say to him, "Think only, Sir, what a serious matter it is to me to know surely how my soul may be saved."

He will then probably tell you that there is

no cause to doubt the safety of your soul, if you obey the injunctions of your priest.

But do not part with him thus; but intreat him to answer you, satisfactorily, from whence you are to know that obedience to your priest will secure the safety of your soul.

He will again tell you that the Church declares that it is so: for it is always the Church! the Church! the Holy Catholic Church! though no Catholic can tell what they mean when they say the Church has decided such and such things. Was it all the Catholic people in the world who decided? No; that is impossible. Was it all the priests at the time in the world? No. Can the Pope alone call himself "the Church," and decide?—Some Catholics who are learned, and write on such matters, say No; others say Yes; and some say a Pope must have a council to assist him, or he cannot make a law for Catholics; others say not. Some say a council of cardinals, —and bishops,—and princes, and such great men, may make laws without the assistance of the Pope; others say not: and sometimes such Councils have made laws, and told Catholics, that, if they did so and so they would be saved, and the next Pope, or council, has changed these laws and said they were good for nothing; and sometimes there have been two Popes at once, the one saying he was the head of the Church,

and excommunicating the other, and that other doing the same to him; and, at such times, the Catholic Church had two heads, and some Catholics obeyed one and some the other, while all the time the Bible declared that the only head of the real Church was Jesus Christ.

Now, which of all these is the Church to which Irish Catholics yield obedience? Not one of them can tell; yet they think all those who do not, like them, enter into this they cannot tell what, and obey the priest, though they can no more tell where he got his authority,—will be lost for ever; and that they themselves, because they are members of this Church,—this, they know not what,—are perfectly safe, though they can give no better reason for believing themselves so, than this unmeaning cry, "The Church!" "We are members of the Holy Catholic Church!" "the Old Faith!" just as if any thing must be true because it is old, when every body knows that there are many kinds of heathen worship in the world twice as old as the Catholic faith. The Scriptures tell us that the men at Ephesus, a heathen city, worshipped an image, which they called the goddess Diana, and this image, their priests told them, had fallen down from heaven. Many poor heathens came from the neighbouring countries to worship this idol, and there were men who gained their livelihood at Ephesus by making

silver shrines for it. Now, when the Apostle Paul, as he went about preaching the gospel, came to Ephesus, he exhorted the people to leave such vain idolatry, and believe in the only true God. Then, it is said, the workmen who made shrines for Diana, met together, and one addressed the others, and said, "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth: Moreover, ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods which are made with hands: So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth. And when they heard these things, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians! And the whole city was filled with confusion: and some cried one thing, and some another: for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And all with one voice, about the space of two hours, cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"*

Now, these heathen Ephesians had just the same reasons for worshipping their Diana as

* Acts xix. 23, &c.

you have for your faith in the Church. Their priests told them that this Diana had fallen down from heaven, and that all the world worshipped her; and they could just give as good a reason for worshipping her, as you can for believing all the priest tells you. They cried, Great is Diana,—and you cry, Great is the Church! the Holy Catholic Church! and as they thought St. Paul ought to be torn in pieces for despising their Diana, so you think those deserve damnation who will not shut their Bibles, and believe any thing the priest teaches them, however contrary it may be to what God teaches in His own word. Now, is this not both to be dupes, and to put the priest in the place of God?

But suffer me to ask you a few more questions. Do you not know that there is a book in the world containing a revelation of God's will, and teaching the way of salvation, which He himself has appointed, and telling us how we may be holy, and how we may attain to everlasting happiness?

You answer, "Yes."

"Do not your priests all allow that there is such a book?"

"Yes."

"Do they not say that those holy men who wrote it were inspired to do so by God's Holy Spirit?"

"Yes."

"Then, why do you not learn God's own holy will from that book?" Now, mark the answer you must give to this.

"Because the priest will not allow me."

"But does the priest say, then, that there is any other revelation of the will of God in the world than what is contained in that book?"

"No."

"Then, did he ever show you, or read to you, any passage from that revelation which said that the priests only were to be permitted freely to study it?"

"No."

"Then surely you attend more to the will of the priest than to the will of God. You obey the priest—but though you may, if you choose, know the will of God revealed in his own word, you never have sought to know it, but just in so far as your priest was pleased to say he told it to you. Surely in this you worship the priest more than God."

"But you will say, 'The Church commands me to receive the Scriptures only as they are explained to me by the priest.' But does the word of God say so? for, if it does not, as there is no other revelation of the will of God, this must be merely the priest's will,—and so it is, for the Bible says expressly to all, "let the word

of Christ dwell in you richly."* "Search the Scriptures."† "As new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby."‡ Surely, surely, you cannot too soon stop and consider whether it is safe thus to neglect the will of the Most High God, and, in preference, to obey the will of the priest."

It is indeed very difficult to believe that what we have been taught as truth all our lives is really not truth—and that it is necessary for us to learn our religion anew; and you will be apt to think, "Oh! this is some Protestant who is saying all this;" and perhaps you hate the very name of a Protestant. But do not think any thing about whether it is a Protestant, or who it is, but think whether what has been said is truth. And do not suppose that the *name* of Protestant is considered by real Christians any better than the *name* of Catholic, unless the knowledge of and obedience to the Bible accompanies it. If you were truly acquainted with the word of God you could tell very many Protestants, that, with all their talk about it, and their boasted liberty of reading it, they know as little of its heavenly spirit, and as little obeyed its holy precepts as those poor Catholics who were never permitted to open it. To prove the importance of the knowledge of God's own word, will you be per-

* Col. iii. 16. † John v. 39. ‡ 1 Pet. ii. 2.

suaded to think seriously over a few things that shall now be mentioned?

You will allow that there have been moments in your life in which you have felt uneasy on account of your sins. More or less this is the case with almost every human being: and it does not require, to produce this uneasiness, that we should have been greater sinners than others. If we have any just notions of the holiness of that God with whom we have to do, the thought of his displeasure must have at some moments filled our hearts with fear. That man must indeed have a dead conscience and a hard heart who never felt that his sins made him shrink with terror from the thought of standing before the judgment-seat of God. These feelings may only be for a very short time, but still they are not easily forgot,—and, while they last, we would willingly do any thing to quiet our consciences. There are few so blind to their own characters as to think that they are fit, just as they are, to appear before God; and there are many, who, when in solitude and quiet, cannot get their thoughts away from such subjects. And surely, surely they are of more importance than all other subjects put together. How shall we escape the wrath to come? How shall we be acquitted at the judgment of the great day? How shall we find strength and boldness to enter into the presence of our Almighty Judge when death comes?

How shall we be prepared for all the tremendous expectations of a death-bed? We ought, without delay, to seek an answer to such questions. Now, if, on these everlastingly important points, the priest, and what he calls the Church, say one thing, and the word of God says another, would any rational being venture his soul upon the word of a man like himself rather than on the word of God? Now, in answer to the first question,—how shall we escape the wrath to come?—the priest replies—Love God—Believe in Jesus Christ—Confess to me—Do those penances I enjoin—Keep stated fasts—Repeat great numbers of prayers over and over—Honour the Virgin Mary, and all the saints—Attend mass—Go pilgrimages—Give alms and money to build Catholic churches—and keep all the holy days. Now, does not any Catholic who reads this, think within his heart—"Oh that I could do all these! then should I indeed be sure of heaven." But what will such a Catholic think, when he is told, that, from the beginning to the end of the Bible, there is not one word about confessing to a priest—or penances—or stated fasts—or repeating numbers of prayers—or honouring the Virgin, or saints—or attending mass—or going pilgrimages—or building churches—or keeping holy days,—but that Christ, and Christ alone, is there declared to be the only Saviour of the soul, and not one of these other things are even mentioned.

Oh! how greatly do these men dishonour Christ, who dare add, to his all-perfect atonement for our sins, such foolish inventions of their own! And how awfully are these poor souls deluded, who, instead of believing in this all-glorious, almighty, all-sufficient Saviour, for remission of their sins, rest their hopes partly on Him, but still more on their own observances—their own foolish, trifling penances, and pilgrimages, and nonsense, for which they neither have any command in the Scriptures, nor any promise that God will accept of them at their hands. Christ himself says, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."* John the Baptist says, "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand. He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."† St. Paul says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."‡ And St. Peter: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."‖ The prophet Isaiah says, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray: we have turned

* John iii. 16.
† John iii. 35, 36.
‡ Acts xvi. 31.
‖ Acts iv. 12.

every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted; yet he opened not his mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, (or redeemed.) He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities."* St. Paul says, that, "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."† And the same truths are taught through the whole Bible, and not one single word of any other way of salvation for the sinner—not one single word about confession to a priest—or penance—or stated fasts—or repeating prayers—or such like. Just think of yourself, and the state of your mind when you are employed in such observances, and then think whether you indeed would choose to appear before God,

* Isa. liii. 6, 4, 5, 7, 10, 11. † Rom. v. 1.

trusting partly to them for pardon and acceptance, without any other authority for doing so but the word of your priest—or whether you would not be in a far other—in a true state of peace and safety, if you cast yourself wholly on the offered, all-sufficient atonement of the Son of God?

But we have as yet only mentioned those lies you are taught respecting the means by which your souls are to be justified and pardoned in the sight of God;—for this is the most important of all subjects; but you are equally deceived respecting the holiness required by God, and which is really produced in the hearts and lives of all true Christians. The Scriptures say, in a great many places, that "God looketh on the heart," and that it is holiness of heart that he requires. On this subject your priests lead you into the most dangerous errors; for they teach you not only that you may in part atone for your own sins, but also that you can in part make yourselves holy. Now there is nothing so important as to know the truth on these points; for, as long as we believe that any thing we can do, shall either, in the very smallest degree, atone for our sins, or justify us in the sight of God, we are deceiving our own souls; neither shall we ever attain to that true holiness required by God while we believe this lie, for we must receive all power to be holy from Christ as well as complete pardon for

our sins. He must be altogether our Saviour. He says, "Without me ye can do nothing;"* and He will not give His Holy Spirit to teach you any other doctrine than that already taught in His word. Your priests are, therefore, on these points, blind leaders of the blind. They teach you that, by being baptized into the Catholic Church, you become a true Christian, and that, if you do what the Church directs, then you are holy. But this does not even resemble the doctrines taught in the Bible. Christ himself says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a man be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."† Christ here says, that a man must both receive the outward baptism of water, and the inward baptism of the Spirit. Now, you are taught by your priests that the baptism they administer to you includes both of these—but surely a moment's reflection would convince you that this cannot be true. They can baptize you with water, but God alone in Christ baptizes with the Holy Spirit. What they teach you is not the doctrine of the Bible; for the Bible teaches, that, wherever the Spirit of God is given, He

* John xv. 5. † John iii. 3, 5, 6.

produces a complete change of heart—as complete as if the heart was renewed or born again. St. Paul says: "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."* And he also teaches us how we are to know whether or not we have the Spirit of Christ. He says, "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."† Now, if any Catholic who has been baptized, finds that he has these holy tempers always reigning in his soul, then he may believe that he received the Holy Spirit at his baptism. But St. Paul also describes the state of the unrenewed heart—the flesh—the natural heart. "Now the works of the flesh are these; Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."‡ If a baptized Catholic finds these, or any of these evil tempers reigning in his heart, or if he lives in the commission of any of these sins of the unrenewed mind, whatever his priest may say, the word of God says that he has not the Spirit of Christ; and, therefore,

* Romans viii. 9, 14. † Gal. v. 22, 23.
‡ Gal. v. 19, 20, 21.

that he is not a true believer in Christ, and that, in such a state, whatever church he may belong to, he cannot inherit the kingdom of God. "Be not deceived," says St. Paul; "God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."* Now, just think, whether what you are taught by your priests produces this kind of holiness in heart and life which St. Paul describes as necessary. Perhaps, after you have confessed to him, and received absolution, you may for a time feel something like peace; but do you feel your heart changed? Do you feel that you no longer love those sins which you confessed to him, but that you really see how hatefully wicked they are, and desire most earnestly that you never again may be tempted to commit them? If you were of a quarrelsome temper before confession, do you afterwards feel that you are become gentle and patient? If you felt hatred and variance, do you afterwards feel love? If you delighted in revellings and drunkenness, do you afterwards feel no desire for such things? That holiness which God requires, and which true Christians are taught by the Spirit of God, is real, heart-holiness. If you do not feel love to God before

* Gal. vi. 7, 8.

you went to the priest, do you feel it afterwards? In short, do you feel that any thing the priest directs you to do makes any change upon your heart? Nor does it never happen, that, after you have been absolved by your priest, and look upon yourself as purified and safe, you have, as the Scriptures express it, "returned as the dog to his vomit, or as the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." You love sin as much as ever, and only begin a new score with which to return to the priest for absolution. If you were to read the Bible, you would find there, that while you are in a state of nature, that is, while your hearts are unchanged, you can neither truly love God, nor do one thing that is pleasing to Him. Now, if, while you are in this state, instead of being urged by those who guide you in spiritual matters to flee to the refuge set before you in the Scriptures—to flee to Christ that your sins may be atoned for by His precious blood, and your hearts renewed by His Holy Spirit, you are taught to do fifty trifling things never mentioned in the Bible; to what a refuge of lies do your priests direct you! And what will you do when the hour comes in which you must enter into the presence of God? What will you do when you find that you must die, and cannot conceal from yourself that you have lived in the commission of sin, day after day, during your whole lives, ever since you remember? "Why,"

say you, "I have confessed, and got absolution very many times, and I shall do that over again before I die." Well, but can you say that your past confessions have changed your heart, and made it holy? Or do you suppose that your last one will? Or have you any authority, but the word of the priest, for supposing it will avail you any thing? And now you have heard that the word of the priest is contrary to the word of God, and which do you choose to abide by? Which of them do you suppose God will abide by when he comes to judge you—His own holy word or the invention of the priest? Oh! it is a serious, most serious matter, to answer this question. You will say, too, that, though you may have sins on your conscience when you come to die, the priest will give you extreme unction, and that you will be prepared by that for an entrance into—what place? you will not venture to say heaven; for, after all the priest can do for you, still you must go to Purgatory! This extreme unction, however, you believe is to do something for you in the way of purifying; at any rate, it will preserve you from going to hell at last, however long you may have to remain in Purgatory, if your friends have no money to purchase prayers for your soul. Money! copper pennies, and silver tenpennies, to shorten the time of purification, thought necessary by that "High and Holy One who inhabiteth eter-

nity!" Can any man in his senses believe so blasphemous a lie? You will say, it is not the money but the prayers of the church. But is it ever known that those prayers are offered but for money? Do not your priests exhort and entreat the rich to have compassion on the souls of their poorer brethren, and charitably give money to have prayers offered for them. It seems your priests *cannot* offer these prayers but for money,—so it must be the money which gives them efficacy. What a list of delusions and lies! What awful trifling with immortal souls! Such are the effects produced by departing from the word of God, and following the inventions of men. Your priests, in order to make the way of salvation they teach appear perfect, have been obliged to patch in one thing after another, till they have made such an affair of it, that it is absolute blasphemy to call it the religion of Christ. Christ preached most plainly, and commanded his apostles to preach, that men everywhere should repent, and believe on Him for the remission of their sins, and promised his Holy Spirit to those who believed, to renew their hearts, and make them truly holy. This is the simple and glorious gospel, suited in every way to our state as guilty before God. We are sinners. We require to see that we are so, and repent. We cannot atone for our own sins, therefore Christ has himself atoned for them.

We are unholy, but cannot change our own hearts, therefore Christ has promised his Holy Spirit to those who believe in Him, to renew their hearts, and make them truly holy. What we require is, the pardon of sin, and the power to be holy. Christ is revealed as the only propitiation for sin—the only intercessor for pardon. And His Spirit, given to them who believe in Him, is revealed as the Only Sanctifier. Now mark the perfection, and the simplicity, and the sweet suitableness of Christ's salvation; and then recollect how many unmeaning follies your priests have dared to add to it. "Christ is indeed," say they, "the Great Propitiation for sin," but you must also do something yourself. When you feel conscious of sin, instead of humbling yourself before God, and imploring pardon for Christ's sake, and praying to have your sin washed away in the precious blood of Christ, and your hearts turned away from the love of sin, and made holy by His Almighty Spirit, as the Bible enjoins, the Priest says:—Humble yourself to be sure, before God, but also before me. Confess to me. Do the penance I enjoin, and you will thus atone for your sin yourself, in addition to the atonement of Christ. And, if you would be sure to get your sins thoroughly remitted, you must go a pilgrimage to some holy station—and there do many things to mortify your flesh—and repeat numbers of prayers to

saints—the saint of the place particularly. And, after all, if you do not feel satisfied, why just do all over again—and fast—and attend Mass very frequently—and give alms—and money for Catholic churches—and so on. And you must labour on in this way your whole life, and then, at last, you must go and suffer for a time in Purgatory; if you are very rich, a short time—if you are very poor, perhaps a very long time. Now, what a dishonour it is to Christ, to say that all these trifles must be added to His perfect propitiation. How absurd to think that the perfect work of the Son of God can be made more perfect by any thing we can do; or that, when God has revealed the way, and declared, that He "so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, *that whosoever believeth in Him* should not perish, but have everlasting life," we shall presume to invent other ways of being saved, and add them to His all-perfect way. Again, the Scriptures say, that "Christ is the only Mediator between God and man,—the Advocate with the Father,—the only Intercessor." But your priests have added hundreds of intercessors, and mediators, and thus do all they can to dishonour Christ, while they profess to serve him,—and they absolutely hide the real character of Christ from you, and teach you that He is not willing to save you, but must be prayed and intreated to do so by the Virgin and the saints—and such

like falsehoods. Now, the Scriptures represent Christ as intreating sinners to come unto Him, that they may be saved,—as reproaching them for refusing to come to Him,—as urging them to come to Him. "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."* "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."† "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live."‡ "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."§ "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me. And ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."‖ "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake."¶ "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee."** "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?"

* Matt. xi. 28—30. † John vii. 37. ‡ Isaiah lv. 1, 2, 3.
§ Rev. xxii. 17. ‖ John v. 39, 40. ¶ Isaiah xliii. 25.
** Isaiah xliv. 22.

As to the way in which you are to become holy, your priests make such a confusion that it is scarcely possible to unravel it. It is not true heart-holiness they teach, but an outside holiness, made up of ceremonies of their own invention; and the very same things by which they also say you are in part to atone for your sins. Now, in Scripture, these things are kept entirely apart. Jesus Christ, by his death, made the only atonement for sin. If we believe in Him, and come to Him for salvation, we receive this atonement, and all the merits of Christ as *a Gift*. God gave us His Son. Christ died for us. With this gift of salvation in Christ we receive also the Holy Spirit to make us holy. And Christ assures us, that God is as graciously willing to give us His Holy Spirit to sanctify or make us holy, as He was to give up His Son to die for us. Jesus says, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find,—for every one that asketh, receiveth; and every one that seeketh, findeth. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"* But the holi-

* Luke xi. 9—11, 13.

ness produced by the Spirit of God is real holiness,—it is the real performance of those duties taught in the Bible, for the Bible was inspired by the Holy Ghost; this holiness consists in purity in thought, word, and deed; in supreme love to God, faith in Christ, and dependence on His spirit. It produces love and good will to all men. It teaches us to deny ourselves,—to avoid all sin,—to forgive our enemies,—to return good for evil,—to be good parents,—good children,—good husbands and wives,—kind neighbours,—just to all,—to be compassionate to the poor,—diligent in all things, serving the Lord.

Now, you all know that you may do the things required by your priest, and feel secure that you will be safe at last, because you belong to the Catholic Church, though you cannot pretend to say that you have any of this Bible-holiness; but, in believing this, you believe a most fatal delusion. I have but a few words more to say.

If any Catholic has read thus far, he will probably again be disposed to think,—"This is a Protestant who has written all this, and why should I take the word of a Protestant, rather than the word of my priest? I will not. I know and love my priest, and I care not for what the Protestants say. My priest," says he, "teaches me the doctrines of the Bible as they are explained by the Church; this Protestant says he does not teach truths;—well, I certainly will ra-

ther believe my good priest than any Protestant." And so you perhaps ought, if the Protestant asked you to believe any thing on his own authority, as the priest does; but the question is, —shall I believe the priest or God? The Protestant does not say, "believe me," but examine for yourself, whether I have said true; be entreated to study the word of God,—examine for yourselves whether what I have said is in the Bible,—do not trust me,—search for yourself. The priest, on the contrary, says,—You must believe me; you shall not examine the Scriptures. If you doubt my authority, and presume to examine for yourself, I shall excommunicate you. The Protestant, again, assures you, in the presence of that God who shall judge at last in this matter, that your priests do not teach you what the Bible teaches. And now it is left with yourself, whether you will listen to God's own revealed word or to man. If you willingly choose the last, you must abide the consequences; but, after you have been warned, remember, that, if you perish, your blood is on your own head.

END OF THE WORD OF GOD, &c.

ADDRESS

TO A

DESTITUTE SICK PERSON.

ADDRESS

TO

A DESTITUTE SICK PERSON.

WERE I to ask you, my friend, what had reduced you to your present distressed circumstances, I know you could easily answer me. You would tell me of your having been deprived of the means of support by this and the other unlooked for misfortune. You could tell me of your bad health, of your struggles in the midst of it to earn a subsistence,—of your weary days, and sleepless nights,—of the misery you endured while obliged to part, at one time, with some article of clothing,—then of furniture,—then another,—and another, till almost nothing was left, and you were compelled to seek relief from the charity of others. But, after you have told me all these sad circumstances, there is one question I would still ask you:—Do you in your heart believe what the Scriptures say, that, with God, "the very hairs of your head are all numbered?"

Do not turn away from this question, as one of little importance in your present destitute state, when you are in want of the very necessaries of life; for, if you will take time to reflect, and answer it, you may be led to find help for every need where you have perhaps never looked for it. I will suppose you have answered me, "that you do believe it; that you believe all the Bible." If so, then you must believe that all your afflictions have been sent by God. You will perhaps say, that you believe this too, and add, in the bitterness of your spirit, "That you do not see why you should be so much more severely dealt with than others you could name, who are more ungodly than you ever were, and who are, nevertheless, enjoying health and prosperity in the world." But leave others in the hand of God, and enter into your own heart for a little. God hath said, that "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." He could relieve you in an instant if he saw good. When our Lord was on earth, he cured all manner of diseases by a word: how easily could he still do this, now that "he has all power in heaven and on earth." The fulness of the world, and the hearts of every being in it, are also in his hands; so that, if it was his pleasure, he could order events respecting you in such a manner as in a very short time to give you as much of the wealth

and prosperity of this world as your heart could wish; but, instead of this, it has been his will to send upon you one affliction after another, till now you are laid upon a sick-bed without the means to procure any comfort. Surely these severe dispensations have a meaning you should try to find out! If God doth not afflict willingly, what is it that hath led Him thus to afflict *you?* Look back on your past life.—Doubtless you have had your days of prosperity. Cannot you remember a time when you enjoyed health, and plenty, and cheerfulness? "Yes, you do," say you, "but that time was soon over." But, while it lasted, did you regard God as the Giver of all you possessed? Did you obey His command to "believe in his Son for the salvation of your soul;" to "seek the kingdom of heaven first," and trust that all else good for you should be added? No; you were very thoughtless then, and paid little regard to these things. Well, God saw it necessary to make you think, and He took from you some of those objects on which you bestowed the whole of the affections of that heart in which He ought to have the first place, and He brought down its lightness, and compelled you to be sober and thoughtful. And did you then turn to Him? Did you humbly implore his forgiveness for your past neglect of his offered mercy and grace; and determine, in his promised strength, that, in

future you should seek your happiness in God? No; you felt indeed that the objects you had fixed your heart upon had been taken away—you felt that they were gone, but you turned again to the world for comfort, and you did not regard what had befallen you as a dispensation of God, but as a matter of chance, and that you had been only very unfortunate, but might hope for better times. You again struggled for this world's enjoyments, and you went from one thing to another in the hope of procuring them. Disappointment after disappointment, loss after loss, only made you the more eager; while all the time you forgot God. He tried you with prosperity, but while He bestowed on you these blessings you forgot Him. He then tried you with adversity, but you would not turn to the hand which in mercy smote you; and now that He has brought you so low, what more can be done on this side the grave to make you think, and turn to Him who has smitten that He may heal you? You were tried with prosperity, and you forgot Him. He has been trying you with want and sickness, but you still seek consolation anywhere but in Him. You still disregard His offer of salvation through Christ—and will you persist? and though life now offers you only poverty and ill health, will you still cling to the world in which you cannot expect many of its empty pleasures, and neglect the concerns of your

precious soul which must live for ever? Will you still refuse to listen to the voice of mercy, when, perhaps, you are near that state which must fix your sentence for eternity? Eternity! Endeavour to conceive the meaning of that awful word, and have mercy on yourself. "Whosoever will, let him say, Come,"—come to Christ. He again calls you in these words: He says, "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "He that believeth on me shall never perish." "Look unto me and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth." You will, perhaps, say, you do not know how to come to Christ. Say so to him. He is ever nearer you than you can conceive. He knows, better than you do yourself, your ignorance of Him. If you once knew Him, and the consolation He imparts to the minds of those who believe and rest in Him, Oh! how differently would all earthly things appear to you. You now feel your afflictions most bitterly, and if any one would offer to take them away, you would grasp at the offer with your whole soul; but those who know the Lord, and His teaching, say, from their inmost hearts, with the Psalmist,—"It is good for me that I have been afflicted; before I was afflicted I went astray,"—and then he tells what effect affliction had on him,—"Now I keep thy word." Psal. cxix. 67—71. Turn then to that God who "waiteth to be

gracious." "Behold," saith Christ, "I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him." Open the doors of your heart to this glorious guest, who thus entreats for admission there,—let him into your heart—your inmost heart,—endeavour to search it in His pure presence,—pray to Him to search it, and to enable you to lay it all open before Him,—your afflictions, your ignorance, your fears for the future, your utter inability to help yourself, either in earthly or spiritual things. Oh if I could persuade you to come to this Friend of sinners,—to lean on His almighty power,—to trust to His infinite love,—to seek first, to seek immediately, to be a member of His kingdom,—to give yourself to Him—and to take His word for your guide—for a lamp to your feet; then, I know, you should want nothing that is good for you, for He himself hath said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The things that shall be added are mentioned in the preceding verse, and are,—"What we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed." Matth. vi. 31, 33.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

ERRATA in Vol. II.

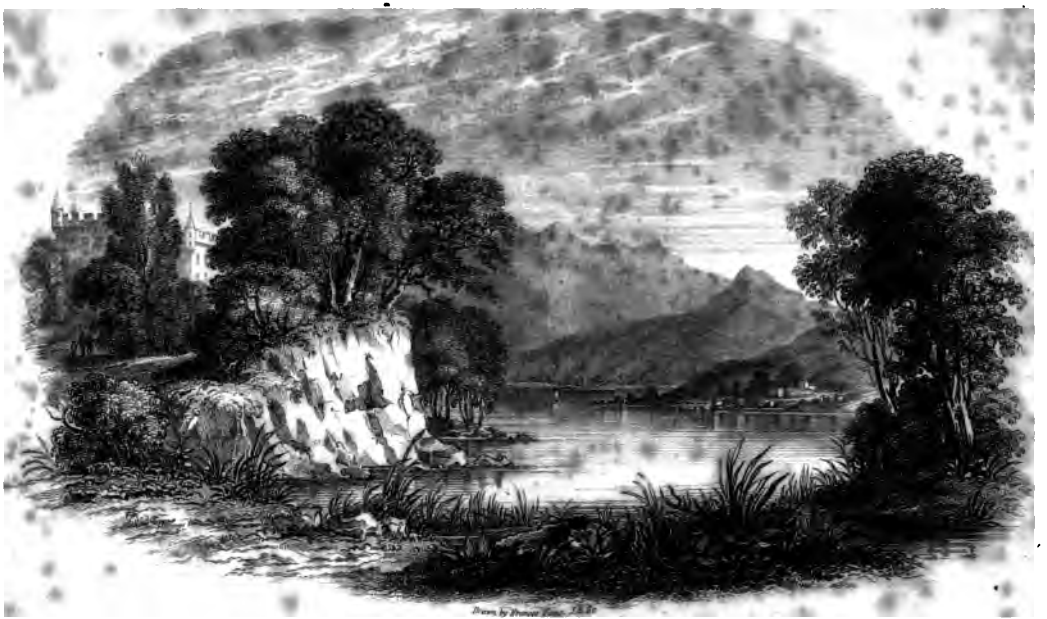
Page 52, last line, *for* had invincible repugnance *read* had *an* invincible repugnance
106, line 24, *for* you *read* him
108, line 13, *for* word *read* will
109, line 22, *for* you are *read* are you
120, line 6, *for* it was Latin *read* it was *in* Latin
123, line 21, *for* indignant tears *read* an indignant tear
142, line 8, *for* think *read* thing
237, line 12, *for* unaccountable *read* uncountable
260, last line, *for* feeling *read* feelings

ITALIAN TEXTS.

Chap. 5, *for* quel *read* quei; and *for* l'adorona *read* l'adorano
7, *for* abbandonnato la casa *read* abbandonato la casa and *for* la possessioni *read* le possessioni
10, *for* Verra *read* Verrà
11, *for* dell Agnello *read* dell' Agnello; and *for* citta *read* città

ERRATA in Vol. III.

Page 31, line 1, *for* me *read* be
37, line 21, *for* their *read* her
91, line 11, *for* stopped *read* stooped
290, line 21, *for* I can fancy *read* I fancy
325, last line, *for* do *read* did



Drawn by Thomas Fenn, R.S.A.

VIEW OF ARNMORE

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THE

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OF

GRACE KENNEDY,

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DUNALLAN;

OR,

KNOW WHAT YOU JUDGE;

A STORY.

DUNALLAN, &c.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, gentle sleep! thou art, indeed, frighted away," exclaimed Catharine Dunallan, after a night spent in vain efforts to attain that repose which had seldom before deserted her, and to banish from her thoughts the idea of the approaching day. On that day she was, for the first time since her childhood, to see her destined husband. He was her relation, though a distant one, and heir to her father's title, which descended only in the male line. To preserve this title, and the estates of both families undivided, had been equally the ambition of Catharine's father and of the father of her destined husband.

Lord Dunallan had obtained a promise from his daughter, when very young, to agree to his wishes on this subject. She had then loved him with all the ardour of nearly undivided affection, and would readily have promised any thing he had chosen to ask; but as her understanding im-

"My father's last moments were disturbed by his anxiety for the completion of a scheme formed by your Lordship and himself, to unite the title and fortunes of our families. He informed me that Miss Dunallan had consented to this union of interests. Urged by him at such a moment, I could have no choice. In six months, therefore, if I live, I shall have the honour of waiting on your Lordship, wherever you choose, to fulfil my part of the engagement."

Lord Dunallan was extremely displeased with this letter. His pride and affection for his daughter had almost triumphed over his love of family—but old ideas soon returned—it was in human nature, he wisely recollected, particularly in youth, to despise what was easily obtained. He determined to seem less anxious about this first wish of his heart, and then Dunallan would see its advantages. He did not write to him again for some time, then hoped, he said, soon to see his young relation, he flattered himself he might call him his young friend: but let him come as a friend and relation. His daughter was his companion and solace. The thought of separation was so painful, he wished he could forget it for ever.

To this letter he received no answer till within a few days of the expiration of the six months, when Dunallan announced his intention of waiting on Lord Dunallan early in the ensuing

week: and requested in gentler terms than formerly, though still cold, that in a few weeks Miss Dunallan might be permitted to return with him to Arnmore; or that he might be informed of her wishes, which he should feel himself bound to acquiesce in if possible. "Business of importance," added he, "calls me to London, perhaps abroad, and possibly for years. Wherever duty may call me, however, I beg Miss Dunallan may be assured, that the choice of her own residence shall only require the sanction of her father to secure my assent."

It would be vain to attempt describing the state of Catharine's feelings during the few days which intervened between that on which her father gave her this letter to read, and the morning of the day on which Dunallan was expected.

"My dreams of happiness have passed away for ever," thought she, as she slowly dressed; then, throwing open the window to breathe the freshness of the morning, she, for a time, forgot all her griefs while gazing at the scene before her. The sun had just risen. She had seldom seen its first rays before, and the woods, the distant mountains, and still misty lake, appeared more than usually beautiful. Almost unconscious of existence, she watched the brightening scene, till at last, recalled to herself by some one softly entering her apartment. She turned round. "My Elizabeth! how kind! but this is too

early. You cannot have recovered from the fatigues of yesterday."

Her cousin assured her she was perfectly recovered; and, having heard her window opened, she suspected that sleep had equally forsaken both. "And you know, dear Catharine," added she, "you promised if I would go quietly to bed last night, you would satisfy my curiosity completely this morning; so now, we shall have two hours to converse about every thing before a creature is awake."

"Oh! Elizabeth, every thing I have to converse about is disagreeable. I cannot find an idea to rest upon that is not painful. Even that scene, (pointing from the window,) even that is painful, for it reminds me of the cause of my being obliged to become for ever the companion of a man who regards our union with repugnance; whose affections are probably possessed by another; and whose character, even if that is not the case, is just what I detest. Oh! that I could give him those woods and fields without myself. I should find nature beautiful any where were I only free; and how many thousand times more valuable should I esteem the heart which I could win, were I a portionless girl."

Elizabeth sighed, but remained silent for a moment. "Tell me, dear Catharine," said she, "why is Mr. Dunallan's character so disagreeable to you? and why did you never mention this in your late letters to me?"

"Because——I cannot very well tell why. There is just a something in all I hear of him that I dislike. You know, Elizabeth, of the letters he wrote to my father—so stiff, so formal, and cold. I thought them quite insulting."

"It is plain," replied Elizabeth, "that he feels himself forced to marry, and that he spurns this force upon his inclinations; but, dear Catharine, I do not feel very anxious about this. When he sees and knows you, he will love his father's memory for the very thing he now most revolts at."

"Dear Elizabeth, has my father been tutoring you? You use his very words; and when you use them, I will say they are very foolish. Can you think that a man who has been travelling all over Europe—in France, Italy, Poland, in short, wherever agreeable women are to be met with—will find a simple country girl, who has scarcely ever associated with any but neighbours as simple as herself, so irresistibly charming? Particularly, too, when that girl is so prejudiced against him, that any agreeable qualities she may have will be invisible; for, you know, my face betrays all my feelings?"

"I know, my dear Catharine, that this very expressiveness of countenance, which makes you unable to conceal any thing, is the very charm which I think irresistible."

"Particularly when my face will say, 'Mr.

Dunallan, you are hateful to me, and have been so for years.' "

"But tell me why he is so hateful to you? and why have you been so secret with me on this subject?"

"Well, I will; but I have so much to tell you I do not know where to begin. I am sure, however, you will feel as I do when you know all. You remember when I was a child, and he a boy about fourteen, that he then disliked me, and we quarrelled continually."

"But, Catharine, you surely cannot allow yourself to be prejudiced by what passed then: you, a spoiled, self-willed, domineering little girl; and he a thoughtless, rambling boy."

"Never thoughtless, Elizabeth; always solemn and considerate, even then. I do not, however, form my opinion of him on such trifling grounds. I only remind you of this, to show you that naturally we do not suit each other; for even children discover what is agreeable to them in other children. Think what you choose about that, however, I have enough besides to tell you. I ought to begin, I believe, by informing you that he professes being extremely religious, much more so than other people, and is very gloomy and strict. He is called the 'Saint of Arnmore,' by the gentlemen of his own county. You shall judge whether his actions are quite consistent with these pretensions. You know, I believe, how

uncommonly tender his father's affection was for him; yet nothing would prevail on Dunallan to remain at home. I myself heard the old gentleman say, that he had intreated him only to name his wishes, and that he would consent to them. He offered him his largest estate, or both estates, while he himself should only retain a moderate annuity; but not all this eagerness for his society, in his only surviving parent, could induce this cold and self-willed being to remain, even for a few months in the year, at home; and yet he made a disgusting parade of visiting prisons, relieving distress, and representing to the different authorities wherever he went, the defects and abuses which he detected; while his father, in bad health and retirement, was left to the care of mercenaries."

"Shameful hypocrisy!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "I have heard of his benevolence and charities; and his kindness to myself when a child, and ill treated by your governess, had rather impressed me in his favour, but this trait in his character is indeed very bad."

"I have more to tell you, my dear Elizabeth. After his father's death, Dunallan dismissed every servant in the house, some of whom had lived with old Mr. Dunallan for more than twenty years; and did not give the smallest present or reward, to any one of them, excepting to a very young and pretty girl, who had only been a few

weeks in the house, to whom he gave money, and with it, hypocritical being, a Bible!"

"Shocking! But how do you know all this?"

"From the young girl herself. She came all the way from her father's cottage at Arnmore, to ask me to take her into my service; and very wisely thought that these proofs of Dunallan's partiality would recommend her to me, as, she said, she knew my 'Ladyship' was going to be married to Mr. Dunallan."

"And what is become of her?"

"I immediately sent her back to her father. I dreaded extremely that Dunallan should suppose I was making any inquiries respecting him; for though I must feel interested in all I hear of him, I have never sought for any information. All I have heard has been by accident, excepting his opinion of myself, which I believe, was purposely left for me to read, by our acquaintance Mrs. Lennox."

"Mrs. Lennox! you surely know how to appreciate any thing she says?"

"Oh, certainly I do: but this letter was addressed to her son, and was from Dunallan himself."

"But Mrs. Lennox would do any thing, my dear Catharine, to break off your marriage, in the hope that you might be won by the charms of her stupid George."

"Yes; but George is very different from his

mother, and has no preference for me. I know he is engaged to another, and this letter was the means of putting me in possession of his secret. About two years since, when I was on a visit at Mrs. Lennox's, she gave me a book which I had wished to read. In this book I found folded, and laid in, as if for a mark, a sheet of written paper. I had seen the book lying in the breakfast parlour, and it never occurred to me that it could be any thing but a quotation from it: and as I read, I supposed it a character depicted for the use, or rather warning of young ladies, to whom the book was addressed. I almost remember the words, I have thought so often of them since. It began thus,—'She was, when a child, violent and self-willed; careless of all around her, if she attained her own object. Unchecked by any one, her faults, from all I hear, have strengthened with her years: and now she is the opposite of what, in my eyes, is lovely, or loveable in woman. I allow, my friend, that when joined to feminine softness, talents in women are very desirable, and greatly increase their power of charming; but without that softness, they are very disagreeable to me: in short, I see, and thank you for the kindness of your intentions, but I cannot feel reconciled to my proposed union with Miss Dunallan.' Here, my dear, Elizabeth, I stopped, as I perceived I had by mistake been reading a letter from——it was easy to guess

whom. I immediately went in search of Mrs. Lennox, and said I had inadvertently read a letter addressed to her son. Before she could possibly have seen what I held in my hand, she exclaimed, 'Oh! what have I done! You have found Mr. Dunallan's letter to George. What shall I do! George will never forgive me.' George fortunately entered the room at that moment, and as I saw Mrs. Lennox was merely affecting to dread her son's displeasure, I told him of my mistake, showed him what I had read, and assured him, as he really appeared distressed at my having seen this character of myself, that I thought it fortunate I had, as I might correct the faults imputed to me. George took an early opportunity of imparting to me his own views and wishes. He saw his mother's plans for him, and dreaded that I might suspect he had entered into them. I have felt as a sister for George ever since that day: but I must not now spend time in talking of him. Tell me, Elizabeth, do you think it possible for me to look forward to a connection for life with this man without dread?"

Elizabeth shook her head, but remained silent.

"I believe," continued Catharine, "you agree with me in thinking what I have already told you, sufficient to take away all hopes of happiness from such an union: yet this is not all. I have described him as a son, and as a master; I have

still to make you acquainted with him as a friend and a brother. You have met with Mr. Clanmar. You know that he and Dunallan were educated together when boys. They afterwards travelled together in Holland, Germany, and other countries. You have heard that Mr. Clanmar, to the inexpressible grief of his friends, brought home a young German lady as his wife, whose character suffered extremely from the suspicious circumstances attending her marriage: in short, had her first child lived, his legitimacy might have been disputed; and this marriage was brought about, the Clanmars say, by Dunallan, whose influence over young Clanmar was then unbounded. The young lady is singularly interesting, and was a mere child at the time of her marriage; so the poor Clanmars are now, in some degree, reconciled to it: but they openly declare they can never regard Mr. Dunallan but as the most detestable of hypocrites; in short, there is something worse than I know in this story, at least there are dreadful suspicions. Young Clanmar, who is universally esteemed as one of the most amiable tempered men in the world, and indeed as very perfect in every way, never mentions Dunallan's name; and though formerly so devotedly attached to him, they now have no intercourse whatever."

"Dear Catharine!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "is

it possible Lord Dunallan knows all this, and yet can suffer you to be united to this man!"

"Yes, my own Elizabeth, my father knows it all; but he hates the Clanmars, who have always opposed him in the county, and supposes they have exaggerated these stories. I fear however, they are too true; for I can see no reason for people, so remarkable for pride of birth as they are, choosing to exaggerate stories which are disgraceful to the wife of him, who will soon be the representative of their boasted family. But now, my Elizabeth, I shall tell you the history of his only sister, as we may be interrupted. She has been dead, you know, about two years, and left two children. She was older than Dunallan, and before he left Oxford, had, with her father's consent, married a young Englishman of family and fortune. It was on Dunallan's quitting Oxford, that he first showed his dislike to living at home; and he spent much of his time in England at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Harcourt. For some time Mr. Harcourt continued one of the gayest and most fashionable men about London, but he gamed so deeply, that he very soon ruined his fortune. Dunallan went abroad in less than two years after leaving Oxford, and remained absent, until called to England by Harcourt's intreaties, whose creditors had become very troublesome. He so arranged matters, that Har-

court was permitted to accept of an appointment in India; but, ever cold and unfeeling, he compelled his unfortunate sister to remain in this country, though separation from her now unfortunate but still beloved Harcourt almost deprived her of existence. Dunallan's command of fortune, however, made him all powerful. Harcourt himself intreated his wife to remain. She died two years afterwards of a broken heart. Her children are with Dunallan, or rather with an aunt of his, whom he has got to superintend his domestic concerns, including me, I suppose. And now Elizabeth, you know his character, tell me, my real friend, what do you think I ought to do? I have given my promise to my father; I cannot retract it: but if I could delay—if I could induce Mr. Dunallan to give up his pursuit. He has the worst opinion of me. What can I do?"

Elizabeth continued silent for a few moments, then asked her friend whether she thought it quite impossible to change her father's wishes.

"Quite so, my Elizabeth. Ah, if you knew the various means I have tried in vain. I ought not to wish it," added she, rising, and bursting into tears; "I have had many happy years from his kindness; I ought not to repine at sacrificing the rest of my life to him."

"Allow me to speak on the subject to Mr. Dunallan when he arrives," said Elizabeth.

"But would that be fulfilling my promise to

my father? No, no; I must go on. Come here, my Elizabeth: look at those woods; look at those distant mountains, and those soft hills still nearer. Look at that smooth lake, as it reflects its surrounding scenery, and tell me what you feel."

Elizabeth gazed with admiration at the glorious scene before her, and then replied, "I feel, Catharine, that I could never be very unhappy with nature around me so sweet, so sublimely beautiful and soothing; unless I had lost for ever some beloved object, with whom I had enjoyed its charms; or was, by some insurmountable obstacle, separated from such a friend. I have feared to ask the question, Catharine; but there is no separation in your case, I fervently pray, which makes an union with Dunallan so dreadful to you."

"No, my dear Elizabeth; you yourself are the dearest friend I have in the world; and you, I hope, will be more with me than you have of late been. My father has watched over my happiness in this respect. In the limited circle in which he has allowed me to mix, there is no one for whom I feel a preference: and I agree with you in thinking, that while I have a heart to feel, and while nature and my friend are left to me, I cannot be quite unhappy. Whatever happens, however, life is not a long affair with any of us; particularly the miserable," added she, her eyes again filling with tears.

Elizabeth threw her arms around her friend, and wept with her, but could find no subject of consolation.

"Who is this aunt of Dunallan's?" asked she at length.

"She is the most unfortunate human creature I ever heard of," replied Catharine, "she has lost her husband, and her whole family of six children. She is talked of as a good sort of woman, but a religious enthusiast. I suppose, poor soul, her misfortunes have affected her understanding, and I feel that I ought to pity her. Yet, what a companion! Dunallan is equally gloomy and enthusiastic. Oh! my father, what a cruel choice! As he says of me, he is the complete opposite of what I could ever find it possible to love. But here comes Martin, and I must bid adieu to this subject. My heart feels relieved by conversing with you, my own Elizabeth; but, perhaps, if I am not to appear very unhappy to my father, it will be necessary to avoid in future such softening intercourse."

Elizabeth agreed; and embracing each other, as if in giving up this soothing confidence, they had given up their last consolation, Elizabeth left her young friend with the wondering Martin, who had come earlier than usual to call her lady on this eventful day.

Martin had suspected, however, that Mr. Dunallan's arrival was no cause of joy to her young

mistress. Catharine's early rising, and the tears in her eyes, confirmed her suspicions, and made her less unwilling to agree to her lady's determination to wear a very plain morning dress.

Catharine had no desire to please Mr. Dunallan. If she could have concealed her face, or deprived it of the power of expression, she would have been more satisfied. She had an additional cause of uneasiness in the numerous spectators who must witness her feelings. Lord Dunallan, from a dread of his daughter's gentle submissive looks, and melancholy sweetness of manners, which were now the only means she used to induce him to pity her; and perhaps from a dread of his own feelings, when about to part from a child he loved next to his family and name, had invited the neighbouring families in succession for several weeks. To none of them had Catharine imparted her dislike to her approaching marriage; and though the younger part wondered at their beautiful companion thus agreeing, like one of the royal family to be united to a person she had scarcely ever seen; and the elder envied the father who had so submissive a child; yet both ascribed this submission to pride, and the same love of family so remarkable in Lord Dunallan. Catharine had perceived this, and the idea of their observing all her actions thus prejudiced, chilled and discouraged her; yet she resolved not to transfer their disapprobation from herself to her father by the slightest hint of the truth.

CHAPTER II.

Lord Dunallan was alone in the breakfast room when Catharine entered. He received her with tenderness; kissed her forehead; and pressed her hastily to his bosom; glanced at her pale countenance; then saying he had forgot something, (she did not hear what,) he left her: but she heard him sigh deeply, which brought tears into her eyes, and confirmed her determination to conceal from him and every one else the dejection she felt.

Elizabeth soon joined her, and then Mrs. Lennox, her son George, and Rose his sister: the St. Clairs of the Isle, Sir Archibald and Lady Cameron of Glenmore, their son, and two daughters.

Every eye during breakfast was turned towards Catharine. Elizabeth endeavoured to divert the attention of the party, by proposing plans of amusement for the day, and this in some degree succeeded.

"Miss Dunallan has expressed no preference," said young St. Clair at last. "Miss Dunallan, I know you are fond of riding. Shall we ride?"

"Oh no! dear Miss Dunallan," exclaimed Rose Lennox, "do consent to the sailing party."

"But if Catharine prefers riding," said Miss Cameron.

"We can ride first," replied Catharine, "and then sail. The day is charming; we shall have time for both, if we order the horses immediately."

The horses were soon ready; and the younger visitors of the party set of, all gay, and in expectation of enjoyment. *She* only was sad, whom each thought had most the power of being happy.

Young St. Clair assisted Catharine to mount her horse. He had observed the dejection, which she in vain attempted to conceal, and his manner showed her that he had. He put the reins into her hand, but laid his arm on the neck of the horse. "He is very gentle," said he, stroking him.

"Yes," replied Catharine, "he obeys the slightest touch of the reins."

St. Clair looked earnestly but tenderly at Catharine, and said in a low voice, "You, Miss Dunallan, will always find it so with all whom you condescend to guide, or lead,—or love," added he, in a still lower voice.

Catharine looked languidly away, bowed coldly, and rode on.

Catharine had willingly agreed to the wishes

of her young friends, because she hoped she would, while riding or sailing, forget herself and her griefs; but though the day was charming, and her companions increased in gaiety, she could not banish thought, and became every moment more sad.

The lake was smooth, and the air soft and balmy; the surrounding scenery even more than usually beautiful; yet Catharine thought only of her approaching meeting with her hated cousin; and the time they continued to sail seemed tedious, though she dreaded its termination. At last they landed at a short distance from the castle. St. Clair offered his arm to Catharine. Elizabeth walked on her other side, and on turning round a part of the wood, they came in sight of the house, at the entrance to which a travelling carriage had just stopped. Catharine looked eagerly towards it, until she saw a gentleman, of a tall and graceful figure, alight rather slowly from it, and her father advance to meet him. She supposed it was Dunallan, and becoming as pale as death, she involuntarily shrunk back. St. Clair, who felt her tremble violently, intreated her to sit down on a garden seat near where they stood. "We have had such a fatiguing day," said he, "I am surprised at any lady having strength for such exertions." Catharine trembled so excessively, that she was obliged for a few moments to comply with his request. Annoyed, however, by

the looks and attentions of St. Clair, and by the inquiries of the rest of the party, who soon joined them, she struggled to regain composure, and leaning on Elizabeth's arm, again proceeded towards the house. St. Clair intreated her to lean on him, but she coldly declined his offer, and looking back for Rose Lennox, who instantly came to her, put her arm within hers, and in a whisper begged her to remain near her.

Lord Dunallan and the stranger now approached. Catharine dared not raise her eyes, but became very pale, and trembled violently.

"It *is* Mr. Dunallan," whispered Elizabeth, "I recollect him perfectly. He looks very mild." Catharine remained silent. The rest of the party were walking before, and Lord Dunallan first introduced Dunallan to them, then approaching. "Catharine, my love, your cousin. Elizabeth, you remember Mr. Dunallan." Catharine looked up for a moment; Dunallan's eyes were mildly fixed upon her; her's fell under his, and she blushed deeply. She felt ashamed of the appearance of bashful timidity, which she was conscious must be the impression her silence and blushes would convey to Dunallan; yet she could not speak; but recollecting all she had heard of him, and her own situation, contempt, pride, and dislike of his character regained their influence; and, though silent, she walked on with her head raised, and her eyes looking down with an ex-

pression of great haughtiness. Dunallan entered into conversation with Elizabeth. The very tone of his voice was disagreeable to Catharine; because so different from what she expected it to be from the person she had so long pictured in her imagination. It was singularly mild and low.

"I have travelled in so many climates, and been exposed to such scorching suns, that I am surprised and flattered at your recollecting me, Miss Murray; yet I believe it is the expression of a friend's countenance we remember. I should have known you also, had I seen you smile."

"And Miss Dunallan, should you have known her?" asked Elizabeth.

"I believe not:" then looking past Elizabeth for a moment, "Yes, Miss Dunallan is less changed than I thought, the first moment I had the pleasure of seeing her."

Catharine pressed Elizabeth's arm; for Dunallan breathed a short sigh after saying this.

Elizabeth was not surprised at his sigh, when she looked at Catharine; for she had no idea her friend could look so little agreeable.

They walked on for a short way in silence. Dunallan then remarked the improvements which had taken place around Dunallan Castle during his absence.

"Can you admire our poor Scotland, after

having visited Italy and Switzerland?" asked Elizabeth.

"I have seen no scenery *to me* more beautiful than what now surrounds me since I left Scotland," replied Dunallan; "That at Arnmore only surpasses it," added he, smiling.

"Yours is a very happy taste, Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine, in rather an ironical tone of voice.

"Is it so unfortunate as to differ from yours, Miss Dunallan?"

"I certainly have never seen any place I preferred to Dunallan Castle," replied Catharine, "but I have never been out of Scotland, and imagine I should admire the scenery of some other countries still more, unless their describers greatly flatter them."

"I believe," answered Dunallan, "that even after you have seen those countries, you will not condemn my taste."

Catharine made no reply.

The party soon reached the house, and as it was late, separated to dress for dinner. Catharine followed Elizabeth to her room.

"Well, my dear Elizabeth, you see we have differed in opinion already."

"Yes, dear Catharine; but I must have you to lay aside that expression of haughtiness; and that contemptuous tone of voice. You provoke hostility."

"But I cannot help it, Elizabeth, and I confess you surprised me by entering so cordially into conversation with a person who you know has so many faults, and of whom you yourself expressed so bad an opinion before you met."

"I really had forgot for a time, what you told me, dear Catharine, there is something so singularly sincere and pleasing in his looks and manner."

"I have not looked at him yet," replied Catharine, "and cannot so soon forget his father or his sister, or his friend; but good bye, Elizabeth, I wish I *could* forget, and feel some of the complacency for him which you do."

When Catharine entered the drawing-room before dinner, she found most of the party assembled. A glance around the room, however, told her that Dunallan was not there. She felt relieved, and joined Mrs. Lennox and others, who were examining some prints which Lord Dunallan had just received from London. Catharine accepted of a seat placed for her by St. Clair, who protested against her standing after having suffered so much from fatigue. As the prints were in a large volume, it was impossible to see them when sitting. St. Clair and young Cameron therefore supported the book, so as to place the prints in an advantageous situation. Lady Cameron and Mrs. St. Clair chose to stand behind Catharine. Elizabeth, Rose, and the

others, also stood near her, while she, thrown back in her chair, scarcely conscious of what passed, languidly expressed her opinion, which was constantly appealed to by all the party. Dunallan entered during this scene. Catharine did not immediately change her attitude, but turned her eyes towards the door. Dunallan stood for a moment near the party, then, with a look of displeasure, turned away, and joined Lord Dunallan, who was standing in a window, absorbed in his own thoughts. Catharine felt her face glow, and leant forward to conceal it. Dunallan's was the same indignant glance which she used to dread when a child, because she always knew she deserved it. Now she was unconscious of its cause. She soon, however, recollected his opinion of her; proud, selfish, spoiled by prosperity; and she supposed her looks conveyed to him these impressions, surrounded by adulation as she was at that moment. "But what right has he," thought she, "to restrain or to dictate to me?" She raised her head, and again leaning back in her chair, began to talk to St. Clair, who, all animation and attention, watched and read her expressive countenance.

"Have you seen those prints, Mr. Dunallan?" asked his Lordship, approaching the table.

Dunallan followed slowly and stood behind Rose.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Catharine, when the

next print was shown. "Beautiful!" exclaimed every one except Dunallan.

"Mr. Dunallan, do you not think it beautiful?" asked Rose.

"I have seen the original painting," replied Dunallan, "and I think the print might have been much better."

"I too have seen the original painting," said St. Clair, "but must still agree with Miss Dunallan in thinking the print exquisitely fine."

Dunallan was silent.

Another print was shown.

"That is surely very fine," said Rose. "To me it appears beautiful."

"It is so," said Dunallan, "and does justice to the painting from which it has been taken."

"Particularly that part," remarked Catharine, pointing to the foreground, which was very unmeaning.

"No," replied Dunallan, in a calm voice, "but the painter of that piece is famous for his distances, while his foregrounds are always defective. Miss Lennox's taste is perfectly correct in admiring that part of the print to which she pointed."

"Oh," said Rose, "Catharine and I are both right."

Many more prints were turned over, but Catharine gave no opinion; and St. Clair seemed so much inclined to dispute whatever Dunallan

said, that she felt quite relieved when dinner was announced.

The day passed on. Catharine felt constrained by being conscious that she was observed by every one. She dreaded that her looks should betray her feelings. She wished to appear not unhappy to her father; yet, in making this attempt, she feared that the calm, and as she thought, very proud-looking Dunallan, might suppose she was pleased with her future prospects, which she felt became more alarming to her every time she ventured to think. These contending feelings gave to her countenance an expression of abstraction and uneasiness; while her indifference, and careless answers to those around her, by whom she was accustomed to be treated with a deference and attention which had unconsciously led her to disregard all they said, gave her the appearance of a dissatisfied spoiled child. Her eyes often met Dunallan's, and each time the expression of his seemed to increase in disapprobation, and she thought even in contempt. Catharine felt this extremely. Adulation, endeavours to soothe, if she was out of temper, and solicitude to discover her wishes, she was always accustomed to, and scarcely perceived; but, excepting from Elizabeth, or her own heart, she seldom saw a look, or heard a word of reproof. Every family in the neighbourhood had wished, in some way, to connect her with them. Of high

birth, and immense fortune, very beautiful, and, in general, amiable in temper, she was indisputably the most charming and most admired young lady in that part of the country. Her father's intention of uniting her to her cousin was well known; but, at the same time, all who were acquainted with her character supposed, that, though disengaged affections, and pride of family, might lead her to agree to her father's wishes before she saw the person proposed, that if she disliked him, nothing would induce her to proceed. Dunallan's long absence, and Lord Dunallan's ill-concealed displeasure, had increased their hopes. Mrs. Lennox felt certain that George, from the affectionate manner in which Catharine treated him, was not indifferent to her. The St. Clairs thought their Arthur irresistible, where there was no other engagement; and so did St. Clair, who was extremely handsome, and almost as much admired by the ladies as Catharine was by the other sex. Poor young Cameron was too modest to think himself worthy of such an angel; yet every gentle look she bestowed on him was the foundation of a day dream,—so delightful, that its demolition by her next look of total indifference equalled it in wretchedness. He lingered still near her, though he a thousand times determined to separate himself as far as the antipodes from her bewitching smiles, and killing indifference. His mother knew of his passion, and endeavoured to

gain Catharine's confidence by every gentle and winning method, and to recommend her son, by her constant praises of his excellence as a son and a brother. The Miss Camerons looked up to Catharine as the model of all perfection, and paid her the deference of the heart. Mrs. Lennox flattered her. Rose really loved, and was really loved by her. Lord Dunallan was quite satisfied, however, that none of these young men, nor their friends, had made any impression on Catharine's heart; and felt rather gratified that Dunallan should see the devotion of these families, the heirs of whom each possessed fortunes twice as large as his. Lord Dunallan watched Catharine's looks on this day. She saw that he did; and also that he was anxious to make all go on smoothly. But it would not do. St. Clair seemed to watch every opportunity of disputing with Dunallan, or of making him appear ridiculous, which, from his natural quickness, and very frequently exercised talent for satire, he generally found himself able to do whenever he attempted it with others. Dunallan's calmness, his temperate replies, and his unmoved politeness, were however too much for St. Clair, and he evidently lost his temper.

"Let us have some music, my love," said Lord Dunallan to his daughter. "Mr. Dunallan, I suppose, prefers Italian to any other." "No, my Lord, I prefer Scotch," said Dunallan. "In-

deed! Is it possible for one who has travelled to preserve a taste so simple?"

"My taste is very simple, my Lord. In music I prefer that with which I can associate some pleasing idea."

"And is Scotland so happy as to have inspired your most pleasing ideas, Mr. Dunallan?" asked St. Clair with affected simplicity.

"More so than Italy, at least," replied Dunallan. "There is a charm, to be sure, in the idea of *home* to every one," said St. Clair.

Dunallan for the first time seemed moved. "I did not say *home*," replied he. "You, Mr. St. Clair, know I could not *mean* it."

There was an expression of so much pain, as well as displeasure, in Dunallan's countenance, when he said this, that Catharine felt touched. She addressed him in a gentle tone of voice, and, though he did not instantly regain his composure, they soon entered into conversation. They talked first about music, and Catharine played and sung whatever he wished. He continued near her during the rest of the evening, and though in conversation he often differed from her in opinion, and his looks expressed less of that pleasure and admiration with which she was generally listened to, than curiosity, and a wish to read her mind in her countenance, yet she felt, when they parted for the night, that his look was not one of disapprobation.

"I will not stay a moment with you, dear Catharine," said Elizabeth, following her into her apartment, "for you are quite worn out; only tell me in one word, are you not more pleased than you expected?"

"You need not be so careful of me, dear Elizabeth, I shall not soon sleep."

"Well; but answer me."

"I cannot answer you, Elizabeth. He is quite different from what I expected."

"Do not you find him very agreeable in manner?"

"Oh! agreeable and polished enough to make me certain he will despise my defects."

"Ridiculous! Your defects, Catharine. But good night. I see you think as I do."

Catharine again declared she could not sleep. But Elizabeth insisted on leaving her; and though at first a thousand confused and interesting thoughts kept her awake, they soon assumed the form of dreams, and these were lost in more profound sleep.

CHAPTER III.

Next morning at breakfast, Lord Dunallan said, that if his friends would excuse him, he wished to pay a visit in the neighbourhood, which would detain him all the forenoon, and he was anxious before his departure, to discover whether there was any plan of amusement arranged for the day. Every one declared they would find amusement for themselves, and begged his Lordship to take no charge of them.

"Catharine, my love," said Lord Dunallan, "you will show your cousin the additions I have made to the library." This particular charge of her cousin committed to Catharine, brought a blush over her countenance, and an expression of displeasure.

Dunallan looked for her answer. She only bowed her assent very coldly.

"I believe, my Lord, I ought to relieve Miss Dunallan from this task, and accompany your Lordship part of the way. I wish to call on my young friend Clanmar."

"Clanmar!" exclaimed Catharine, quite thrown off her guard by surprise.

Dunallan looked for an explanation. Catharine blushed deeply. "I thought—I supposed—I did not know—I had been led to believe"—and she stopped.

"I believe I understand you, Miss Dunallan. You had been led to believe that Mr. Clanmar had reason to think himself injured by me, under the mask of friendship."

Catharine blushed again still more deeply; but was silent. There was something about Dunallan that quite deprived her of all presence of mind. Every look, every word he uttered, every expression of his open and animated countenance, was in direct contradiction to the character she had formed of him in idea; and his plain avowal of the truth on this occasion left her unable to say a word. She was relieved by Mrs. Lennox, who said, "One hears such stories of all one's friends, that it is necessary to believe absolutely nothing."

"Would it not be better, Mrs. Lennox," asked Dunallan, "to discover from our friends themselves whether there is any truth in such stories? if there is, our advice may be of use; if not, we may put our friend on his guard, or assist him in disproving them."

"Your theory is beautiful, Mr. Dunallan," said Mrs. Lennox, "but I fear impracticable; for the first consequence of telling a friend that such a one said so and so of him, would be a challenge;

and I believe Mr. Dunallan is an enemy to duelling."

"Certainly," replied Dunallan, "but it is not necessary to mention names on such an occasion."

"But," said Mrs. Lennox, "I should doubt the truth of what was told me; particularly," added she, laughing, "if it detracted from my own merits, unless I was informed who said it, and all about it, every way."

"I did not advert to being disbelieved, I confess," replied Dunallan, smiling. "I have yet to learn how to act upon such an occasion."

"But the situation of gentlemen and ladies is entirely different," rejoined Mrs. Lennox, "we stand in no awe of duels; so we can politely insinuate that we suspect there has been some misstatement, some mistake of names or persons. Oh, a hundred ways, which by degrees brings us to the bottom of every thing. I am pretty certain I could discover even Mr. Dunallan's authorities, if he told me some evil story he had heard of me."

Dunallan declined entering the lists with so dangerous a person, and retired with Lord Dunallan, who seemed rather anxious to depart. Catharine felt relieved by his absence; and after she had engaged the rest of the party in such amusements as suited their different tastes, she retired with Elizabeth to converse with her about

Dunallan, and her own hopes and fears respecting the future.

This and several other days passed away without apparently producing much difference in the feelings of any of the party. Lord Dunallan continued to press his visitors to prolong their stay, and Catharine joined her intreaties, from a dread of the party becoming so small as to force a more intimate intercourse with Dunallan, whom she found every hour more difficult to understand, and whose presence was a continual restraint to her, because, though she hardly avowed it to herself, she dreaded his opinion, and was conscious that of her it very often was unfavourable; but though he so frequently differed from her, and even in what she esteemed trifles, showed that difference of opinion; yet he was uniformly so gentle and polite in his manner, that she could not make herself believe he wished to offend. A thousand times in a day she would say to herself, "Why do I dread his disapprobation? Let him disapprove, let him abandon this heartless, interested engagement; let him despise me, and leave me in peace." Yet the next time she joined in conversation, or gave her opinion, her eye involuntarily glanced towards Dunallan; and if he was of the same opinion, or seemed pleased with what she had said, she felt a lightness of heart which led her on to speak, until she had said something, or laughed at, or

joined in ridiculing some opinion or person undeserving of such treatment; and then Dunallan's grave expression, when every one else laughed, made her uneasy, and unable to enjoy any thing that passed.

"That stern cast-down of his eyes—that fixedly grave look, when we are only amusing ourselves," said she to Elizabeth, "is such a reflection upon us all, even upon my father, it is quite intolerable."

"Mr. St. Clair is to blame, however," replied Elizabeth, "for those reproving looks. He knows Mr. Dunallan's strict way of thinking about ridicule, and religion, and some other things; yet he always contrives to introduce these subjects into conversation in the very way to provoke Mr. Dunallan's grave looks: and I think you must allow, Catharine, that Mr. Dunallan has always the just side in an argument, and leaves Mr. St. Clair without a word to advance but some silly piece of sophistry, or foolish jest, which only discovers the weakness of the side he has taken."

"But St. Clair is never serious," replied Catharine, "he only wishes to amuse us, while Mr. Dunallan is always so grave, and so full of wisdom, and seems so anxious to lead the conversation to wiser subjects."

"True," replied Elizabeth; "but indeed, Catharine, I greatly prefer his conversation to Mr. St. Clair's. I find it much more interesting. You

know I have always found those men most agreeable, who treated us women most like equals and rational creatures. You, my dear Catharine, have been more accustomed to flattery, and admiring deference of opinion from the other sex than I have, and of course will feel the total want of this in Dunallan more than I do."

"No, Elizabeth, it is not that foolish flattery I regret; but I am not accustomed to contemptuous, and disapproving looks; and I confess I do feel them," added she, bursting into tears.

"My dearest Catharine, you entirely mistake his looks. You generally rely on what I say; and I declare that were I asked what I thought his feelings for you were, I would say, that he already felt deeply interested, and even tenderly for you."

"Dear Elizabeth," exclaimed Catharine, rising, and speaking with much emotion, "what an idea. For once you think as you wish. Feel tenderly! Is watching every word I say, in general to differ from me tenderness? Was that remark he made to me this morning, 'that young women of fortune seemed to forget they were responsible creatures' tenderness? He seems to consider me a spoiled child, an useless being, guided by no principle, but at the mercy of my own caprice. Oh, Elizabeth! I see he despises me; and he has taught me to despise myself;

for I feel, on reflection, that his opinion of me is not unjust."

"I still think you quite mistaken, however," replied Elizabeth, "in the opinion you suppose he has formed of you. You remember the description he gave the other evening of a lady, a friend of his, Mrs. Henry Williams?"

"Perfectly, and I remember his looks when he turned to me while describing her; they said, 'Attend, silly girl; compare your aimless, trifling, useless life, with that of this truly virtuous and religious, and marvellously active wife, and daughter, and mother, and friend, and sister, and every thing!' I shall be introduced to this paragon, Elizabeth; she lives near Arnmore, and I suppose Dunallan means me to regard her as my model; with her schools, and cares for the poor, 'which,' as he said, 'did not consist in merely giving them money without inquiring into their temporal, and still more important concerns.' Oh, I remember his very words!"

"But, dear Catharine, what can you condemn in his words!"

"Oh, nothing! I wish I could."

"But, Catharine, I was going to tell you what he said of you."

"Of me!"

"Yes." After describing Mrs. Henry Williams, he turned to me, and said in reply to my admiring praises of her character, "Your cousin,

I think, greatly resembles Mrs. Williams in her natural disposition, if I have rightly judged from the little I have seen of her; and I think would have probably been a very similar character, had she been educated in the school of adversity, like poor Mrs. Williams."

"Is it possible he said this of me?" asked Catharine, eagerly.

"Precisely as I have repeated it," replied Elizabeth.

Catharine remained absorbed in thought for a few moments; then waking from her reverie, she exclaimed, "But, Elizabeth, what is become of all the unexplained evil stories we have heard of this same unaccountable Dunallan? his father, his sister."

"Oh, they cannot be true," replied Elizabeth; "you know the history about Mr. Clanmar must be without foundation, since he called here yesterday, and seemed to regard Mr. Dunallan with the greatest affection and respect."

"He is a mystery altogether," said Catharine, gaily. "And so I am like Mrs. Williams, only I require adversity," added she, painfully; "perhaps Mr. Dunallan may supply this deficiency to me."

A few evenings after this conversation, Lord Dunallan sent to request his daughter's company in the library. Catharine dreaded this *tête a tête*,

but immediately attended her father. She found him surrounded by papers. "My dear child," said he, "come and sit down by me. I wish to consult you on a subject very interesting to both of us. You know the fortune I shall leave you and your cousin will be immense. I am sure you will join me in thinking that my sister, your Elizabeth's mother, ought not to suffer inconveniencies from the narrowness of her fortune while we are so affluent. Her children are now advancing in life; and I have been thinking, that to leave each of them an independence would be most agreeable to my sister, who is rather proud on these subjects, but who would not act contrary to the interests of her children. After your marriage, my love, I shall consider my fortune as a trust for you, therefore"——

"My dearest father," interrupted Catharine, "do not speak thus. Follow your own generous wishes. I have never thought of this. My aunt has always appeared comfortable and happy. I knew she was beloved by you. If there is any way of increasing her happiness, I intreat you do not hesitate, or think of the future."

"How you run on my Catharine. I never can get you to listen to these subjects; but now, my love, it is your duty to attend to them. The wife or the mother who disregards these matters, may bring ruin and disgrace on those most dear to

her. But to return to my sister, here is the letter I have written to her, and the addition I wish to make to the fortunes of her children."

Catharine read the letter, then said, "I suppose, my dear Father, you mean the sum you have mentioned for each of my cousins."

"You are very magnificent in your ideas, my love, I mean what I have mentioned as a provision for the whole. Do you approve, my Catharine?"

"Oh, most heartily; but do, my dearest Father, make it to each."

"Pho', child, you are foolish. But I must see Mr. Dunallan; after what has passed between his father and me, I think myself accountable to him for the way in which I spend my fortune."

"I may go, I suppose," said Catharine, rising.

"No, my love, stay."

She reluctantly resumed her seat, and Dunallan soon appeared. He was informed of the business by Lord Dunallan.

"I request—I intreat, my Lord, you will never think of consulting me on such matters, nor suppose for a moment that I am capable of desiring to control your Lordship in the manner in which you choose to spend any part, or the whole of your fortune." He was retiring. Lord Dunallan intreated him to stay.

"You will greatly oblige me, Mr. Dunallan,

if you will act as the heir of my fortune—give me your opinion—let me feel that you are satisfied. You are acquainted with what passed between your Father and myself. In my situation you would feel as I do, that I cannot alienate any part of my fortune from the husband of my child without his concurrence. I beg, therefore, that on all occasions you will allow me to consult you respecting my affairs."

He again offered the letter to Dunallan.

"Impossible, my Lord," said he, drawing back rather coldly, "I can interfere no farther in your Lordship's concerns than to say, that, if any transaction passed between you and my father, which your Lordship conceives gives me any title to interfere in the disposal of your fortune, you will allow me to withdraw that title by any act which can do so."

"I know of no act, Mr. Dunallan," replied his Lordship, proudly, "which can cancel the promises of a man of honour to a friend after the death of that friend. But it is possible to deprive myself of the pleasure I intended."

"My Lord," said Dunallan, "pardon me. I knew not the nature of the engagement to which you alluded. Command me—I am willing to do precisely as you wish."

Lord Dunallan seemed unwilling to proceed in the business. Dunallan laid his hand on the letter, and looked for his Lordship's permission

to read it. He bowed coldly. Dunallan perused it carefully, then asked if Lord Dunallan would permit him to add a few words. "Certainly," replied his Lordship, smiling in reply to Dunallan's conciliating looks and tone of voice. Dunallan wrote a few words, and then returned the letter to his Lordship, who read the words he had written, and then presented it to Catharine, and said, smiling, "I think my love, Mr. Dunallan and you have had some secret communication about this affair."

Catharine read the words Dunallan had written—"I therefore, my dear sister, request your acceptance of the provision I have mentioned." Dunallan had added, "For each of your dear children." "I hope, my dear father, you will be persuaded by Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine, eagerly.

"But, my dear, I must sell an estate to raise this sum."

"No, my Lord," said Dunallan, "that is unnecessary, my father left—but," looking at Catharine, "your Lordship and I can settle all that at another time."

Lord Dunallan then proposed walking, as the evening was charming, and they found that the rest of the party had gone out. They walked together for some time, but at last Lord Dunallan, recollecting he had something to say to his steward, who had just passed them, he left Catha-

rine to entertain her cousin. She had hitherto carefully avoided being left-alone with Dunallan, and the more so because she had observed that he seemed rather anxious to detain her, when, notwithstanding all her care, she did happen to be found alone by him. She now looked in vain for the rest of the party; they were not in sight, and as she had just been admiring the beauty of the evening, and had proposed to her father that they should walk to a particular hill a good way off, she could find no pretext for leaving Dunallan. He offered his arm, and they walked on for a few moments in silence. Catharine dreaded his saying any thing which might advert to their peculiar situation, and searched in her own mind for some subject of conversation as far from it as possible, but could find none. She was relieved from her search by Dunallan, whose first question seemed to say he had been equally anxious to avoid the subject.

"Do you generally spend the winter at Dunallan Castle, Miss Dunallan?"

"Yes. We have spent two winters at Edinburgh, but all the other winters of my life have been spent at Dunallan Castle."

"Have you found your winters at Edinburgh pass more happily than those at Dunallan Castle?"

"Not nearly so happily."

"Indeed!"

"No, because on the whole we lived more retiredly at Edinburgh than we do here."

"And why so, may I be permitted to ask?"

Catharine hesitated. She could not tell Dunallan what she believed was the true cause—her father's solicitude to prevent the possibility of her forming any engagement which might prevent their future union. "My father's chief pleasures," said she at last, "consist in reading, and attending to county affairs, and the associates he prefers are either learned men, or those friends who reside in our neighbourhood. In Edinburgh, our society consisted of a few old gentlemen, Sir Hugh Cawdor, Professor B——, Dr. L——, and a few others, and one or two of our country neighbours, who went to town because we did."

"And you tired extremely."

"I did, because I knew gayer scenes, and society more suited to my taste, might easily have been enjoyed by me, had my father permitted it. Even Elizabeth, who is so much more grave and sensible than I am, used to tire of our evenings at Edinburgh, and laugh at my miserable walks with my duenna, in the meadow; for we lived in that dull part of the town called George's Square."

Dunallan smiled, and asked "whether she had never joined in any public amusement?"

"Oh yes, my father went with me as often as

I chose to the Theatre; but I tired of the bad actors who are generally to be seen there. Oh I prefer Dunallan Castle a thousand times to that stupid town, which I never could suffer till towards the spring, when I was permitted to walk, or drive about to see the beautiful views in its neighbourhood."

"You have, indeed, many sources of amusement and pleasure at this beautiful residence, Miss Dunallan, and I must compliment you on the taste you have displayed in laying out those picturesque grounds in the glen. I knew not until to-day, that the plan was entirely yours. When I was here formerly, nothing was to be seen there but woods—thick impenetrable woods."

"Ah," said Catharine, sighing, "I was greatly occupied whilst my plan was carrying into execution. I believe I was never more happy; but when it was finished, I almost wished I could have restored the thick woods again. I wearied of its new form. I then amused myself by having that little Gothic building erected, which I endeavoured, by reading many books on architecture, and by procuring numberless plans, to make very perfect. I read every day for a month or two in that peaceful retreat, and I got suitable books, and Gothic furniture; but I soon tired more there than any where else; and though I had declared my determination that *there* I should enjoy complete solitude, and must not on any ac-

count be disturbed, I soon longed for some intruder. I had my harp carried there also, but tired of the novelty of playing and singing alone. Now I scarcely ever go there but when I am in such low spirits as to hate company; and I prefer any other walk to the glen."

"Are you so very inconstant, Miss Dunallan?" asked her cousin, smiling.

Catharine blushed. She had talked on in her usual way, exactly saying what came into her head, and what was indeed the real truth; but this question, and the smile which accompanied it, recalled to her ideas how strongly this account of herself must confirm Dunallan in the opinion he had formed of her. She hesitated, then determining to affect nothing, she replied, "I suppose I *am* very whimsical and inconstant, for none of the pursuits I have ever followed have afforded me half the pleasure I expected."

"Because," replied Dunallan, with much gentleness, "you have been given a mind, my dear Miss Dunallan, which cannot be satisfied with the pursuits you have hitherto followed. What you have with so much ardour, made your first and favourite objects of pursuit, (will you pardon me for saying it,) ought only to have been resorted to as recreations for a mind such as yours. You will not be surprised when I own to you, that your character has been my particular study

ever since I have been here. I have endeavoured to make myself acquainted with the nature of your pursuits. I have learnt with what unwearied eagerness you followed them; and have now heard you confess your disappointment. I have seen your glen, your Gothic building, your garden, your green-house, your music-room, your library, your paintings."

"Oh! stop this enumeration," exclaimed Catharine, "I am sufficiently ashamed of my changeable unsatisfied feelings. But there are some things, Mr. Dunallan, in which I have never changed. My father and Elizabeth are always the same to me. It is because I have had but few living objects of interest, that I have endeavoured to fix my affections on those which are incapable of satisfying the heart."

"When Elizabeth is with you, do you never feel any of this weariness and dissatisfaction?" asked Dunallan mildly.

"Not so much; and if I had several Elizabeths, I dare say I should never feel it."

"My dear Miss Dunallan," replied her cousin, "do not suppose that I presume to censure you, or any pursuit that has afforded you pleasure. I rather wished to express the admiration I felt, for the correct and beautiful taste which has led you, in comparative retirement, to arrive at a perfection in those pursuits which I have looked

for in vain amongst those who have had opportunities of forming their ideas from the first models in the world."

"Flattery! even from you, Mr. Dunallan! this I did not expect."

"I do not flatter, Miss Dunallan. I speak my real sentiments. All I have seen done by your direction, to improve the scenery around you, has, in my opinion, been charmingly done. Your Gothic reading retirement is in the most correct taste; your garden—all, indeed, appears to me in an uncommon degree perfect. Your paintings are so, from the just taste which has prevented your attempting what is beyond the power of almost any but artists to attain. Your music, from the same reason, is singularly pleasing. In short, you must not be displeased with me when I say, that I greatly admire both your natural powers, and the energy with which they have been cultivated. And allow me to add, that the more interest I feel in the possessor of these powers, the more anxious shall I be to see them directed to objects which will afford her a more pleasing reward than the weariness of which she complains, and which, though felt I believe by all who are engaged in trifling pursuits, becomes the supreme misery of a superior mind."

There was something so earnest, yet kind and gentle in Dunallan's voice and manner, that Catharine felt softened. "I long most earnestly,"

replied she, "to have such pursuits in my power."

"And may I ask," returned Dunallan, "were you completely your own mistress, what would be the first object of your wishes?"

"Oh!" said Catharine, "friends—friends whom I could love. I would search for them wherever I went; and I should go every where, and see every thing that is worth seeing."

"And where would you first go, in this search?"

"To London perhaps."

"To London in search of friends!" interrupted Dunallan smiling.

"I should expect to meet the most polished and agreeable society of my country there," replied Catharine, "and amongst them I surely might find some to love, and many to admire; a sentiment I have scarcely ever experienced, and thought so very delightful when I did."

"Delightful indeed!" replied Dunallan, "but after you had found friends, and objects of admiration?—"

"I should in their society enjoy whatever offered: books, the theatre. We might travel in other countries, in search of those beauties and perfections not to be found in our own. Oh! I should never be unhappy anywhere, surrounded by those I loved."

They had now reached the summit of the hill

to which Catharine proposed walking. After having slowly ascended by a path rendered almost dark by the deep woods which surrounded and overshadowed them, they at once, on turning a rocky point, came upon an opening in the road which discovered a scene of extreme grandeur and beauty. The hill on which they stood, steep, rocky, and covered with hanging woods, was washed at its base by the gently swelling waves of a far-extended inland bay, whilst all around rose woody hills and bold towering mountains, sometimes nearly meeting, and then receding, as if to disclose the beauteous lakes that lay within their sheltering grandeur, and now reflected in softened majesty the wild and varied beauties of their guardian mountains. Far beyond was seen a boundless ocean, peaceful and sublime, and here and there the faint but picturesque outline of some distant islands, half mingling with the clouds that glowed around the setting sun. All nature seemed hushed in silent pleasure. No sound was heard but the distant plash of oars from the little fishing boats that slowly glided homewards. The song of the blackbird, soft and wild, added sweetness and sadness to the feelings inspired by the universal calm, and sublime grandeur of the scene.

"What a scene!" exclaimed Dunallan. They both for some moments gazed in silent admiration.

"I do not remember this magnificent view," resumed he. "How could I, even as a boy, be so dead to all that is great and beautiful in nature?"

"It was not then known to be so fine," said Catharine. "It is so only from this side of the hill; and no one had thought of clearing away the wood, which was so close and thick as wholly to intercept the view."

"This, then, is another instance of your taste, Miss Dunallan," said her cousin.

She smiled.

"And do you weary of this also?" asked he.

"Oh never. But this glorious scene inspires feelings almost as painful as weariness. One's mind feels so bounded, so confined, so dark—amidst such splendid displays of nature."

"Of nature!" repeated Dunallan. He paused and looked at Catharine. "What or who is nature?" continued he. "Shall we, when we gaze on such a scene as this, say 'The heavens declare the glory of *nature*—the earth is full of *her* glory?' Why, my dear Miss Dunallan, should we substitute a mere idea in the room of the glorious Being who has created that profusion of magnificence and beauty, and who formed in the human heart a capacity to feel so deeply what is magnificent and beautiful? Why, by ascribing this glory to a vague idea, separate ourselves still farther from its real and ever-present Author,

who so powerfully solicits and demands our affections, and claims even the first place in our hearts? It is because love is the natural consequence of admiration, that we feel a sort of oppression on our feelings when we most intensely admire the glories around us, without raising our hearts to their Author. We cannot love inanimate nature in the degree we admire it. We cannot love an undefined idea; and we do not make ourselves acquainted with the character of the real Author, nor regard the light he pours around us in every part of his creation."

Catharine felt awed by Dunallan's manner; but after a pause replied. "Was nature always as we now see it, we should certainly wish to discard whatever might prevent us from attempting to ascend in thought to its divine Author: but I have seen that bay dark and gloomy, and dangerous—the trees on its banks rent by the storm—the boats tossing on the waves.—I have been detained hours in this shelter, watching their perilous landing, whilst wives, and children, and mothers, were suffering anguish from their terrors: Then—"

"Then," mildly interrupted Dunallan," the lesson was only different, and taught what is equally necessary to be known,—that the Being who generally speaks to us in the language of love and mercy can also frown." The sound of

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tharine and Dunallan walked on in silence. Her thoughts were fixed on his last words, "a life of usefulness;" she wished to know his ideas of such a life. The conversation this evening had increased her esteem for Dunallan, yet she felt even less able than before to understand him. She wished, however, that she could, and determined that, in future, she would not avoid his society. As they were entering the house, she said to him, smiling,

"Mr. Dunallan, you must tell me what you think is a useful life at some other time."

"I shall be most happy to tell you," replied he, "and if you would agree with me—if in this we could be of the same opinion;" he hesitated—then stopped, and left the sentence unfinished.

St. Clair was near, and heard what passed. They then joined the party in the drawing-room. St. Clair almost immediately addressed Dunallan in his usual slighting tone of voice and manner.

"Pray, Mr. Dunallan, are you one of those people who approve of young ladies teaching poor children to read the Bible, &c. &c. instead of sending them, in the good old way, to be taught by some old woman in the village?"

"I think," replied Dunallan, with unmoved calmness, "that where there is an old woman capable of teaching, it would be a pity to supersede her in her profession; but I think young ladies most properly and most amiably employed

in superintending and encouraging the old woman in her labours."

"Well," resumed St. Clair, "I confess I have not been able to perceive the benefit poor children can receive from the instructions of young ladies, that they might not equally receive from that of old women; and I mean, when I get a seat in Parliament, to offer my services to the old ladies, to bring in a bill to guard the profession against those pretty intruders; and that for their sakes, as much as that of the old ladies; for I know nothing so likely to injure the charms of the lovelier sex as the air and manner of a school-mistress."

All the young ladies laughed excepting Rose.

"I beg, Mr. St. Clair," said Mrs. Lennox, "that you will have the goodness to let that subject remain at rest. Teaching the poor is the fashion of the day, and my poor Rose has been infected by it; but she has an inaptitude about her at doing any thing, even a fashionable thing fashionably. Instead of subscribing, as I do, to Lady Mary D.'s school in our neighbourhood, and always going to its examinations, and presenting the children with new dresses—for they have such a neat uniform,—instead of this, my poor Rose must have a dozen little miserable things, who are too sickly to walk so far as the school, in her room, and teach them to read the

Bible, during those very hours I wished her to devote to her harp."

Rose blushed, and tears started into her eyes.

"You know, Mamma, I was to rise two hours earlier for my harp."

"Oh, yes, my dear, and look like a ghost from want of sleep! Ridiculous!"

"Surely," said George Lennox, "ten hours of sleep is too much, either for health, or in a moral point of view."

"Dear George," said Mrs. Lennox, "do not encourage your sister. She will think I was quite cruel in preventing her spending the precious hours necessary to acquire those accomplishments, which are quite indispensible, in teaching a few miserable cottagers, what, if they are to live, they will learn equally well in the next village."

"Which is four miles off," said George, "and the school not large enough to admit nearly all the children who have strength to walk; consequently, half the girls around us have scarcely any means of instruction."

"I did not know you were so intimately acquainted with their affairs, George," said his mother, trying to smile.

"I am perfectly acquainted with their situation," replied George, "and long most earnestly to see it improved."

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Sir Archibald

Cameron, addressing Lord Dunallan, "I think there is something very amiable in the enthusiasm for improving the state of the poor, which is so general at present amongst well-disposed young people."

"Very amiable indeed," replied his Lordship, with an air of absence.

"Certainly," said Mrs. St. Clair, "improve the lower orders as much as possible by proper means; but not by young ladies forgetting their places in society, and doing that themselves which ought to be left to more proper persons, while they neglect . . ."

"Their harps," interrupted Dunallan playfully.

"Oh, I forgot, Mr. Dunallan, that you were an advocate for ladies' schools."

Dunallan attempted to change the subject, which seemed disagreeable or uninteresting to most of the party; but St. Clair appeared determined to pursue it, and appealed to Catharine for her opinion.

"I have not formed any," replied she languidly; her thoughts had indeed wandered from a subject in which she felt little interest.

St. Clair looked disappointed at the careless indifference of her manner; she perceived this, and said smiling, "I can tell you, however, what my opinion is, without taking time to consider what it ought to be. I believe it is proper to

have the poor children taught all that may afterwards be useful to them; but I think it would be very tiresome to do it myself; and I suspect that the young ladies who do it have, in general, (perhaps almost unconsciously,) some secret view to praise, or, in short, something more agreeable than the mere pleasure of imparting knowledge to the ignorant."

St. Clair laughed, "Ah! Miss Dunallan," exclaimed he, "your penetration leads you to the truth direct, without a tedious attempt to form a wise opinion."

"The discovery of such truths, however," said Dunallan, in a tone of voice almost severe, "does more honour to the penetration of the head than to the feelings of the heart."

Catharine reddened, and bowing to Dunallan said, "It is perhaps fortunate for me, Mr. Dunallan, that of late I have found it necessary to avoid consulting the heart; I might otherwise have felt your compliment too deeply." She then rose, and went towards her harp, to conceal the tears she could not restrain.

St. Clair glanced indignantly at Dunallan, and then followed her; an expression of pleasure, however, was also on his countenance. Dunallan became very thoughtful, and the ladies looked at each other.

"You see the consequences of your foolish schools, Rose," said Mrs. Lennox in a whisper

to her daughter; "you have made your young friend quite unhappy."

Rose seemed to believe herself the cause of what had passed; and going towards Dunallan said, in a low voice, "I believe Catharine is quite right; I did hope I should be doing something worthy of praise in teaching those poor children."

Dunallan smiled, "But that was not your motive for doing it, Miss Lennox."

"Oh, perhaps it might; at any rate, it does not signify how it was. Don't you like the harp? Let us go near."

Dunallan followed the sweet girl. St. Clair was attempting to recommend himself to Catharine by the most flattering description of a scene he had witnessed that day—a family who, from great wretchedness, had been placed in a situation of comfort by Catharine's bounty. Dunallan listened eagerly. St. Clair used all his eloquence to reconcile her to herself. Rose joined in admiration of her friend's goodness; young Cameron also was more eloquent than usual in the eulogium he bestowed on this idol of his heart. All seemed anxious to make up to her for the cruel speech of Dunallan; but in vain; a cloud was fixed on Catharine's brow which nothing could remove during the whole of the evening. She tired of the harp, and intreating Rose to take her place, and putting her arm within

Elizabeth's she passed Dunallan with an air of extreme coldness, and led her friend to another part of the room, showing by her looks that she did not wish to be followed. Elizabeth, when she saw that the gentlemen were attempting to converse with the party of young ladies they had left, said in a low voice, "I feel that you have some cause to be displeased, dear Catharine, but do not, my friend, show your feelings so much; try at least to conceal them for a short time."

"I cannot," replied Catharine, "I never felt more miserable."

"You do not feel more so than he does," said Elizabeth, glancing towards Dunallan, who stood in deep thought near Rose's harp.

Catharine followed Elizabeth's look, and then sighed deeply. "His misery is no comfort to me. He must be miserable, thinking of me as he does. Oh! what wretchedness is before us both!"

During the remainder of the evening, Catharine purposely avoided meeting Dunallan's looks. When parting for the night, he held out his hand as usual; she gave him hers; he held it for a moment, and she involuntarily looked up. Dunallan's manner seemed to ask forgiveness, but Catharine turned coldly away. He pressed her hand gently in his, saying, "Good night," in a voice more than usually soft. Catharine felt she had cause to be displeased, yet was touched by

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his manner. Elizabeth, on this occasion, did not defend Dunallan, for she too had thought him harsh. When they again met, Catharine's manner was distant and somewhat haughty. Elizabeth's was also colder. Dunallan seemed painfully sensible of the change. He endeavoured at different times to induce Catharine to enter into conversation with him, but she purposely avoided it; and once that he found her alone, she turned so markedly from him, that, though he still appeared anxious, by every other means, to regain her approbation, he no longer attempted to resume that intercourse which had, in some degree, subsisted between them before that unfortunate evening. He looked unhappy, however, and Catharine now felt her power. This almost unconsciously gave her pleasure, which she still more unconsciously betrayed in her manner; and it was Dunallan himself who led her to perceive this: she felt that he read her very soul, and was soon convinced, by the indifference of his manner, that if her displeasure had given him pain, her feeling satisfaction in that pain had not only done it away, but had also lowered her in his opinion.

CHAPTER IV.

One evening Lord Dunallan sent for his daughter. On her entering the apartment in which he waited for her, he met her, and with even more than his usual tenderness, pressed her to his heart.

"My dear Catharine, my beloved child, my long-dreaded trial is at last come; I must *at last* part with the idol of my affections."

Catharine became as pale as death at this sudden intimation of her approaching fate. For some moments she could not speak; then struggling for composure,

"Is Mr. Dunallan still desirous to . . . ." her voice trembling, and she stopt.

Her Father hesitated, "My love, what is your opinion of Mr. Dunallan? You now know him. Tell me candidly, my Catharine, your sentiments respecting him."

"And will my opinion, will my sentiments, have any influence over the future?" asked Catharine eagerly.

Lord Dunallan looked uneasy: "If, my love, I could make any change . . . if you could not feel

—but it is impossible. Yet I should wish . . . . could you only love him, Catharine, Oh! how happy should I be, happier than I can express."

"Be happy, then, my dear Father," replied Catharine, attempting to smile; but the tears gushed into her eyes, and she turned away to conceal them.

Her father remained silent for some moments, then sighing deeply said, "Mr. Dunallan, I think, my Catharine, ought to please. He is mild, and sensible, and polite in his manners; he is handsome; his conversation does not seem uninteresting to you; he is singularly well informed. In short, what do you find disagreeable in Mr. Dunallan?"

"I do not find any thing *dis*agreeable," said Catharine; "but . . . "

"Do you not, my love?" interrupted Lord Dunallan joyfully. "How you delight me! Well, I will ask no more."

Catharine smiled languidly; she felt hurt, and made no reply.

Her Father understood the expression of her countenance, and paused a moment, then proceeded. "I have just had a conversation with Mr. Dunallan. He tells me he has received letters which oblige him to be in London in a month; he will be detained there some time, and may perhaps go abroad. In short, my love, he wishes to hasten your union, that you may, I

suppose, spend a short time at Arnmore before you leave Scotland; for there also he has business of importance, which has met with much delay from his residence here for so many weeks."

Catharine reddened. "And his convenience makes it necessary, I suppose, to hurry over the business which brought him here; and you, my Lord, expect me to agree to . . . ."

"My love, you do Mr. Dunallan great injustice; he has in no instance forgot the respect and delicacy due to you: his first wish seems to be your happiness."

"My happiness!" repeated Catharine, "ah, let him leave me with you, then, my dear Father —at least till he has arranged all these affairs."

"He proposed this, my child, but I declined it . . . ."

"Declined it!" exclaimed Catharine, "impossible! Oh, my dear Father, could you so far forget all that is due to your daughter! to my sex!"

She rose and stood, with breathless and terrified expectation, awaiting his answer.

He in a soothing manner, took both her hands: "Be calm, my Catharine, your Father has forgot nothing which your delicacy ought to require; nothing which he can suppose essential to your future happiness. Mr. Dunallan, I am certain, loves you, Catharine."

She turned away.

"You do not think he does, my love; but from his whole manner, and the anxious solicitude he showed respecting your wishes, feelings, and future happiness, I feel convinced you would now be the choice of his heart, were he freed from all engagements."

"And as a proof of this," said Catharine with bitterness, "he asks delay. Oh, my dear Father, pity me! do not urge this! do not thus mortify . . . ."

"My love, you must allow me to trust my own judgment in this matter. You entirely mistake Mr. Dunallan. He only proposes delay with a view to what might be your wish. Recollect yourself, my child, and let me hope, my ever kind, ever considerate Catharine, that you will still be willing to fulfil past and indissoluble engagements."

"And when? my Lord," replied Catharine with assumed firmness.

"My Catharine, I have promised to Mr. Dunallan, to gain your consent to be his, on Tuesday next."

"On Tuesday next! within a week!" she became quite pale, but added, in a voice of forced calmness, "My Lord, I shall be ready."

He held out his hand, she gave him hers' but turned away her face. "Dearest Catharine, you will be happy." She made no reply, but hastening from him, shut herself into her own apart-

ment, and gave vent to her miserable and mortified feelings. She was unable to appear at dinner, her head ached so violently. Elizabeth, in vain tried to offer some consolation. Her wounded pride and affection had prevented her gaining any particulars from her father of the manner in which he had declined Dunallan's proposed delay: yet the idea that he had hastened their union against Dunallan's wishes, rendered her wretched. She could not regain sufficient composure to appear that evening. Her Father, however, visited her in her room; and his affectionate kindness, and the anxiety and deep concern expressed in his countenance, revived in her heart a willingness to sacrifice her own feelings to his favourite wishes.

She next morning appeared at breakfast, but looked so ill, that every one annoyed her by their condolence, and inquiries respecting her health. To Dunallan she never raised her eyes. If she had, she would have seen that he looked as miserable as herself. Elizabeth told her so afterwards.

"My dear Elizabeth," replied she, "do not speak to me of him, or of any thing that is not a thousand miles from the subject, or I shall never be able to support myself till next Tuesday. I will, if possible, make my Father happy. After that, happen what will, I shall be at a distance from him. He will not know what I suffer."

Elizabeth tenderly watched over her unhappy friend, attempting to sooth her agitated feelings, and to convince her that the power to meet approaching trials, is not to be gained by turning the mind from them; but, on the contrary, by viewing them, as far as may be, in their true colours, divested of all imaginary aggravations, and thus preparing for the patient endurance of what is unavoidable.

"Do not follow me, my Elizabeth," said Catharine, the evening after her conversation with her Father, "I am going to the Glen; I shall not there be interrupted; and I wish to accustom myself to view the future without your kind looks and dear voice always ready to win me from painful thought."

Elizabeth believed her right, and suffered her to go alone.

After Catharine had walked some time in deep thought, she was suddenly startled by the sound of approaching footsteps. It is Dunallan! thought she; even this retreat is no longer safe from his privileged intrusion. She would have turned away, but felt ashamed of her weakness; and raising her head from its drooping and thoughtful posture, determined not to be intruded on even by Dunallan. It was young Cameron; and Catharine felt so relieved when she saw it was not her dreaded cousin, that an expression of

pleasure, which Cameron had seldom the happiness to inspire, was visible on her countenance.

"Pardon this intrusion, Miss Dunallan," said he; "I thought you were engaged, or I should not have presumed. . . ."

"Oh! I beg, Mr. Cameron, you will walk wherever you feel inclined," interrupted Catharine. "There are many paths here for solitary people; but I must at present leave you." She was passing on, when the beseeching expression of his looks stopt her. "Do you wish to read in my retreat, Mr. Cameron? You will find some new books, and I am not going there."

"No, Miss Dunallan, I wish a moment's conversation with you."

"Certainly," said Catharine, turning to walk with him.

He seemed at a loss, and unable to speak. Catharine looked at him, and his confusion leading her to suspect the truth, she felt sorry that she had consented to listen to him, yet wished as soon as possible to put an end to his suspense. She walked on in silence. At length, after many attempts, he regained sufficient composure to say, in a hurried voice, "Miss Dunallan, it is impossible for any one so deeply interested in your happiness as I am, not to feel miserable in seeing the present state of your feelings, or to help almost execrating the unnatural . . . ."

"Mr. Cameron," interrupted Catharine, "I cannot stay to hear any thing of this nature."

She was turning away, when he respectfully, yet almost wildly, seized her hand.

"Forgive me; I know not what I say. Oh! Catharine, if you knew what I have suffered—what I do suffer—but I know you cannot feel for me . . . ."

"I do feel for you, Mr. Cameron," interrupted Catharine; "and, as a proof of it, I entreat you never to think of me more, but as a friend who grieves to think she has ever pained you. It is impossible you can regain the happiness I wish you, thinking otherwise. Next Tuesday I am to be the wife of Mr. Dunallan."

"I know it, Catharine; but without loving him. You! the idol of so many hearts—you whom I would die to preserve from the least uneasiness, are to . . . . . Oh! I cannot endure the thought. Hear me, Catharine, I have formed a plan to avoid this cruel sacrifice—my mother has consented; I ask no reward,—I hope for nothing."

"Mr. Cameron," interrupted Catharine, "you must say no more. I thank you for the interest you feel in my fate; but you quite mistake my character, if you think I could thus consent to withdraw from an engagement formed by my Father. Farewell, and for your sake, let me say, for a long time."

Catharine spoke with a firm calmness, that left Cameron no hope of inducing her to change her sentiments. He pressed her hand to his heart; "Farewell, then, Catharine, for ever; my first, my only love, my last." He rushed from her. She looked after him, till the trees concealed him from her sight, then burst into tears. "What a world is this!" thought she; "how unhappy the human race. In this remote corner, a few are met together; and even here, where all promises peace, the half of them are miserable!"

She walked slowly towards the house, fearing again to meet young Cameron.

The party were assembled in a room which opened on the lawn. She heard voices, and approached. As she drew near, she distinguished Dunallan's voice, and Elizabeth's. They seemed gay and cheerful. "Is it possible!" thought she, "Elizabeth told me he looked miserable,—and she too, so gay! How foolish to suppose myself of so much consequence to others. I will not cloud their gaiety by my melancholy presence; yet I could not have thus laughed had Elizabeth been so wretched." Dunallan's voice continued as if reading, and pausing at intervals, whilst the others laughed and talked. Catharine turned away to go to her own apartment. As she passed, she perceived St. Clair seated in a window, in a melancholy and thoughtful attitude, and apparently unoccupied with what was pass-

ing. He started on seeing her, and rose: she bowed and passed on.

In a few minutes Elizabeth joined her. "You promised to come to us, my dear Catharine, when you returned."

"I mean to keep my promise," replied Catharine, "but I am tired: leave me to rest a little here. Do not let me, Elizabeth, interrupt your amusements."

"Amusements! Catharine, what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing.—But come now, I am ready to go with you."

She hastened away from Elizabeth, and joined the party below, who had now become perfectly quiet. St. Clair still sat at the window. He rose on her entrance. She seated herself near the window. "You are admiring the evening, Mr. St. Clair: it is indeed beautiful."

St. Clair sat down by her. "Beautiful, indeed," replied he, "but very sad. Those gray clouds, tinged with the last rays of the sun, becoming fainter every moment, always remind me of something melancholy."

"I feel the same," said Catharine; "the setting sun always reminds me of death! that last setting! that departure to other climes!"

"Let us go into the next room, or have lights here," said Lord Dunallan.

"Oh, my dear Father, allow us to enjoy this

peaceful twilight," said Catharine in an entreating tone of voice.

"Surely, my love, if you wish it." He approached and stood near her; "but we must leave such gloomy subjects, Mr. St. Clair. Where is that strange poem you were reading, Mr. Dunallan? Perhaps there still may be sufficient light to read it to Catharine."

Dunallan found the poem; and, bringing it to the window, began to read. All laughed a second time. Catharine could hardly smile; she was not in a humour to laugh at any thing, and wondered that any one could. St. Clair smiled contemptuously, and she better understood his feelings. Dunallan had not spoken since she entered the room; and she never looked at him until he was reading this poem; indeed she had avoided looking at him for many days, and was now struck with the languor and paleness of his countenance, as well as with the little real cheerfulness he seemed to feel while he laughed with the others. When he stopped reading he turned his eyes towards Catharine. Hers were fixed on him, and she withdrew them without that expression of displeasure, which ever since her conversation with her Father had filled them when she was in any way called upon to notice Dunallan. He ventured to approach her, and said, in a voice of extreme gentleness, "you seem fa-

tigued, Miss Dunallan; I fear you have walked too far."

"Yes," answered Catharine, "I believe I have;" she almost unconsciously added, looking at Dunallan with an expression of concern, "are *you* quite well, Mr. Dunallan?"

"Perfectly so," replied he, a slight flush tinging his forehead. He looked down for a moment, but his eyes still retained an expression of pleasure when he again raised them.

The conversation now became more general. When the sun was set, and it was become too dark to see the expression of any one's countenance, young Cameron glided into the room, and seated himself at a distance from Catharine. He sometimes joined in the conversation, and no one would have suspected him of being more unhappy than usual.

When Catharine retired to her room for the night, she found a letter on her table. She opened it, exclaiming, "a letter from St. Clair!" Elizabeth was with her. "What can he have to say to you, Catharine?"

"A strange proposal," said Catharine after reading it. "How little does he know me." She threw his letter indignantly from her.

Elizabeth took it up. "May I read it, Catharine?"

"I believe I ought not to betray his secret; but you, Elizabeth, may know it. He is so vain,

so conceited, I can never wish him to stand high in your opinion."

Elizabeth read the letter. "Poor St. Clair," said she, "he flatters himself he is not indifferent to you."

"If he had not been so before," replied Catharine, "this would have made him so. An elopement! Had he known my character as he pretends in this letter to do, he would have been convinced that I would sooner endure any misery than escape from it by such means. I would sooner die than degrade myself even for those I could love."

"Proud Catharine," said Elizabeth, smiling, "you know not what love is."

"I certainly do not know, Elizabeth, nor can I even conceive what that sort of love is which could induce me to take such a degrading step as this. I cannot imagine myself so deluded as to suppose I could be happy after I had rendered myself the object of my own contempt. But give me this letter. It does not pain me to disappoint this vain St. Clair. I wish he was gone, and his mother also, whose haughty spirit begins, I see, to revolt at the little effect her flattery and caresses have on me. I loathe all this, Elizabeth. I almost think Arnmore and Mr. Dunallan's contemptuous treatment, will be less intolerable than those incessant women, Mrs. Lennox and Mrs.

St. Clair, with their gross flattery, and teasing disgusting attentions."

"Dear Catharine, you are very severe."

"No, Elizabeth; I am not unjustly so. Don't I see through all this? Is not Rose as amiable —far more amiable than I am? Are not you, Elizabeth, more——"

"No, no, no, dear Catharine; but good night; you will leave yourself no time for sleep, and that pale face sadly calls for it."

"Do not mind my face, Elizabeth; it must be paler yet. You must see my reply to this letter; I feel so indignant, I fear I shall be unbecomingly so in what I write."

Next morning, neither St. Clair nor young Cameron appeared at breakfast. Lady Cameron said her son had been unexpectedly called away, and that she and her family must also deny themselves the pleasure of a further stay at Dunallan Castle, as business made it necessary that Sir Archibald should return home. Lord Dunallan seemed disappointed, and entreated them to prolong their stay to the following week. Catharine was silent. Lady Cameron, however, was gently determined in her resolution, though she looked concerned, and her daughters very grave. Lord Dunallan perceived that something had happened, and guessed from Catharine's looks that she was the cause of this sudden determination. Mrs.

St. Clair's colour this morning was higher than usual, but she attempted to conceal her disappointed pride and hopes under an air of contempt. "I too must unfortunately relinquish the pleasure of being present during the next *happy* week, my Lord," said she, after Lady Cameron had announced her intended departure, "but it is easy to part from friends when we leave them so secure of felicity." Catharine felt this speech as it was intended, but remained silent. Both families left Dunallan Castle during the forenoon; but Lord Dunallan was relieved from his dread of a very small party by the arrival of young Clanmar and his amiable wife.

"I must really endeavour, my dear Elizabeth," said Catharine to her friend, "to conceal, for these few remaining days, the misery I endure. I feel mortified and degraded by what has already passed, in consequence of my giving way to my wretched feelings. I must not—shall not be an object of compassion to every one, and of distress to my father. Do not look so much and so anxiously at me when I am in company, Elizabeth, and try to speak cheerfully to me. Oh that conversation between my father and Dunallan! could I only forget that. But to be forced upon him; he to ask delay!" She clasped her hands in anguish of mind.

"I have entreated your father, dearest Catharine, to tell me what passed on that occasion, and

I do not think you have any reason to suppose Mr. Dunallan wished for delay on any account, but your apparent indifference to him."

"Did my father tell you what passed? Do not, for heaven's sake, conceal it from me, Elizabeth: truth cannot be worse than my fears."

"Lord Dunallan told me that the only idea which seemed to distress Dunallan was your marked indifference, he even thought dislike to him, which led him to fear your being led by motives of obedience to your father, to take vows which your heart could not ratify. In short, my dear Catharine, some religious scruples which he felt for *you* only: and this convinced me that the state of his own feelings enables him to take them without scruple: for with his strict notions he would not have considered himself innocent in so doing had he felt otherwise."

"And would he have been innocent, Elizabeth? or shall I be innocent?"

"Ah! Catharine, you must not now think of this. It is too late: besides, you fulfil a first duty in obeying your father."

Catharine was not convinced, but felt that it was, as Elizabeth said, too late to plead such an excuse. Yet, like her friend, she could not help concluding that Dunallan would not be willing, probably, to take these solemn vows were he averse to fulfilling them. Yet he had asked de-

lay. She determined, if possible, to avoid thinking, and to attempt to appear less unhappy, let Dunallan suppose what he would. She wished to leave her father, under the impression that she was reconciled to his wishes. For the few following days her countenance wore an expression of submission, and calm elevation of mind, inspired by the consciousness of sacrificing her own feelings to those of her father; while the paleness of her looks, and her touching gentleness to all around her, gave her the appearance of one who had lost all hope for herself, and only sought to bestow on others what was for her gone for ever. When addressing her father, she even attempted to be cheerful. To Dunallan she was respectful and attentive, as if she already had taken the vow of subjection. Yet she deceived no one. When she met Dunallan's eyes, which she carefully avoided, but which seemed for ever fixed on her, she saw in them an expression of pity and concern she could not mistake. Her father, too, in vain tried to affect a gaiety, which only served to render his next moments of absence, and evidently painful thought, more striking.

CHAPTER V.

At last the dreaded morning arrived. Elizabeth went to her friend at an early hour: she found her dressed, and seated at a table, which was covered with letters and papers.

"What is all this, my Catharine? Remember, my dear friend, the fatigues of this day."

"I do remember, my Elizabeth. I am only performing a necessary duty. It ought not to have been so long neglected; but never till last night did it so forcibly strike me that I might not again see Dunallan Castle: I had quite forgotten to settle some things. But I have done," added she, putting up her papers with a composure that astonished Elizabeth; then turning to her friend, a faint smile on her languid countenance,

"How do you like my bridal attire, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth looked at her for a moment, then turned away to conceal her tears.

"Dear Catharine, do not look so patient, so resigned, yet so unhappy. You will leave us all quite miserable."

"I look as I feel, Elizabeth. I am resigned. I have now arranged all I wish to be done, should

I never again return here, and I care not what happens. I am prepared for every thing, but (her voice changed) parting from you: (then feeling herself overcome,) I must not think of this—we shall soon again meet. I shall write,—No, dear Elizabeth, do not embrace me; do nothing to soften me. I have almost wished these few days for Mrs. St. Clair, instead of that gentle Mrs. Clanmar, who looks so sweetly anxious to comfort me, and to gain my confidence; and my dear kind Rose, and even you, Elizabeth. I entreat you do not all gaze on me with looks of such touching interest. Even Mr. Dunallan; but I must not think of him: had he felt pity for me sooner; but it is now too late. Oh that the next hour were over! When will it be time for breakfast? You know we were to set off very early. When I am gone, Elizabeth, will you assure my father ——" Her voice failed, and she turned away and walked to an open window. The morning was calm and beautiful, and the freshness of the air revived her. She sat down, but rose again almost immediately, a blush crimsoning her before pale cheek.

"Mr. Dunallan," said she, retiring hastily from the window, "returning as usual from his morning walk, I suppose, quite composed; and he has seen that I am ready," added she bitterly, and looking at her dress. "He bowed, too, to show he did, perhaps. Well, a short time will unde-

ceive him now. I shall soon have no secrets from him; no attempts to conceal my real feelings: he shall know that I have a heart that can be given only by myself; and calm, and proud, and immoveably right as he always is, he shall not despise me."

"Despise you, Catharine! he does not; he never did. I am satisfied he, I could almost say, loves you."

A gentle tap at the door of the apartment interrupted Elizabeth. Catharine became quite pale. It was Lord Dunallan.

"My Catharine, my dear love, we wait for you."

Catharine attempted to regain her composure, but without success. She leant on her father, but stopped on the stairs to breathe; her heart beat so violently that she became quite faint.

"My dear uncle," said Elizabeth, "let Catharine and me remain together till after breakfast. It is too much for her to see all our assembled friends before this trying ceremony." Lord Dunallan agreed to this proposal; and Catharine returned to her room with Elizabeth, who endeavoured to induce her to take some refreshment. She tried, but in vain. She was sick at heart.

"I cannot go through this ceremony, Elizabeth."

"Dear Catharine, recollect yourself. It is not possible now to retract."

"Leave me, dear Elizabeth. I regain composure most easily when alone. Take this last kiss, my Elizabeth; after I am again calm, do not bestow one kind word or look upon me, or I shall be unable for this dreadful exhibition—these fearful untrue vows!"

Elizabeth would not consent to leave her friend. She saw that the kind of composure she acquired when left alone, was only the result of an attempt to feel indifferent to every thing, and that the first trifle which awakened her feelings destroyed her composure. Elizabeth partly succeeded in calming her agitation, by representing things as they really were.

"I am ready, my dear Elizabeth," said Catharine at last, "my true, my best friend!"

Lord Dunallan entered, and Catharine became as pale as ever. She took his arm, however, and hastened forward, as if afraid of again being obliged to return.

Lord Dunallan opened the door of the apartment in which the party were assembled. Catharine shrunk back for a moment, then suffered her father to lead her forward. In an instant Dunallan was at her side, and the voice of the old and venerable clergyman of Dunallan church was raised to heaven in prayer. Catharine, pale as marble, and almost as still, leant on her fa-

ther, and seemed to listen, but did not hear. Dunallan audibly assented to the few simple but solemn vows he was required to make. Catharine's assent was supposed. Elizabeth drew her white glove from a hand almost as white and lifeless. Dunallan took it in his, and she was restored to some degree of consciousness by feeling that his trembled. He held her hand firmly, however, till the short ceremony was over, then touching it with his lips, resigned it to her father.

Lord Dunallan would have pressed Catharine to his heart, but she hurried from him, and from every one. Elizabeth followed her, but she waved her hand for her to leave her. Her father appeared: "Your journey is long, my love; my Catharine, I must hurry you from me. Mr. Dunallan is anxious——"

Catharine started up:—"I am ready."

"God for ever bless my dearest child."

"Oh my dearest father!"

He pressed her for an instant to his heart, then led her away. Dunallan was waiting. The hall was full of servants, anxious to have a last look of their beloved young mistress.

Catharine shrunk back.

"I shall say adieu for you," exclaimed Elizabeth; "Adieu, adieu, every one," cried she, with forced gaiety, while Lord Dunallan supported Catharine into the carriage.

Dunallan followed; and Catharine's heart sunk within her when its door was closed on her and this most dreaded, but now nearest of all human relations. She threw herself back, and almost fainted.

Dunallan would have stopped the carriage, but Catharine motioned with her hand to prevent him. She dreaded her father seeing her agitation.

Dunallan watched her changing countenance with the deepest concern. Catharine felt annoyed, conscious that his looks were bent on her, though she did not raise her eyes, and struggled to regain composure. She attempted to let down the glass next to her: Dunallan leant past to assist, but his hand trembled almost as much as her own, and she was struck with surprise at the expression of distress and agitation which his countenance now betrayed: she even thought his eyes glistened as he turned his face from her. The calm grave expression with which her imagination always pictured him was now wholly gone. She forgot her own feelings in thinking of his; and continuing in deep and painful thought for a few moments, the tumult within in part subsided. How selfish have I been, thought she, I forgot that he could feel, and that he has equal, perhaps greater cause of distress than myself.

"The air, I hope, revives you," asked Dunallan, in a mild and soothing tone of voice.

She attempted to reply, but burst into tears;

and, long repressed, they now flowed beyond all power of restraint. She covered her face, and turning away from Dunallan, wept and sobbed aloud. Dunallan did not speak, but she heard him sigh frequently and deeply. He at last, in the gentlest tone of voice, entreated her to be composed.

"Endeavour, Catharine, to forget the last few hours: only remember that you have now another friend, who has vowed in the sight of heaven to watch over your happiness. You shall yourself determine in what that happiness shall consist. I have seen too plainly your repugnance to the interested connexion which your generous sense of duty has induced you to form. I have tried every means in my power, Catharine, to set you free, but all have failed; and I have been most reluctantly forced to tear you from your home, and deprive you of the power of choosing your nearest friend and protector. All that I can at this moment hope is, that it may be in my power to render you at least not unhappy."

Catharine became gradually calm as Dunallan spoke. His voice and manner were so soothingly earnest and kind, that she felt touched.

"Let us, Catharine," continued he, "now attempt to look at things as they really are. There is no peace or calm to the mind but in truth."

"Truth!" repeated Catharine in a tone of

voice, and with an expression of the most mournful despondency.

"Yes, dear Catharine, truth even at this moment; and first, can you not feel me worthy of forgiveness in persevering in the fulfilment of the same promise to a dead father, that with every feeling of dislike and repugnance on your part, you have yet considered it a sacred duty to fulfil to a living one?" Catharine was struck; this simple question of Dunallan's seemed indeed to bring a volume of truth into her mind; but her thoughts were confused, and she remained silent. Dunallan, however, seemed to wait for her reply.

"Mr. Dunallan," said she at last, sick at heart while she spoke, "I cannot feel that truth brings to me either calmness or peace. I would rather attempt to forget every thing, but that I have, to please my father, entered a situation in which it becomes my duty to try to be satisfied with your conduct on all occasions. I wish to fulfil this duty; if I fail, you will perhaps feel indulgence for me when you recollect——"

Catharine's voice failed, and she could say no more.

Dunallan turned away, and Catharine looked up, half conscious that she had answered his true and simple appeal with an ungenerous evasion. She was surprised and overcome on seeing that

the cold, dreaded Dunallan was moved even to tears.

"Catharine!" exclaimed he, after making several efforts to speak with composure, "How shall I—how can I convince you that I am not the unfeeling, selfish, interested, cruel being I see you suppose me? You have scarcely ever permitted me to speak to you. Of late you have not even deigned to look at me. You have defeated every attempt on my part to explain myself—to attempt to assist you to be free. You have taken no notice of my letters; your father has been equally—shall I say, *unjust*, to me?"

"Letters! Mr. Dunallan," interrupted Catharine, "I received no letters from you."

Dunallan looked surprised. "I thrice wrote to you, Catharine, when you denied me every means of imparting to you what I thought might perhaps have put it in your power to avoid a connection which I saw was so hateful to you."

"I never received any letter from you, Mr. Dunallan," repeated Catharine solemnly.

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Dunallan, "I sent for your own woman, Catharine; her name, I think, is Martin, and myself gave all my letters into her hand."

Catharine now, on her part, looked much surprised. "You gave your letters to Martin! Mr. Dunallan."

"I did; all of them."

Catharine became very thoughtful. Could any one—could St. Clair have intercepted Dunallan's letters? Impossible! She could not for a moment suspect Martin, to whom they had been intrusted, of the smallest unfaithfulness. "Most extraordinary!" said she thoughtfully.

"Is Martin among your present attendants, Catharine?" asked Dunallan.

"She is."

"May I then ask an explanation from her?"

"Certainly."

Dunallan stopped the carriage, and desired a servant to request Martin, who was in another just behind, to come for a moment to the window. She soon appeared, and the other servants retired. Martin looked alarmed. She stood at the side of the carriage at which Catharine sat.

"Do not be alarmed," said Dunallan gently, and leaning past Catharine a little to speak to her: "Do you recollect, Martin, my giving you three letters at different times to deliver to your lady?"

"I do, Sir, perfectly. It was only last night you gave me one, and two before that, about, I think——"

"And what became of those letters, Martin?" asked Catharine, interrupting her, and now

leaning forward with looks of surprise and displeasure.

Martin appeared astonished at the question.

"Speak the truth, Martin," said Catharine, her eyes filling with tears as she added, "Can *you*, Martin, be unfaithful to me?"

"My dear, dear young lady, no; not for all the world could offer," exclaimed Martin, tears gushing into her eyes as she spoke; "I thought I was only giving the letters to Lord Dunallan, as he commanded me, that he might himself deliver them to you."

Catharine sunk back: "You gave the letters to my father," said she faintly.

"Yes, Madam: just the very day on which Mr. Dunallan trusted me with his first letter, my Lord had commanded me to bring any letter for my young lady to him, and he would himself take charge of it."

Dunallan looked for a moment at Catharine; her eyes were raised timidly to him.

"That is enough," said he, in the gentlest tone of voice, to poor Martin, who stood in apparent consternation. "You have done nothing wrong, Martin: we may now proceed." He waited till she had retired, then ordered the servants to drive on; and, turning to Catharine—

"I now feel how much cause you have to regard me as you do, Catharine. You have consi-

dered me as calmly persevering in completing your wretchedness, without an effort to make escape possible. I am not surprised that you could not bring yourself to say I deserved forgiveness."

"Forgiveness! Mr. Dunallan," repeated Catharine, "I now see too plainly who it is that has most—that has all to forgive. I can scarcely, however, hope that you can pardon this last——," she hesitated: "Yet if you could suspend forming your judgment on this, to me, unaccountable proceeding of my father's, I feel certain he will be able to convince you that his motives were perfectly honourable." Catharine again burst into tears, overpowered and mortified beyond expression.

"I am convinced, my dearest Catharine, that, according to Lord Dunallan's views, they were perfectly so," replied Dunallan. "I have had many conversations with him. I hoped to have induced him at least to have given me time to attempt to overcome the prejudices with which you met me: but he seemed to feel that his engagement to my father made every moment of delay which he could prevent a breach of honour on his part. And you know, Catharine, that, independent of all this, a father is fully entitled to be acquainted with the contents of any letter addressed to his child while she remains under his protection. I shall now only say, that my object in writing these letters was, to make you

aware that my promise to my father was entirely conditional, and was to be considered cancelled if you were averse to its completion. I hoped that the knowledge of this might have put it in your power to be free."

Catharine shook her head.

"Your father assured me that you did not desire to be free; but your every look contradicted the assertion."

"My promise was never conditional," said Catharine; "that could have made no change on my part."

"It might, however, on the part I should have taken, Catharine. But that is past."

Catharine at once saw his meaning. "Yes; that is past!" repeated she emphatically. "Now I see too plainly how unjustly, how childishly, how madly I have acted! Mr. Dunallan, I will now say I have perceived your opinion of me. I have resented it; but you have not been unjust; I have deserved it. I can scarcely hope ever to obtain your forgiveness, but——"

"Dearest Catharine, do not talk thus," interrupted Dunallan; "let us exchange forgiveness for the past. Neither have been quite free from blame with regard to the other; but far, far the greatest share belongs to me. When I last renewed my promise to my father, I ought to have been more firm to my own sense of right—to my own principles."

"In our promises, Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine mournfully, "I must feel that we have been more 'sinned against than sinning;' but I wish not to remember this."

"No, dearest Catharine, it is not our part to remember it. Let us only remember our own share in what is past; and where we have erred, let us begin to attempt averting those painful consequences which are always attendant on error."

"If that were possible," said Catharine still mournfully.

"It may be possible, dearest Catharine. Allow me to attempt to prove this to you." Dunallan now spoke in a cheerful tone of voice. "We have brought the past in some measure into the light of reality and truth; may I venture to go for a moment into the future. You know that in a few weeks I must leave Arnmore. I fear that during those few weeks, your father will not be satisfied unless you remain there also; but you shall, my dearest Catharine, be as free at Arnmore as you were at Dunallan Castle. Your cousin Elizabeth has promised to come to you. I earnestly wished she could have accompanied us now; but to this Lord Dunallan objected. My aunt leaves Arnmore immediately, unless you should wish her to be your guest until your cousin joins you. Miss Lennox, or any friend of yours, will, I am sure, find pleasure in making the

solitude of Arnmore less tedious to you. In short, my dear Catharine, my part in attempting to do away the painful consequences of my errors regarding you, shall first be to anticipate your every wish as far as it is in my power. Only let me know your wishes. I now consider your happiness as my first earthly care. As to myself, Catharine,"—Dunallan became embarrassed; but recovering himself, "I do not know in what character to ask you to consider me. To that which the ceremony of the last hour seemed to entitle me I shall never lay claim, while you feel for me as you do at present. Nothing on earth, Catharine," added he earnestly, "could induce me to remind you of that claim, while you so evidently detest it. You have just said, that you have perceived what opinion I have formed of you, and have resented it. Your adding this, proves to me that you have been mistaken. I shall say no more now. I know how little any profession of regard from one, for whom you feel as you do for me, can be agreeable to you. Yet, may I ask you to attempt to forget many things which I know you have heard against me; to judge of me for yourself, as of one whose character, from circumstances now unavoidable, you would wish to be such as you could esteem."

"I should certainly wish most earnestly to do so, Mr. Dunallan," replied Catharine.

"Let it be so then, Catharine. Attempt to

consider me as one, who is really still almost a stranger to you, but who most earnestly desires to obtain a place in your esteem. Is this settled, Catharine?"

"Yes," replied Catharine; "if you too, Mr. Dunallan, would attempt the same with regard to me"—she spoke with embarrassment, and blushed as she spoke; but the tone of her voice had resumed something of its usual animation; and Dunallan's joyful assent to her wish, as far as it was possible, settled the arrangement for the few following weeks. "If at the end of those weeks of my probation," said Dunallan, "you can feel for me differently;—but I shall say no more now."

From that moment Dunallan's manner became frank and unembarrassed, and he began to converse on subjects just sufficiently connected with their present situation to render them deeply interesting. He at last spoke of Arnmore, and mentioned his aunt. Catharine made some inquiries respecting this new relation, and was soon in tears while listening to a few particulars of her melancholy story, and to Dunallan's description of her resignation, her restored cheerfulness, her active life.

"She shall herself tell you the source of her cheerfulness and strength of mind, Catharine," said Dunallan; and then passing to other subjects, his unrestrained, but gentle and respectful manner, gradually led Catharine to converse and

feel at ease with him, and almost to forget that he was the same dreaded Dunallan, whose presence had so long been a restraint to her, and the idea of whom her constant misery. She soon conversed freely with him, looked with interest for his answer, or for the impression made on him by the sentiments and opinions she was led to express, and which his countenance instantly betrayed. He still differed frequently from her, both in feeling and in opinion; but a mild indulgence, and an anxious desire to explain his reasons for differing, joined to great apparent pleasure when he had won her to his way of thinking, made even difference of opinion agreeable.

"You are leading me on to tell you my inmost thoughts, that you may condemn them," said she to him, after having expressed an opinion from which she saw he differed.

"Not to condemn, dearest Catharine. I only wish your opinions were the same on every subject."

"I wish so too," replied she smiling, "I know who would be the gainer. However, I can bear to differ from you now: at Dunallan Castle I could not."

"Because at Dunallan Castle, when you differed from me, all your friends did so also, particularly Mr. St. Clair, who always made your argument his own. Had he really dissented because his opinions were different, I ought either

to have tried to convince him, or to be convinced by him; but as he merely wished to make a merit with you by differing from me, and would have done the same had you argued on the opposite side, I thought it best to be silent, though I saw the unfavourable impression my silence made on you; but I dreaded losing my temper also, and then a quarrel must have been the consequence; and you, Catharine, do not perhaps know how important it is for a man, professing the principles I do, to guard against being brought by his own loss of temper, into a situation from which those principles forbid his extricating himself in the usual way. I sometimes too felt for Mr. St. Clair. You know, Catharine, he deserved pity; yet I think he ought to have pitied me also; for surely seeing, as he must have done, how repugnant to your feelings my presence was, he would not have changed situations with me."

"Thank heaven," said Catharine emphatically, "that Mr. St. Clair was not in your situation!"

Dunallan's smile of pleasure brought a blush to Catharine's cheek; but he turned away, and soon again spoke as if he had not perceived it.

The travellers stopt during the hottest part of the day at the beautiful village of B——. Catharine had remarked Dunallan's uncommon powers of conversation even at Dunallan Castle, where he had been checked and restrained by

the cold looks and manners of most of the party. This day she had felt those powers in their full force. She scarcely observed how time passed. An hour after she had been with him, she had forgot the peculiarity of their situation, which seldom again returned to her recollection, excepting when a change of horses, or other incidents, interrupted conversation, and drew her attention from the last interesting sentence he had uttered. When, however, she learnt, on leaving the village of B——, that they were within a few miles of Arnmore, her thoughts became too powerfully oppressive for even Dunallan's conversation to suspend or overcome. It was evening—a calm gray evening after a day of bright sunshine. A soft mist rose from the fields, and enveloped the lower parts of the woods, and slowly ascended the hills.

Catharine had answered Dunallan several times without scarcely having heard what he said. She thought of her approaching interview with his aunt; of being received as the wife of Dunallan; of him also, though she heard not what he said; of his consideration for her; of his delicacy and kindness. "I may trust him," thought she, "but how will this aunt receive me? Can she know our feelings for each other?" She sighed deeply. At last Dunallan addressed her in a tone so very serious, yet so mild, that it immediately arrested her attention.

"I ought, I believe, my dear Catharine, to

prepare you for some singularities which you will meet with at Arnmore. You know my opinions on some subjects are very different from those you have been accustomed to consider just and rational. At Arnmore you will find those opinions influence all around you, and this at first may be irksome, or even may disgust you; but let me intreat you not to form your opinions until you have examined for yourself. Do not let prejudice mislead you. I once thought as you now do, Catharine: may heaven avert from you the painful means by which my eyes were opened."

Catharine listened with fixed attention.

"I will not say more now, Catharine; I only ask that in one thing you will oblige me. I do not prescribe to you, however, remember, dearest Catharine."

"Whatever you ask," interrupted she, "I am ready to comply with."

"All I wish is, that you will submit to some new forms you will find in our mode of living at Arnmore—at least until you are convinced they are wrong."

"Is this all?" said Catharine. "But may I ask what are those opinions which I still entertain, and by the relinquishing of which you think your eyes were opened? What are they?"

"One is, my dear Catharine,"——

An acclamation of joy interrupted Dunallan.

signify; they will have other opportunities. Their feelings are not my present care, dear Catharine. I thought of you, and am anxious to save you from their heartfelt but noisy and perhaps rude expressions of joy at an event which has only caused you pain! yet I should wish you to feel an interest in the happiness of beings who will now be so much influenced by you; for the people on this estate are so devotedly attached to its proprietors, that they will do any thing they think pleasing to those beloved by them."

"Does this attachment go along with the estate?" asked Catharine smiling.

"Certainly," replied Dunallan, and smiled also.

They had been for some time driving slowly up a steep ascent, and saw nothing on either side but the darkly shaded trunks of the straight firs which skirted the woods near the road. When they had reached the highest part of the ascent, the mist had cleared away, and a bright setting sun glowed on the beautiful scenery of Arnmore, which now lay before them. It seemed as if nature had formed an immense amphitheatre of mountains, to shelter all that was soft and picturesque within their bosom. The castle stood on a rocky promontory, raised boldly from the lake which washed its base, and now reflecting the lengthened rays of the departing sun appeared "a sheet of gold," with woods hanging in luxu-

The old man now smiled; "I had forgotten, Sir, that one sae near to you could feel aught but joy." Dunallan, colouring, drew up the glass, and they passed on, though the people looked disappointed at their well-meant congratulations being so ill received. When they had left this party at some distance, Dunallan stopt the carriage, and gave an order to a servant, which Catharine did not hear; but the man galloped forward, and, though they passed many cottages and farm houses, there were no more congratulations. The people, who stood in their doors, though in their Sunday clothes, and evidently prepared to bid them welcome, were satisfied with respectfully taking off their hats, while the women curtsied, and motioned to the children to be quiet; or still more anxious to please, some went into their houses whilst the carriage passed, and then followed it with a fervently uttered "God bless him."

"And this is the man!" thought Catharine, "who dismissed his father's old domestics without reward, and who, I understood, was the most severe of landlords!" She looked at him. He seemed absorbed in thought, but not of an agreeable nature. He looked sad.

"It distresses me to have your people checked in their demonstrations of joy," said Catharine in the softest tone of voice.

He started from his reverie. "Oh it does not

signify; they will have other opportunities. Their feelings are not my present care, dear Catharine. I thought of you, and am anxious to save you from their heartfelt but noisy and perhaps rude expressions of joy at an event which has only caused you pain! yet I should wish you to feel an interest in the happiness of beings who will now be so much influenced by you; for the people on this estate are so devotedly attached to its proprietors, that they will do any thing they think pleasing to those beloved by them."

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riance upon its deep and broken shores. The descent into this paradise was rapid. Catharine had scarcely time to recover from her surprise and delight, when they entered the noble avenue which led to the castle. Dunallan turned to her. "Let me now welcome you, Catharine, to your new abode, and again declare, before Him who is present everywhere, that you have only to tell me what you wish, and it shall be my first care to endeavour to gratify you." Catharine hesitated. —"My first wish is to know what you consider right—to live a useful life."

"Dear Catharine! then you cannot live unhappily; with such resolutions no situation can make you so."

They drove on in silence. Dunallan seemed to avoid looking at Catharine, and at a loss. He pulled up the glasses, and let them down again several times. Catharine's heart beat violently, yet her feelings were rather pleasurable. Often during her journey had she asked herself, "Is this the day I so much dreaded?" and even now, though trembling and embarrassed, her heart felt light and happy.

"My aunt," said Dunallan, with a look of pleasure, as they drove up to the door.

A lady and two children stood on the steps. The carriage door was open in an instant. Catharine trembled so violently, that Dunallan almost lifted her out.

"My aunt Mrs. Oswald, my dear Catharine."

Mrs. Oswald received and pressed Catharine to her bosom with the tenderness of a mother. "God bless you, and make you a blessing, my dearest niece."

She then still more joyfully embraced her nephew, and the children clung around him. The servants seemed to join in the general joy, and looked delighted when, turning to them, he said he hoped all were well and happy. He then offered his arm to Catharine, and led her into an apartment that overlooked the lake, saying in a low voice, while they advanced towards a window, "You will have little more of this kind to undergo, dear Catharine." He then turned to his aunt, and to the children, who sprung into his arms, which he now opened to receive them. Catharine looked at them clinging round his neck, and fondly leaning their little faces on his, with an emotion that brought tears into her eyes. She remembered they were the children of that sister whom he was accused of having treated cruelly. She felt that it was impossible, and that Dunallan's character must have been traduced.

Mrs. Oswald appeared to be between forty and fifty; still handsome, though dressed quite like an old woman; the expression of her countenance very cheerful, and singularly pleasing, from its lively openness. She addressed Catharine with such sweet and easy kindness, yet with so

much of the dignity of an elder woman and a parent, that Catharine at once felt affection and respect for her.

Dunallan brought the children to Catharine. "I regard these little girls as my children. They are orphans, or more than orphans," added he, in a lower tone. "Do you like children, Catharine?"

"Extremely," replied she; and her manner to them showed that she also knew how to win their little hearts.

An hour after, the party were seated in the same window; Mrs. Oswald and Catharine becoming every moment more intimate, and an expression of regard and admiration increasing in the countenances of both, while Dunallan listened to their conversation in almost silent pleasure. One of the little girls kept close to him, and seemed never to tire of looking at him. Her lovely little fair head rested on his breast, and formed a beautiful contrast with the manly complexion and dark hair of Dunallan, who truly seemed to feel all a father's tenderness for her. The other child had been won by Catharine's caresses to remain with her, and sat in her lap, her eyes fixed on Catharine's face as she spoke, and now and then attracting her notice by her little attempts to join in what passed. The children's maid at last appeared, to summon them to bed. They flew to Dunallan, to be again folded

to his breast. "Good night. God bless my dear little girls," said he, kissing them affectionately.

"Good night, aunt Oswald, good night," and approaching Catharine, "what shall I call you?" said the little thing who had been in her lap.

Catharine hesitated, and blushed.

"Aunt Dunallan," said Mrs. Oswald.

"Good night, aunt Dunallan, my dear aunt Dunallan. But why are you my aunt?" asked the child.

"Go, go," said Dunallan quickly.

They flew away, but the eldest returned and looked in Dunallan's face. "Were you angry?" "No." He whispered something in her ear; she looked at Catharine, who held out her hand to her. The child approached and kissed the hand she offered with a look as if she thought her something very mysterious, and then went away.

When the children retired, Catharine felt the smallness of the party a restraint. She turned to the window. The lake still glowed with the reflection of the sky. Dunallan rose and stood by her. Mrs. Oswald drew her chair closer, and kindly taking Catharine's hand in hers, "Let us have no reserves, my dear Catharine," said she, "no secrets. I know all about you—you probably know something about me too—enough, at least, to lead you to believe that I have nothing to do in this world now, but to prepare for another, and endeavour to promote the happiness

of those around me, as far as I may have the means of doing so. I know with what reluctance you came to us—a most natural reluctance. But try to forget all these unhappy circumstances, and to look upon us as relations with whom you are still unacquainted. Try to banish all prejudice against us."

Catharine warmly returned the pressure of her hand with which Mrs. Oswald concluded. "I shall try to forget every thing," replied she with emotion, "but your reception of a person who must unintentionally have occasioned you much pain. I too wish most anxiously for perfect openness. I acknowledge I did come to you with reluctance; and," added she, smiling sweetly, "I believe my presence was not greatly desired. I intreat you will also forget all prejudices against me."

"Oh," said Mrs. Oswald, "we know there have been attempts to sow discord, when every benevolent feeling ought to have led to the reverse."

A servant now entered, said something in an under tone of voice to Dunallan, and then retired.

"Catharine," said Dunallan, with some embarrassment in his manner, "I have now to intreat you to join us in one of the singular customs I prepared you to meet at Arnmore."

"Certainly," replied she, accepting the arm he offered, though she began to tremble from appre-

hension of she knew not what. Mrs. Oswald leant on Dunallan's other arm, and he led them into the library, where a number of servants were assembled. They stood respectfully, until Dunallan placed Catharine and his aunt, one on each side, and then seated himself between them. A table stood before him, on which lay a large Bible and other books. He turned over the leaves of one, and when he had found the hymn he sought, presented it to Catharine, and then named it to the others. Dunallan himself began the song of praise, but he appeared embarrassed, and his voice at first was scarcely audible. Mrs. Oswald, however, the instant she caught the air, joined her full clear notes, with which the servants soon mingled theirs. Catharine could not join. She now found herself present at one of those very scenes which had, during Dunallan's late visit at her father's, been frequently chosen by St. Clair as the subject of his most pointed ridicule, and which he had described in terms so completely ludicrous, that Catharine had often joined in the laugh he excited. It was true she had many times, during her evening walks at Dunallan Castle, stopped to listen to the hymn of the cottagers, and St. Clair himself had participated in the pleasure excited by those strains of simple piety; but a gentleman, a man of education, knowing the habits of the world, himself singing psalms, acting parson before his family and

domestics! How utterly ridiculous! Catharine now remembered how often Dunallan had been present when such scenes had been the subject of ridicule, and also how much the gravity of his looks, or his defence of those who engaged in them, had increased St. Clair's eagerness to hold them up to derision. It was impossible Dunallan could have forgotten all this, or the part she herself had taken; and she now felt ashamed, and ventured not to join, feeling that if she did, he must regard her, during a service esteemed sacred by him, as a mere hypocrite—the character she had been taught to associate with the idea of those in her own class who made any such open parade, she once would have called it, of religion. While Catharine sat occupied with these thoughts, her head bent forward over her book of hymns, and her colour heightened by so many recollections, and by the consciousness that she must be an object of attention to those around her, Dunallan had regained his self-command, and his fine manly voice now bore its full share in the hymn. Catharine's feelings, however, remained contradictory and confused. The melody was sweet and pleasing. Surely it must be right thus to join in worshipping God, but still her early associations of ridicule returned, and she felt relieved when the hymn was concluded. Dunallan then began to read a portion of scripture, in a voice

so deeply serious and impressive, that Catharine's whole attention was rivetted to the subject. She was in the habit of reading the scriptures at stated times, and admired and loved particular passages; but, on the whole, the sacred volume appeared to her involved in an obscurity which she thought it almost culpable to remark, even to herself. She had imbibed this impression in her early childhood, from the veneration with which her mother taught her to regard the word of God, and which was ever afterwards associated with the sacred idea of her departed parent. This gave her an uneasy and superstitious apprehension when she ventured to use her own powers of reasoning on any point she could not comprehend, or reconcile to what in other cases appeared reasonable. She had been shocked by hearing others speak slightingly on a subject which was connected in her feelings with all that was most sacred. She never, therefore, conversed with her father, or with almost any one on the subject, because she seldom found any one's feelings meet hers. Dunallan's voice and manner, however, recalled her earlier impressions, and she listened with delight, mingled with awe, to the sublime passage he had chosen. When any particularly obscure sentence occurred, Dunallan stopt, and in the most simple and correctly pure language, gave either his own ideas on the subject, or those

of some approved commentator, which to him appeared conclusive, and which Catharine on each occasion felt perfectly satisfactory, and worthy of the subject. She felt grieved when he closed the sacred volume. All now knelt down to prayer; but here Catharine was again less pleased. The deep humility of Dunallan's confessions, she could scarcely conceive to be sincere, and his exulting thanksgivings for the mercies of Christianity seemed unlike the simple trueness of his usual expressions. Yet, as he proceeded, he at times spoke a language which reached her inmost soul; and when he concluded, she certainly felt her respect for him unaccountably increased. The servants, with an appearance of respect for their young master approaching to veneration, gratefully replied to those kind and friendly inquiries with which he noticed some of them as they left the apartment.

Mrs. Oswald held out her hand to Catharine: "How do you like our strange ways, my dear young friend?" asked she.

Catharine warmly pressed her hand, "Part of them very much," replied she.

"And what part do you dislike, my dear?"

"*Dislike* is a strong word. I will not say, my dear Mrs. Oswald, that I *dislike* any part; but ——" she hesitated, and looked towards Dunallan. He had again opened the Bible, and stood

with his hand resting upon it, while he seemed to listen for her reply to Mrs. Oswald's question.

"May I ask you to read this passage, Catharine?" said he.

She immediately approached.

"I felt it too sacred," continued he, "when arguing, as you have heard me do with Mr. St. Clair. His levity on these subjects was so unconquerable."

Catharine read the passage to which he pointed. It was this: "And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives."*

"You remember what precedes and follows this, Catharine?" added Dunallan.

"I do," said Catharine, instantly solemnised.

"Then I am sure you will agree with me in thinking that our feelings cannot be in the state they ought to be, if we have any disposition to ridicule an act of devotion sanctioned by this example, or if the dread of such ridicule should make us shrink from performing it."

"Assuredly, Mr. Dunallan," replied Catharine, blushing even to tears at the recollection of what she now considered her own impiety. Dunallan immediately changed the subject; but Catharine, when again alone, revolved it deeply in her

* Matt. xxvi. 30.

"who," she said, "seemed to be quite idolized by his servants."

"There is not one of them," proceeded she, "who would leave him to serve any gentleman in the country, Mrs. Scott says; and yet he is very strict, and suffers no servant to stay a night in the house after he has broken through any rule he has established; and this he desires they may be positively warned of when they are hired. He has turned off four men within the last six months, although he afterwards was very kind to them till they found other means of subsistence, and took pains himself to convince them of the evil of their practices. Whenever a new servant enters the house, Mr. Dunallan converses with him in private, and gives him books to read; and he desires Mr. Gray, the steward, to take care that the men shall have time to read morning and evening, if they are so disposed; and, at any rate, they must be in the house; and they are, in general, anxious to read the books given them by Mr. Dunallan, as he often sends for them, and inquires whether they understand, and like what they have read, and takes much pains to instruct them. Mrs. Oswald takes the same care of the women; and Mrs. Scott asked me, Ma'am, whether I had been used with such care at Dunallan Castle. I said, that nobody could be kinder to their servants than you, Ma'am, and that you al-

CHAPTER VI.

To-morrow morning came, and, with it, Martin rejoiced to have an opportunity of opening her heart to her young lady.

"Oh, Ma'am," began she, "every one here is so kind! Mrs. Scott told me, that Mrs. Oswald said she would trust to her to find out the way to make me happy and comfortable; so Mrs. Scott just told me, and begged me to say frankly, what would make me so on all occasions, for that Mrs. Oswald would be sadly displeased if they did not find means to make my new abode pleasant to me. And, Ma'am, Mrs. Scott says you put her in mind of Mr. Dunallan's mother, whom she served long ago; but she did not stay in the house after her death, because the last housekeeper was not a person she liked to be under; so she went to Mrs. Oswald, who has been so kind to her, that she says she owes more than this world's happiness to her; but she says, too, Ma'am, that if you look as gently at her as you did at me when you spoke to me, she could serve you on her knees." Martin's next theme Catharine listened to with more pleasure, for it was all in praise of Dunallan,

"who," she said, "seemed to be quite idolized by his servants."

"There is not one of them," proceeded she, "who would leave him to serve any gentleman in the country, Mrs. Scott says; and yet he is very strict, and suffers no servant to stay a night in the house after he has broken through any rule he has established; and this he desires they may be positively warned of when they are hired. He has turned off four men within the last six months, although he afterwards was very kind to them till they found other means of subsistence, and took pains himself to convince them of the evil of their practices. Whenever a new servant enters the house, Mr. Dunallan converses with him in private, and gives him books to read; and he desires Mr. Gray, the steward, to take care that the men shall have time to read morning and evening, if they are so disposed; and, at any rate, they must be in the house; and they are, in general, anxious to read the books given them by Mr. Dunallan, as he often sends for them, and inquires whether they understand, and like what they have read, and takes much pains to instruct them. Mrs. Oswald takes the same care of the women; and Mrs. Scott asked me, Ma'am, whether I had been used with such care at Dunallan Castle. I said, that nobody could be kinder to their servants than you, Ma'am, and that you al-

ways set them a good example; and Mrs. Scott said, that you indeed looked like an angel."

"Oh, Martin," replied Catharine, "you have done me more than justice; you see there may be better mistresses."

Martin began to defend her young lady. "No, no, Martin," interrupted Catharine, "do not trouble your head to recollect all my goodness, as you call it. I hope Mrs. Oswald will teach me to be really a good mistress."

"Oh, my dear young lady," exclaimed Martin, her heart beginning to overflow at her eyes, "I always said, you only needed to know what an angel was to become one yourself; for you have, ever since you were a child, and spoiled by every one about you, always liked that person best who most freely told you what was right, whether they thought it likely to please you or not. Oh! Ma'am, I remember when Mr. Dunallan was a very young gentleman, and you, Ma'am, quite a child, you used sometimes to come away from every body to me, so unhappy and vexed; and when I tried to amuse or comfort you, you used to tell me that Edward (as you called him then) had said you were passionate, or proud, or unkind to Miss Elizabeth; and then you used to cry so, Ma'am, and say, 'Edward thinks so, and it must be true. Do not say I am good, Martin, but tell me how I can learn not to

be passionate nor proud.' Ah, Ma'am, you liked Mr. Dunallan better than any body then."

Catharine sighed, and looked so grave that Martin finished her duties without saying another word. When she was gone, Catharine sat down at a window, her watch in her hand, at once to be prepared for the hour of morning prayer, and to view the romantic scenery which lay before her; but while her eyes wandered over its varied beauties, her thoughts were soon fixed on a subject too powerfully interesting to be long forgotten —her own situation, and Dunallan's singular character. Her feelings for him had very much changed since the preceding morning. Still, however, she scarcely knew what she felt. "I have been completely mistaken," thought she, "in supposing him cold and selfish. Mrs. Oswald, and all around him, regard him with as much love as respect. This could not be inspired, unless he discovered feelings of the same nature to them. The children, too,"—she felt softened when she recollected his caressing and fondly affectionate treatment of them. "Amiable being!" thought she, "how much he seems formed for domestic happiness! And in this to be compelled to give up his own inclinations, and abandon all hopes of ever finding what he is so peculiarly fitted to enjoy: yet so just to me! so feeling for my situation! so delicate! so considerate! his every look, every word, so calculated to restore me to

perfect tranquillity and confidence. Yesterday, at this time, I supposed him all sternness and pride: this morning I could wish he were less gentle—less overcomingly delicate and considerate. The contrast is painful." The recollection of all she had heard against his character returned to her thoughts. "What an inexplicable being!" thought she, "yet why should I wish to know that all these unfavourable traits are false? I almost believe them to be so; but I do not wish to know that his manner is really no more engaging than his heart is perfect. I do not wish to know that I have been so unjust to him—so unwise to myself." She thought of his singularities—his prayers—his strict notions. "What must he think of me, educated as I have been? He must feel that I am incapable of entering into his ideas, or of being his friend and companion. He seems to feel for me as a child whom he has been the unfortunate means of injuring, and whom he must therefore sooth and indulge, and lull me, if possible, into a forgetfulness of my real situation. Oh! that I could convince him, that proud, and thoughtless, and self-willed, and spoiled by prosperity as he thinks I am, and as I too often feel myself to be, that I, too, aspire after perfection." A gentle tap at the door startled her. She opened it. It was Mrs. Oswald and the children.

"Quite ready! that is right my love," said that kind lady.

The children threw their little arms round Catharine. "Sweet loves," said she, pressing them with tenderness to her bosom.

Mrs. Oswald seemed greatly pleased: "They will not be orphans, I see," said she; "but come, it is time for prayers."

Dunallan was alone when they entered the library. He received Catharine with a look of pleasure; but he appeared grave, and immediately rang for the servants.

Catharine again sat by him; and, whilst she now joined her voice with his in their morning hymn of adoration, she felt as if she partook in the pure devotion which seemed to inspire him. Again he read, and again she listened with the most fixed attention. He prayed; and the earnest desires of his soul for higher degrees of purity in thought, in motive, in action, in feeling, than she had ever conceived, led her to feel the distance at which she still remained from his ideas of perfection; while his lowly confessions of time mispent, and his ardent supplications that all might feel the deep importance of the short and fleeting moments on which so much depended, cast a gloom over her spirits.

"What a degree of perfection you require," said she to him when the servants left the room. "I should despair, if I thought heaven required

such impossible strictness of thought and motive. Do you believe, Mr. Dunallan, that we are capable of making our hearts so perfect?"

He looked mildly at her for a moment, then said, in a serious tone, "I do not think that we are capable to command a single good thought. Scripture says so, and my own experience confirms the declarations of Scripture to my own mind. But," added he, "you seem half displeased with me, Catharine."

"I only do not comprehend you," replied she. "My dear Mrs. Oswald, I appeal to you, has he not contradicted himself? He first describes a degree of perfection, which, if necessary, is quite alarming to such erring creatures; and then says, to prevent all attempt even, that we are incapable of thinking a good thought."

"And yet, my dear," replied Mrs. Oswald, "contradictory as this may appear, it is the fact; for the scriptures say, that 'without holiness' we cannot see heaven; and also declare our inability to think a good thought."

"Oh! do not puzzle me with such contradictions," exclaimed Catharine earnestly, "I wish to know your opinions. My heart tells me I have regarded these matters too slightly. I find that those who attend most to them always have most influence with me. Mr. Dunallan, I entreat you to explain yourself."

"My dear Catharine, I had no intention to

trifle with so important a subject. You forget that I was not describing what man may attain by his own exertions; I was imploring the assistance of heaven to produce in our souls that purity which true Christianity always leads us to sigh after, however deficient we may be."

Catharine sighed, and looked unsatisfied.

"You are not quite convinced that I am right, Catharine," said Dunallan; "but you know, I prepared you to meet strange customs and strange opinions at Arnmore; and I think you promised, at least you assented to my wish, not to form your opinion of us till you had examined impartially our reasons for differing from many around us."

"Oh, certainly I shall not," replied Catharine. "I had forgot that I was to act as an impartial judge. From what I have already seen, however, I feel inclined to expect perfection, and am disappointed when I cannot understand what I see and hear."

"Perfection!" exclaimed Dunallan; "was it not an aspiration after perfection which displeased you?"

"Oh, that kind of perfection; yes, because it is quite different from the kind I mean, and is far too sacred for common life."

"I must not discuss this subject with you now, Catharine," replied Dunallan, taking her hand, and then Mrs. Oswald's, and drawing each within

his arm, "because I have an engagement in half an hour, and we must go to breakfast; but, may I ask you to examine the sentiment you have just expressed, and tell me, when we meet again in this place of strange customs and conversations, if you think it—may I say," he looked smilingly in her face, "rational? Catharine, you must not be displeased with me: You know I have always been plain with you."

"I am not displeased," replied Catharine. "If I am irrational in my sentiments, it is not from intention; and I only wait to be convinced."

"Sweet girl," said Mrs. Oswald; "but come away, or this strange man must go to his appointment without any breakfast." She hurried before them into the breakfast-room, and seated herself so as to leave Catharine to preside.

"Mrs. Oswald, this is your place," said Catharine, when Dunallan led her to the vacant seat.

"No, indeed, my love," replied Mrs. Oswald, "I never take any trouble I can possibly avoid." And she looked up in Catharine's face, smiling with so much archness of expression, that Catharine seated herself immediately to escape Dunallan's looks, who stood by her till the delicate point was settled. Catharine felt her face glow, and her hand trembled as she proceeded to do the duties of her place.

"This is always a very sociable hour at Arn-

more, my dear Catharine," said Mrs. Oswald, "always a comfortable, old-fashioned breakfast, from which no one ever thinks of being absent. It is my delight," continued Mrs. Oswald, "to see every one assemble first at prayers, and then to easy and friendly conversation at breakfast, when our very hearts seem to feel as if the freshness of morning had risen upon them, as our sweet Mrs. Williams says."

Catharine again felt her face glow, on recollecting the conversation which had passed at Dunallan Castle, and what Elizabeth had heard Dunallan say of her. "Is Mrs. Williams a near neighbour?" asked she.

"Yes; but we shall not see her for a few days," replied Mrs. Oswald.

"I long much to be acquainted with her," said Catharine, looking at Dunallan, "I shall then perhaps learn what perfection is."

"No," replied he, smiling, "her own account of herself at least is very different."

Dunallan was obliged to hurry away immediately after breakfast. Mrs. Oswald then led Catharine through the house, and afterwards to the garden, and some of the nearest of the beautiful walks which surrounded the castle. Catharine greatly admired every thing she saw. In the house all was propriety, the most elegant simplicity and comfort. The servants seemed most carefully attended to; and in their looks and

manner showed the respect and affection they felt for Mrs. Oswald, and their anxiety to recommend themselves to the notice of their young lady. The cottagers they met during their walk appeared equally pleased and respectful. Mrs. Oswald addressed them kindly, and seemed acquainted with all their concerns. "I must show you our village," said she to Catharine as they were slowly returning towards the house. They then descended a wooded path which led towards the lake; and after many windings, they arrived at a range of rocky cliffs, from which, in extensive and very picturesque grounds, on the borders of the lake, were seen many neat cottages, separated from each other by the rocky unevenness of the ground, or by trees, or small and beautifully verdant fields, or by nicely cultivated little gardens. The mixture of wood, and rocks, and cottages, covered with honeysuckle and wild roses, with their irregular fields and gardens, sometimes surrounded with wood, sometimes inclosed by rocks of the most romantic wildness, sometimes encroaching on the steep sides of the hills which inclosed them all, formed a scene of singular beauty. Catharine contemplated all around her with delight.

"That village contains upwards of four hundred inhabitants," said Mrs. Oswald, "and their improvement is Dunallan's favourite pursuit. The late Mr. Dunallan, who never objected to

any plan proposed by his son, consented to his attempting this improvement, to induce his tenants to give up their little farms willingly. Dunallan was quite as much aware as his Father, of the disadvantages of having an estate divided into these small farms; but he reprobated the plan followed by many country gentlemen, of at once throwing a number of them into one, and suffering the miserable people to emigrate with their families to distant countries. He prevailed on his Father, therefore, to suffer the old tenants to remain, but invited their sons to this village, where they receive a small piece of ground, a boat, and fishing materials. The young men are, by these means, enabled to marry soon, and in a short time become so attached to this village, that at their fathers' deaths they have no desire to return to their farms, which fall without trouble into the hands of the landlord. Dunallan's plans have arrived at wonderful perfection, considering how short his visits at home were during his Father's life."

"And why, may I ask, were his visits so short, my dear Mrs. Oswald?" said Catharine. "Surely such cold disregard of a father was not quite consistent with Mr. Dunallan's strict principles."

"I think his conduct was quite so, my dear," replied Mrs. Oswald, "I do not believe a parent's shame can be witnessed by a child without lessening the respect he ought to feel."

"Shame! What do you mean, my dear Madam?"

"Is it possible, Catharine, you do not know the cause for Dunallan's averseness to home?"

"I never heard any cause assigned."

"Ah, my dear, Dunallan has had enemies near you. This could not be so great a secret, though my nephew has, I know, borne in silence much undeserved blame. You, Catharine, ought to know, however, that when Dunallan resided at home, he was obliged to see in his mother's place, one of the lowest and worst of creatures, by whom his father was so infatuated and enslaved, that even his love for his son could not break the bondage, or induce him, even when his son was with him, to offend this woman, by keeping her from appearing when there was no other guest; for this was the manner in which she chose to show her hatred to Dunallan. No situation could be more intolerable to a man of Dunallan's principles and feelings."

"And he did as he ought in leaving it," said Catharine with emphasis. "I was certain Mr. Dunallan must have been innocent of the charges I have heard against him," added she thoughtfully.

"Have any more such stories reached you, my dear?"

"Oh, yes; but I shall tell you them all, my dearest Madam; for I long to hear Mr. Dunallan

cleared from every aspersion. Mr. Clanmar is said to have been led into an improper marriage by him."

"I know he is," replied Mrs. Oswald: "but here I cannot satisfy you. Dunallan is as secret as death on this subject; from which I, who know him, infer, that Mr. Clanmar has been guilty of something very blameable. I have seen them together, and Clanmar certainly regards Dunallan with more than common respect, and Dunallan professes sincere affection for him; but this is all I can say on this point."

"And Mr. Dunallan's sister," said Catharine.

"His sister!" repeated Mrs. Oswald; "surely it is not possible to represent his conduct to her as any thing but kind, tender, generous——"

"Oh yes," interrupted Catharine, "it is possible to make it appear cruel—unfeeling——"

"What a world!" exclaimed Mrs. Oswald. "Let us sit down here, my dear Catharine, for I can walk no farther, and I shall tell you how cruel and unfeeling he was to her. Poor Maria was Dunallan's sister by a former marriage, and some years older than he. My sister, the mother of Dunallan, wished most earnestly to have the charge of her, but her mother's relations expressed the same wish, and her expectations from them being considerable, her father would not suffer her to be taken from them. A few months after the death of my sister, the relation with

whom Maria lived, died also, leaving her a large fortune. Mr. Dunallan entreated me to take charge of her, as there was no remaining relation of her mother's with whom he chose to intrust her, and his house was not a proper place for a young female. I consented, but soon perceived the difficulty of the task I had undertaken. Beautiful, gentle, ingenuous, and warm in her affections, Maria gained upon my heart, while her want of steadiness, her sensibility, and neglected education, in what was of any real value, kept me in perpetual alarm. Never was any creature more exposed to the dangers of vanity, from the extravagant admiration of the other sex; and, amongst all her suitors, she fixed on the very one I should have least wished her to choose. You have, I dare say, heard of young Mr. Harcourt, and of his unbounded extravagance. For three years before he left this country, he was indebted to Dunallan for the supply of every want, though by this means Dunallan's own income became so limited that he was obliged to deny himself every indulgence. At one time he gave up his horses, at another he dismissed all his servants. Harcourt, with the meanness usually attendant on extravagance, received, unblushingly, all these pecuniary aids from a mere boy, as Dunallan then was. At the end of those three years, one cause of Harcourt's extravagance became known, for the first time, to Dunallan. He found that he was depriving him-

self of every indulgence to supply the expenses of a mistress who had lived with Harcourt for several years. This naturally roused Dunallan's indignation, and after having, with difficulty, procured a situation for Harcourt in India, he positively informed him, that unless he broke off the shameful connexion he had formed, and immediately consented to sail for his new destination, he would no longer regard him as a relation. Harcourt knew how dangerous it would be to his interests to displease Dunallan, and promised all he wished. Before he sailed, however, Dunallan discovered that the woman had gone a few weeks before, in another ship, destined to the presidency to which he had been appointed, and where she had a sister married in a low situation. On discovering this, Dunallan came to me almost in despair. Maria's health was then in a very delicate state, having been recently confined by the birth of our little Mary, and the idea of parting from her children, who were too young to be taken to India, had materially increased her illness. I went to her, and proposed her remaining with her children, and suffering Harcourt to proceed to India without her. I found little difficulty in persuading her to do this, her affections were so divided between her husband and children. Harcourt, however, enraged at seeing all further hopes of receiving pecuniary advantage from Dunallan at an end, first insisted on his wife ac-

companying him, and when he found that she, shocked by the brutality of his letters, and terrified by his violence when he gained admittance to her, was so ill as really to be incapable of undertaking such a voyage, he threatened to take his children, which last project was only prevented by Dunallan's promise to pay him a large annuity as long as he left his wife and children at peace in this country. Poor Maria sunk under his cruel treatment. Dunallan and I accompanied her from place to place—wherever change of climate, or change of scene, held out any hope of restoring peace, or strength to her wounded mind and weakened frame, but in vain; it is now nearly two years since she expired in her brother's arms, after frequently declaring, that he had been the means of leading her to the only true source of happiness, and had taught her that death itself could be welcomed as the harbinger of everlasting peace and joy. Her children Dunallan regards as his own. The worthless Harcourt still lives, and has married the wretched woman who seduced his affections from his wife."

"Unfortunate Maria!" exclaimed Catharine, "how much is our sex to be pitied!" added she thoughtfully, "duped by our affections, or sacrificed to"—— she stopt.

"Yes;" said Mrs. Oswald in a gentle tone of voice, "but misfortune is most severe when we have sought it ourselves. There is a great, an

unspeakable consolation, my dear Catharine, in feeling, that though we suffer we have not left the path of duty: then we look on misfortune, not as a chastisement, but as a purifier. I hope, my dear young friend, you will yet have cause to rejoice in your generous devotion to your father's wishes."

An approaching footstep interrupted Mrs. Oswald. It was Dunallan; he looked at Catharine, then at his aunt—"Am I an intruder?"

"Oh, no," said Catharine, "but we did not hope to see you."

"We supposed you were engaged for the whole morning," said Mrs. Oswald.

"On this morning! my dear aunt, no certainly. I hoped to have returned in time to attend you, but you were fled, and I have been searching every walk for you."

"You must not think of me, Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine, "I know you have important affairs to attend to here, which must not be neglected on my account."

"You know, Catharine, what I consider the most important affair at present intrusted to me. I am sure Mrs. Oswald will leave nothing untried to render your present situation agreeable to you, but I believe you must allow me, for my own sake, while we are together, to join in the attempt: however, my dear Catharine," added he, quickly and earnestly, "your own mind is the

source from whence alone I expect you to derive the happiness I so ardently wish for you."

Catharine smiled, and looked certainly not very unhappy.

"You recollect too well," said she, "the account I once gave you of my extreme inconsistency of disposition; but even without supposing that changed, Arnmore is so new a scene to me, that I shall not soon be satisfied, I perceive, in exploring its wonders; its mental novelties are, however, I must confess, most interesting to me. You know, Mr. Dunallan, you have to convince me, that a sentiment I expressed this morning was very irrational."

"Yes; at least I wished you yourself to discover that it was so."

"I have not yet had time to examine it."

"I know you have not, and I almost wish to decline entering on a subject so very serious, when I recollect how frequently I have heard you say, that you detested preaching out of the pulpit."

"I entreat you, Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine, blushing deeply, "to forget such foolish speeches of mine. My heart reproached me, I assure you, the moment they were uttered."

"Well then, my dear ingenuous Catharine," replied Dunallan, "I shall do as you desire. Your opinion is, that religion is too sacred a thing

to be always present to our thoughts. May I ask you to explain to me why you think so?"

"Because—I think—why, all our lives are occupied with such trifles, it would be almost profane, I think, to mix religious ideas with them."

"But what, my dear Catharine, do you include in your ideas of religion?"

"I include," replied Catharine solemnly, "belief in that great and glorious Being, who has created the universe, and, by his power and wisdom, supports it in existence; whose attributes are beyond our comprehension, but who has, in mercy, sent his Son to reveal his will to us, and to set us an example of the most perfect, the sublimest virtue."

"Well, my dearest Catharine, so far our ideas are the same. You regard that revelation of the will of God then, as a rule to which we ought implicitly to submit?"

"Certainly I do."

"But that revelation, dear Catharine, talks frequently of 'acknowledging God in *all* our ways,' of 'walking with God,' of 'trusting in him continually,' of 'desiring to please him in *all* things.'"

"I confess I do not understand such expressions, Mr. Dunallan; at least the only meaning I can attach to them does not satisfy me."

"But do they not support the opinion that re-

ligion may, and ought to be, our constant guide in every thing?"

"They certainly do."

"Can you recollect any thing in revelation, Catharine, which forbids or condemns innocent pleasures?"

"No, nothing."

"Or any precept which it would not increase our real happiness to obey?"

"No, not one."

"Then why do you think its rules are too sacred to be always present, even in our most cheerful thoughts?"

"I shall perhaps be convicted of being irrational, I see," replied Catharine, smiling, "yet my *feelings* still say, that religion would not be at all suitably mixed with our usual occupations, or even opinions."

"Most true, my dearest Catharine, your feelings say perfectly right; but ought not our occupations and opinions to be made suitable to religion? are we rational in professing ourselves Christians, while our usual common opinions and occupations are such as to necessarily banish the ideas which Christianity inspires?"

"No, I must allow we are not. But I fear you must entirely new-model the world, Mr. Dunallan, before you will be able to prevail on it to be always influenced by such pure and sacred principles."

"Ah! Catharine, that is the way we all attempt to escape from disagreeable truths: but each individual of that world has the charge of one heart and one life only."

"But that one heart may itself require to be changed perhaps," said Catharine.

"Not perhaps, dear Catharine, most certainly every heart does. Oh, that I could convince you," added he with great earnestness and emotion, "that you will never know what real happiness is until that one heart is so changed as to willingly, anxiously, desire and endeavour to submit its opinions, its wishes, its choice of occupations, its every feeling, to be influenced and guided by revelation."

"I wish it were," replied Catharine seriously, "but, indeed, I do not expect it ever will. It is not in my nature, I fear, to be a saint," added she more gaily, "I must rest satisfied with a more common degree of goodness."

Dunallan seemed disappointed, and remained silent.

"Do not look so grave, Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine, "I shall try to do whatever you wish me."

"Even to become a saint," asked he, smiling, but rather sadly.

"Yes; even to become a saint, if that is indispensible," replied she, accepting the arm he offered, and following Mrs. Oswald, who had risen,

and was proceeding on her walk. Mrs. Oswald, however, acknowledged she was fatigued, and Catharine insisted on deferring her visit to the village until next day.

Dunallan studiously avoided the subject of religion during the remainder of the day, though Catharine made many attempts to introduce it. She felt that he had reason to be dissatisfied with the levity of her reply to the earnest kindness of his wishes for her, and she sought for an opportunity to obtain his forgiveness; but she sought in vain. Dunallan found means to change the subject the moment she introduced it, and conversed so agreeably about other things, that for a time she forgot her wish; but some new proof of kindness or consideration on his part soon again brought her fault to her recollection with increased regret.

"Mr. Dunallan," said she at last, when the evening was far spent, "you will not give me an opportunity to ask your forgiveness for my unpardonably foolish reply to the interest you expressed in my improvement this morning. I think you would forgive me if you knew how much pain the remembrance of it still gives me."

"I do, from my heart, forgive you, my dear Catharine, though, I confess, you disappointed me. Will you, in your turn, forgive me, if I speak very plainly, very seriously, to you now?"

"Indeed I will. I wish you, Mr. Dunallan, always to speak so to me."

"Then, my dearest Catharine, I think I ought to remind you, that even a slight degree of levity on such subjects requires forgiveness from a higher source. You may *pain* your friend, but the right to be displeased is not mine. Am I too solemn, Catharine?"

"You are indeed, very solemn, Mr. Dunallan," replied Catharine, tears starting into her eyes.

"But am I improperly so?" asked he, with an expression of concern in his countenance.

"I cannot tell, perhaps not."

"Will you examine?"

"I certainly will."

"And can you forgive my plainness?"

"Yes; and whatever I may feel, I still wish you to be perfectly so with me."

When Catharine was again alone, she reflected on this conversation, almost wishing to find that Dunallan had been too severe; but the more seriously and candidly she examined the subject, she felt the more convinced that he was right, and that her own mind and feelings were far too slightly alive to the deep importance of religion, and all that was connected with it. Her esteem for Dunallan increased. She felt also that he was deeply interested in her, as every word and look expressed it. The conviction of this was

now delightful to her, and animated her with the most earnest desire to understand his character and opinions. She felt certain they were right, and determined to attempt at least to comprehend them. Her imagination easily passed over every difficulty, and pictured the time when she and Dunallan should be united in opinions, in wishes, in pursuits, perhaps in affections. The waking dream was delightful—too delightful to be forsaken, till sleep at last mingled with it its still more unlikely visions.

CHAPTER VII.

Next morning Catharine obeyed the summons to prayers, with her determination of the evening before as strong as ever. Full of her new plans to study Dunallan's opinions, and frankly to avow her wish to know and be guided by them, she entered the library with her cheek glowing, and her whole manner and appearance unusually animated. Dunallan was alone, and rose to meet her.

"I need scarcely inquire for your health, Catharine," said he smiling, and regarding her with looks of evident admiration.

"Inquire for my mind's health," replied she, smiling playfully.

"Those looks, Catharine, bespeak a tranquil mind also."

"Well, perhaps they may, for I have just formed a resolution which I hope will in future secure my peace of mind."

"May I ask what that resolution is?"

"Yes, for I cannot put it into execution without your consent."

"My consent, dear Catharine! You have it then, whatever your resolution is."

"Ah, Mr. Dunallan, you do not know what you have promised. Nothing less than to assist and guide me in regulating this mind, which I know you think is in a sad state. Do you retract?"

"No, dearest Catharine, I thank you for the permission a thousand times. Shall I tell you that I was almost afraid to see you this morning, I dreaded so much that my solemnity last night had disgusted you."

"No," replied Catharine, "on reflection I was convinced you were right. But, tell me, how shall I begin the attempt to feel more, and think more, as I ought to do on religious subjects?"

The entrance of Mrs. Oswald and the children prevented Dunallan's reply. Catharine felt disappointed, as the servants immediately followed.

"We shall not be interrupted," said Dunallan, as he led her to the seat next himself, "your inquiry may be answered from Scripture;" and he immediately began to read some verses of a Psalm, in which her question was asked and answered.

Catharine was affected; and her voice, as she sung, betrayed her emotion. Her mingled feelings were almost oppressive, until Dunallan's prayer gave them language and utterance. She fervently joined in his humble but joyful thanksgivings, for her heart overflowed with gratitude:

and when he supplicated with the deepest earnestness that light might be imparted to the still young and ignorant—that their hearts might be attracted and devoted to their Creator while in the first glow of their early affections—that the great Shepherd of the sheep would gather his lambs into his fold, and preserve them there safe from the allurements and pollutions of the world —the ardent desires of her soul followed his every request, and she felt a delight in these aspirations of devotion, greater than she had ever experienced from any earthly enjoyment.

"You did indeed answer my question," said she afterwards to Dunallan, "and I understood you my true friend."

On this morning Dunallan had no engagement, and offered to attend Catharine to his village. Mrs. Oswald begged she might be excused from going.

"I really am too old to be able to walk every where with you my two young friends," said she, "and to-day I must visit my school; but if you will call on me there, I shall return home with you."

"You seem unwilling to trust yourself with me, Catharine," said Dunallan rather reproachfully, as she hesitated about leaving Mrs. Oswald.

"I am not indeed," replied she blushing, and immediately rose to accompany him.

The day was charming. Dunallan proposed walking to the village by a different way from that Catharine had gone the day before. This was longer, but still more romantic and beautiful, and in several places opened on the most extensive and magnificent views of the lake and surrounding scenery.

In Dunallan, Catharine at last found one who felt the charms of nature with rapture even greater than her own, and who expressed his admiration in a language to which her every feeling replied. She stopt at each step to admire some new beauty. Dunallan appeared delighted with her enthusiasm, and continued to lead her from one picturesque scene to another, that he might point out those views which he himself most admired. Their tastes were the same; and Catharine warmly assented to Dunallan's remark, that the scenery round Arnmore was exactly the kind which most powerfully excited those feelings of admiration, "which are so delightful," added he, "so purely so, when they elevate the thoughts and affections to the source of all beauty and greatness."

"But we are far beyond the village," said Dunallan at last, after they had long wandered on, regardless of time or distance. "Thus we pursue pleasure," added he, "to the neglect of every thing else."

"But this surely is innocent pleasure," said Catharine.

"Most innocent, and you can visit my poor village at any time."

"Oh, indeed! I long very much to see your village. I shall probably there also forget how time flies."

"Ah! Catharine, I wish I knew how to make the time always appear so short to you."

"I think I never found it pass away so rapidly as at this Arnmore, which I expected would be so very different," said Catharine gaily. "But I fear Mrs. Oswald must now be waiting for us at her school. We must bid adieu to these charming scenes."

"You expected Arnmore was to be sadly dull and tiresome," said Dunallan, as he conducted Catharine by a short path through the woods to Mrs. Oswald's school.

"Indeed I scarcely knew what to expect, Mr. Dunallan. But all that is past. You have promised to assist me in forming myself into a fit inmate for this strangely interesting place. How shall I begin? I long to make the attempt—but here is Mrs. Oswald come to meet us. Oh! that is too bad."

"Indeed I might as well have accompanied you," said Mrs. Oswald. "Here have I been wandering in every direction in search of you, after having staid at my school an hour longer

than usual; and nobody at the village, or any where else, had met you. Where can you have concealed yourselves?"

Catharine attempted to apologise for her inattention; but Mrs. Oswald interrupted her.

"No apologies, my dear. I shall always excuse your forgetting me, if Edward is the cause." Mrs. Oswald added aside to Catharine, who had turned away blushing, "and now, my dear, I have punished you more than I wished;" and she then said aloud, "I am sure from both your looks, time has passed away agreeably wherever you have been."

"Most agreeably, I allow on my part," said Dunallan, with an expression of mild but heartfelt pleasure.

"I hope—indeed I can feel pretty certain," rejoined Mrs. Oswald, "that, if heaven spares us all, we shall not soon tire of each other."

"If one of our party continues to be pleased with us," replied Dunallan, "I think——"

"That depends on you, Mr. Dunallan," interrupted Catharine, smiling. "You have undertaken to make me a rational and religious being, capable and worthy to become an inmate of your Arnmore. But who comes here? Do you expect visitors, Mr. Dunallan?"

"No, certainly," replied he, following her looks to a path in the road by which three gentlemen were approaching.

"Walderford!" exclaimed he in a voice of joy, and was hastening to meet his friend, but turned again—"Dear Catharine, I fear you may dislike this early call to oblige me by receiving my friends."

"No, Mr. Dunallan, I shall meet your friends with the hope that they may become mine."

"A thousand thanks, my dearest Catharine," replied he with the most warmly grateful manner. He then flew to meet his friends. The meeting seemed most joyful on both sides.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Oswald, "there is friendship! friendship secured by the only certain everlasting bond. You perhaps know, Catharine, that Dunallan is called in the world 'One of the saints.' This Walderford is another; and has become so notwithstanding the ridicule and contemptuous treatment of a very clever but harsh father, and a host of worldly and dissipated relations. He is greatly beloved by Dunallan, who considers him as superior in talents as he is in worth."

Mrs. Oswald and Catharine walked slowly on, Dunallan and his friend soon seemed to be engaged in a conversation of the deepest interest to both. The other two gentlemen stopt at every step, apparently in admiration of the scenery which surrounded them. On their approaching nearer, Catharine perceived that the looks of all the party were directed towards her. This re-

called her thoughts to her own situation, and the blush which glowed on her cheek, and softened her downcast eyes, when Dunallan introduced his friend, was perfectly suited to the occasion, had she been united to him from the truest mutual affection.

Dunallan introduced the other gentlemen, Mr. Gower and Mr. Stanly; the former a little man, apparently between forty and fifty, with a countenance full of life and fire; the latter about the same age, but a large, mild, pleasing looking man, with little of any other character in his countenance. Mr. Walderford, however, excited Catharine's interest most, though his manner rather disappointed her. When introduced, he fixed his eyes on her for a moment with an expression of not very flattering scrutiny; said a few hurried words of apology for intrusion; then turning to Mrs. Oswald, renewed his acquaintance with her in a manner equally rapid and unceremonious.

Dunallan offered his arm to Catharine. Mr. Gower walked by her, and renewed his apologies for having visited his friend at a time when he must be considered an intruder. "Our reason," continued he, "was our despair of seeing Mr. Dunallan at all before he went abroad, unless we had that pleasure now; for business will prevent our being in London, I fear, before he departs thence, as it is much wished he should

find it agreeable to set out on his important mission immediately. I hope," continued Gower, "that you, Mrs. Dunallan, do not dread those northern climates?"

Catharine hesitated. "I dread no climate," replied she at last, scarcely knowing what she said.

"I am not so selfish as to wish Catharine to share the fatigues of such a journey with me," said Dunallan. "I have not even proposed it to her."

Mr. Gower looked at Catharine, and seemed to perceive that there was something he did not understand in Dunallan's reply, and her looks. Walderford began to speak on another subject, which proved to her that he knew exactly how matters stood. She walked on in silence. The happy feelings, and gay hopes for the future, which she had so lately experienced, had fled in a moment, and the idea of Dunallan's immediate departure, she knew not whither, filled her with the most uneasy apprehensions. She looked at him, to read, if possible, some ray of light or comfort in his countenance, but was struck with its expression of dejection and disappointment.

Mrs. Oswald and Walderford began immediately to converse together with much apparent interest, but both in a tone of voice so low, that Catharine only heard that Dunallan's plans formed the subject of their conversation. Dunallan

himself continued silent, and seemed lost in deep and painful thought.

When they reached the house, Catharine would have withdrawn her arm, but Dunallan caught her hand: "Will you give me your company for a few minutes longer, Catharine?"

"Certainly; but your friends ——"

"Mrs. Oswald will take charge of them," replied he, again placing her hand within his arm, and leading her towards the library.

"Catharine," said he on reaching it, "I have delayed this conversation too long. I did not so soon expect I should be obliged to perform a promise I once made to some of my friends. I hoped that before I should be called on to go abroad, I either should have been—that we should have been in other circumstances, or that you could have felt—I wished to have tried at least—I hoped—I need not say what." He hesitated—then proceeded, "You now know, my dear Catharine, that I am called on to go abroad, in consequence of my own promise. Should you, however, disapprove of any plan I have formed, I conceive it my first duty at present to consult your wishes, if possible."

"Oh no, Mr. Dunallan, I cannot wish you to change any plan on my account. May I ask how long you will be absent?"

"That, dear Catharine, I cannot exactly tell. I undertook some time ago a mission to Peters-

burgh, ostensibly to convey instructions of an important nature to our ambassador there; but the truth is, my mission regards a private negociation, which relates more to the cause of religion, than to the politics of the day; and which, though countenanced, and indeed favoured by government, did not originate there. When I first thought of undertaking this mission, I did not expect that any new tie I should form could bind me to home. I acknowledge I had yielded too much to prejudice; but I must not speak on this subject. My first motive really was a desire to benefit my fellow-creatures. If with this I mixed others less pure, I deserve to feel as I now do, for having agreed to leave a home, which, when I am about to banish myself from it, seems almost a paradise."

Catharine remained silent, a multitude of confused ideas followed what Dunallan had said; but his regret at leaving home was that most distinctly present. "And why," thought she, "not take as much as possible of home with him?" Yet she had not courage to propose herself accompanying him, though at that moment she could have done so, had not a certain doubtfulness as to whether he included her in his sources of happiness deterred her.

"Mrs. Oswald, I am sure, would willingly make a home for you in any part of the world,

Mr. Dunallan, and your dear children—the climate is good."

"Mrs. Oswald and the children!" interrupted Dunallan, who had eagerly watched Catharine's countenance, as she continued buried in thought; he looked reproachfully at her for a moment, then turned away, she thought proudly, and walked to a window, where he remained turned from her for a few moments. He, however, soon recovered himself, and resumed his place near her.

"I cannot wish Mrs. Oswald to undertake such a journey," said he in his usual gentle tone of voice, "and the children must not leave this country. But now, Catharine, may I ask what would be your wishes?"

Catharine had felt hurt by his manner of replying to the proposal of Mrs. Oswald's accompanying him. "I never understand him," thought she, dreading to make any answer. Dunallan, however, waited till she should.

"If," said she at last, "Mrs. Oswald would remain here, and allow me to continue with her and the sweet children, I should prefer that to any other situation."

"Mrs. Oswald is your guest, Catharine; and I am sure will remain with you as long as you wish it."

"And does this plan please you, Mr. Dunallan?" asked Catharine, timidly.

"Yes," replied he, languidly.

"Not quite, I think. Tell me any other. I only wish to please you."

"And this pleases me most, dear Catharine, since ——" he stopt.

"Since what?"

"Nothing."

"Are you now keeping your promise to be quite plain with me, Mr. Dunallan?" asked Catharine rather reproachfully.

"Yes, dearest Catharine, I have been too plain; but I see too well how it is. I must leave you, and in that event, your wishes are exactly mine; and may the God of heaven be your guide, support, and happiness." He then hastened from her, and Catharine, surprised and moved, retired to her own apartment to think on what had passed. She had never before seen Dunallan so much agitated; and she found it was infectious. "What can he mean," said she to herself, "is it possible that parting from an aunt and two children, can move such a man as Dunallan?" She dared scarcely admit the idea that separation from herself could have caused emotions so painful. Indeed she could not believe it, for she had been accustomed to the devoted attentions of others, and gentle, considerate, and ever attentive as he was, Dunallan had never till the last half hour betrayed one emotion that she could have construed into what she considered that kind of regard. Yet why such emotion? Why, if he

wished it indeed, did he not ask her to accompany him? Surely he could not expect her to offer—uninvited. Impossible. In vain she attempted to account for his extreme agitation. She could not, however, altogether banish the idea that she herself was the cause. At one moment her gratitude to him, and her increasing admiration for his character, joined to this softening thought, led her to long for an opportunity of proving to him how much she valued that character, and that regard; but the next, she shrunk from the idea of any explanation that might lead to her leaving her country, her father, Elizabeth, every person, every thing, she had ever known or loved, to accompany alone that being whom she had, till within the last few days, regarded with dread and aversion. Again, the idea of Dunallan's kindness would return; his gentleness, the enthusiastic affection he inspired in those around him, his solitary feelings amongst strangers in a strange land. It was from reflections of the last kind that she was again called to meet Dunallan. His manner, however, soon chased them away. All appearance of unusual tenderness and emotion was gone. He was even less gentle than usual. He seemed again that Dunallan whom she had so long regarded with dread. His manner, however, soon became as gentle as usual, and his countenance, though still thoughtful, resumed those mild and feeling expressions which had

been gaining on Catharine's affections every moment since she had left her father's roof; and when he entered into conversation with his friends, she soon forgot all that was past or future while listening to him. The subjects of conversation were not new to her, but many of the opinions expressed by Dunallan and his friends were entirely so. They all seemed anxious to engage her to join in what passed, and soon succeeded. She began with great animation to defend those opinions she had been accustomed to consider just, but which she now heard regarded as erroneous. Her looks and manner had more effect, perhaps, than her arguments, but Mr. Gower in vain attempted to follow her half playful, half serious, sometimes fanciful, but always ingenious and lively defence of her own sentiments. He was lost in the maze, though quite unconvinced, and she turned from him to Mr. Walderford, declaring she had converted one opponent, and gaily demanding whether he too did not find her arguments quite unanswerable?

He smiled, and asked, "on what subject?"

"On every subject we have conversed upon," replied she; "but particularly respecting candour, and charitable opinion of others."

"You say, I believe, Madam," replied he, "that charity consists in—may I ask you to repeat what? I may perhaps do injustice to your definition."

"Why, I think it consists in—in—. I do not remember that I said what it consisted in. I only said I thought it very uncharitable to suppose people devoid of religious principle when we were ignorant of their opinions on the subject—a subject which is with many, and I think ought to be with all, confined to their own hearts."

"How is that possible, Madam?" asked Walderford, fixing his mild but inquiring eyes on Catharine.

"Why not?" replied she. "I think"—— She hesitated, Walderford looked so serious, though very mild.

"Do we not imply, when we talk of a principle," continued he, in a gentle tone of voice, "something which is the source or motive of action; and is it possible that our actions or opinions will not betray it, if any strong principle has possession of our minds and hearts? We have a simple but infallible rule to judge by in this case," added he, smiling, "when we see a bush produce nothing but thorns, we are not uncharitable in concluding that it cannot be a vine."

"But the person of whom we spoke is one of the most inoffensive of human beings," said Catharine; "your simile of thorns applies very ill to him."

"I confess it does; but still, let me ask, what good to himself, or to any living creature, has his

life produced? He is good-tempered, I allow, and, to his fox-hunting friends, very agreeable perhaps; but what account, were he called on for it, could he give of what he has done with his immense fortune, and naturally not deficient understanding?"

"What account could any of us give?" replied Catharine, "but that we have put our fortunes to no bad use that we are conscious of."

"Ah! Catharine," said Dunallan, "you have no chance of success in the argument, if you bring forward such a plea as that."

"Will you assist me?" asked she, smiling sweetly.

"I fear I cannot. I should be found to join your opponent."

"Ah! then, I shall take refuge in flight," said she, "if Mrs. Oswald will come with me."

Mrs. Oswald rose immediately, and though Dunallan's looks seemed to entreat their stay, retired with her young friend.

"And now, my dear madam," said Catharine when they had reached the drawing-room, "tell me what Mr. Dunallan finds so amiable in this Mr. Walderford? for I think I never saw any young man with such grave and severe manners."

"Are they more so than you found Dunallan's at first, my dear?"

"Why perhaps not; but what is this?" exclaimed she, observing a harp placed at the other

end of the room, "my harp! impossible! it could not have reached me. No, it is not mine."

"It is one Edward ordered for you, my dear; it ought to have been here sooner."

Catharine touched the strings, and sighed deeply.

"Why that sigh, Catharine?"

"Because this attention of Mr. Dunallan's reminds me of its cause," replied she; "he wishes kindly that I may be amused in his absence; but this will assist me to express the only feelings I shall experience," added she, beginning to play a melancholy air, while the tears stood in her eyes.

Mrs. Oswald smiled and said, "I cannot wish you to feel otherwise, dear Catharine."

Catharine blushed and left the harp, saying, "Mr. Dunallan seemed to think the argument I used before we left the dining-room a very bad one, my dear Mrs. Oswald; pray what does he think we ought to do with our fortunes—give them all to the poor?"

"No, my love, he does not do that himself; and many people who are otherwise very worthless have so much humanity of disposition, that they cannot witness suffering without relieving it if it is in their power. What Edward considers right is this—that each individual should attempt to form an idea of what good it is within his power to do in the situation in which he is placed, with

the fortune, or influence, or mental powers, or advantages of any kind, with which heaven has intrusted him: to form his plan of life after this examination, and to improve and pursue it steadily if possible, while he remains in this world; and this he thinks the duty of every rational being, for all have something in their power."

"All!" repeated Catharine.

"Yes, my love, all. There is scarcely any one perhaps with fewer means of being useful than myself; yet, I hope, I am not entirely a cumberer of the ground. There are some who are more ignorant than I am of the one thing which is of equal importance to us all; I can instruct them. There are others in affliction; to them I can point out the means by which I obtained consolation. God has given me those two sweet children, and while they are intrusted to me, I still have a motive for wishing to live: and should he deprive me of every other means of attempting to prove my love to him, may I," added she, raising her eyes to heaven, with an expression of deep and pious emotion, "may I be enabled to declare that his support to my soul is sufficient, and thus recommend his service with my last breath."

"You have another means of being useful in your power which you have not named, my dear Mrs. Oswald," said Catharine, softening into tears, "be a guide to me. Mr. Dunallan undertook the task, but he has too many concerns of

greater moment—he will soon forget such a promise—yet every word you say convinces me more and more how little I know what is truly right—how much I require a guide in every thing."

"Ah! my love, you must not trust to earthly guides," replied Mrs. Oswald, "you must seek a guide far superior to Dunallan. As for me, my dearest Catharine, my friendship, my advice, my opinions on every subject, my earnest prayers are yours whenever you desire them; and my warm affection you already possess. But, my love, you utterly mistake Dunallan's character, if you suppose any affairs in which he may be engaged, however important, will lead him to neglect those nearly connected with him, and most particularly yourself, now his nearest of all relations. Write to him, my dear Catharine, since you must separate. Get acquainted with him in this way. You will find him study with attention, and reply in a manner that will perhaps surprise you, to the very least important parts of your letters; and also endeavour to make his agreeable to you, however deeply he may be engaged in the most important affairs. The happiness, the ultimate happiness of the human race is the vast object of his desires. In this he is a citizen of the world; every immortal being is of equal importance in his opinion, and equally worthy of his limited efforts to promote his best interests; but the feelings of a being who would sacrifice almost

every thing to preserve the happiness of the meanest of his immortal fellow men,—the feelings of such a heart to those known and loved by him, are of a nature inexpressibly tender. Again, my love, let me advise you to correspond frequently with Edward. I know he will wish it, and I am sure the consequence will be, your feeling for him that affection which will make his return the first wish of your heart."

"And why should I wish to feel such an affection for him?" asked Catharine sadly.

"I shall tell you why, from experience, my love; because feeling a tender affection for an estimable object is the sweetest, the happiest of all earthly feelings. Ah, Catharine! how superior is that affection excited by great and good qualities, to that into which we are won, we know not how, by pleasing manners, or an agreeable exterior, while we are ignorant of the real character. How happy, how easy is that wife, who knows that on every subject her husband's principles are as strictly pure as her own, compared to her who loves a being whose past life she must avoid inquiring about; whose principles are guided by fashion, and whose affection and fidelity to her has no other security than her powers of pleasing, or the absence of temptation! And oh! how different must their feelings be," added Mrs. Oswald, with deep emotion, "when the hour, perhaps the unexpected hour, arrives of

their last separation! To part from him whose peace had long been made with heaven, whom we have regarded with veneration, while we witnessed his increasing nearness to perfection; whose 'path' we have seen 'shine more and more unto the perfect day.' To part with such a one, even with the firmest conviction that he has entered into that perfect day, is severe, oh how severe! but to see one whom we love more than our own lives, called to another state of being—ignorant—unprepared. To look back for comfort, and to recollect mispent time—misapplied talents—contempt of the Being before whom he is on the eve of appearing. The past is too dreadful—we turn to the future—all is darkness: or if there is a gleam of hope it must arise from a change of views and feelings in the perhaps almost insensible—or suffering—or feverish—or delirious object of our agonized affections."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Catharine, shuddering.

"Dreadful! indeed," replied Mrs. Oswald. "Yours, my dear Catharine, will, I trust, be a very different lot, however clouded the early part of your married life may be; but forgive me for speaking on this subject, I have been led into it unawares."

Catharine made no reply, but, after a few moments of thoughtful silence, asked Mrs. Oswald to walk out with her. "Mr. Dunallan," said

she, "is too kindly solicitous about me; he seems to think he ought to attend to me even in preference to his friends. I must not be ungrateful. Let us go out, and desire the servants to say that the fineness of the evening tempted us, but that we shall return in an hour or two."

Mrs. Oswald agreed to Catharine's proposal, but on reaching the hall, they met the gentlemen on their way to join them in the drawing-room.

"Going to walk again? my dear aunt," said Dunallan approaching Catharine, and offering his arm, "I hope you will allow us to accompany you."

"Oh no," said Catharine, blushing and passing him, "we wish to,"——she stopt, not knowing what to say.

"I do not mean to intrude," replied Dunallan, in a voice which made Catharine turn back. He seemed really hurt.

"Oh," said Mrs. Oswald, "I must tell you our secret. Catharine supposes that you gentlemen must wish for some private conversation, and that you would feel more at liberty if we ladies disposed of ourselves, so as to rid you of the trouble of attending to us."

Dunallan turned to Catharine. Her looks confirmed the truth of what Mrs. Oswald had said. His countenance softened. "I wish for no conversation, Catharine, to which your presence would not give its greatest interest."

"We all have cause to intreat your presence, Madam," said Mr. Gower, laughing. "Dunallan's thoughts have not been one moment with us since you left the room."

Dunallan reddened excessively, and attempted, but with embarrassment, to change the subject, Mr. Gower, however, seemed to enjoy his confusion, and continued to rally him without mercy.

"I know why you do not marry, Gower," said Walderfold at last.

"Do you, Walderford? That is more than I do myself."

"It is because you *feel* that you would be most remarkably ridiculous as a new-married man."

Mr. Gower laughed. "That may be one reason——"

"Do not seek for more reasons," interrupted Mrs. Oswald. "You gentlemen who glory in your liberty, are always most completely governed when you do marry."

Mr. Gower himself now became the object of raillery; but the conversation soon assumed a more serious tone. Dunallan and his friends talked without reserve. They explained to Mrs. Oswald and Catharine the nature of the affair which induced Dunallan to go abroad; what had given rise to it; and what the views of government, and those benevolent men were, at whose request he had undertaken the mission. Catharine perceived, by what his friends said in con-

versation, that Dunallan was very highly esteemed by those distinguished individuals. He himself seemed to feel the most enthusiastic and lively interest in the success of his undertaking. Some difficulties were started by Mr. Gower. These Dunallan met with good-natured raillery. Mr. Walderford's objections were more connected with his feelings of anxiety for the success and reputation of his friend, in an undertaking difficult in itself, and exposed to misconstruction. These objections Dunallan endeavoured to do away by the calmest and most convincing arguments, while his manner to his friend expressed the most earnest anxiety to divest him of every cause of uneasiness.

"You seem to wish to dissuade Mr. Dunallan from undertaking this benevolent mission, Mr. Walderford," said Catharine.

"I confess I do," replied he, "because there is another situation we wish him to accept of, which would keep him with us, and in which I am certain he would distinguish himself; but distinction has no charms for him."

"Distinction no charms!" repeated Catharine. "Impossible! I shall never understand you, Mr. Dunallan. What *do* you value?"

Dunallan smiled, and was going to reply; but Mrs. Oswald answered for him.

"He values that distinction, my dear Catharine," said she, "which will one day be bestowed

by his Master in heaven, in those few simple but precious words, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' "

"But, my dear Madam," said Catharine, somewhat indignantly, "do you really think that obtaining distinction honourably in this world, would make him less worthy of that you mention?"

"If distinction was his only aim, my dear, or if preferred to usefulness without it, I certainly think it would."

Catharine was silent for a few moments, then said, half reproachfully, to Mrs. Oswald; "and you, Madam, wish Mr. Dunallan to leave us."

"My aunt is my best and kindest friend on this occasion, my dear Catharine," said Dunallan in reply. "She assists me to keep the plain path of duty, instead of attempting to lure me from it."

As the evening passed away, Catharine became every moment more sad. Dunallan, too, attempted in vain to join cheerfully in the conversation. He became absent and thoughtful, and only seemed to hear when Catharine spoke. When she was silent, he continued to look at her, apparently unconsciously, with an expression of the deepest, though most melancholy interest.

Catharine's heart filled when she bade him good night, and she turned away to conceal the tears which she could not restrain.

She then hurried to her own apartment, and dismissing Martin, indulged her tears without restraint. She continued half the night awake, in deep and painful thought. In vain she attempted to reconcile Dunallan's undisguised tenderness, and evident unwillingness to leave her, with his never, by even the slightest hint, expressing a wish that she could accompany him. At last the thought struck her, that pity for her singular and unhappy situation, of which he had been one cause, had excited in Dunallan's generous and feeling nature those strong emotions she had witnessed. She placed herself in idea in the same circumstances, and thought his feelings were perfectly natural; yet the idea was mortifying, and she attempted to banish it, and to believe, what she now most fervently wished, that their separation was as painful to him as she was forced to acknowledge to her own heart it now was to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

After a few hours of unrefreshing sleep, Catharine rose next morning with her heart still oppressed by the thoughts of the night before. When she began to dress, and saw her pale and exhausted looks, she determined not to betray her feelings, by appearing at prayers, or at breakfast; but soon recollecting that an indisposition so serious as to confine her to her apartment might be ascribed to the same cause, she waited till the bell for prayers had been finished for a few minutes, then entered the library, in the hope that when all were assembled, she might hurry to her seat unobserved. In this, however, she was disappointed. Dunallan had waited for her; and every eye was turned to her when she entered the room. She apologised with much confusion for her lateness, and entreated Dunallan to proceed.

"First let me chide you for joining us at all this morning, my dearest Catharine," said Mrs. Oswald, "you seem really unwell, my dear child," added she, looking at Catharine with much concern.

"Oh! not at all, my dear Mrs. Oswald, only a little headach, which always makes me look thus."

Catharine blushed as she told her falsehood, and meeting Dunallan's eyes, which were anxiously fixed upon her, she again blushed still more deeply.

Dunallan began to read, but Catharine could not listen even to him. Her thoughts immediately returned to the painful idea, that Dunallan's kindness and tender interest was excited by compassion for her, and she determined that from that moment he should have no cause to suppose she was unhappy. At breakfast she affected an indifference, and even gaiety of manner, which ill expressed the feelings of her heart. But Catharine could not long act a part: she soon sunk into silence, and that thoughtful sadness which the feelings of the moment produced. Dunallan, instead of being deceived by her attempts to appear more gay, was even more tenderly attentive, and seemed more sad than the evening before; and Catharine felt relieved when, after breakfast, he received some letters which drew his attention from her. These letters, however, soon seemed to excite a very painful interest. After musing for some time over their apparently disagreeable contents, Dunallan requested his friends to accompany him for a short time to the library.

"You have received bad news, Edward!" ex-

claimed Mrs. Oswald in a hurried and anxious tone of voice.

"No, my dear aunt." He then held the letters to Catharine. "If you can be at the trouble to read these, my dear Catharine, they will show my aunt that I have no cause of uneasiness, but that of being obliged to leave home sooner than I expected."

He then left the room with his friends. Catharine's hands trembled so violently, she could not unfold the letter she wished to read. Mrs. Oswald took it, and read aloud its contents. They were merely an earnest desire expressed by those gentlemen who managed the affair in which Dunallan was about to be engaged, that he would join them in London as soon as it was possible, a very favourable opportunity having offered for his going on his destination.

Mrs. Oswald was a good deal affected, and struggled in vain to suppress her tears. Catharine did not weep; she was overpowered. She knew before that he was to leave her soon; but this sudden call for his departure destroyed at once every secret hope of an explanation, or of she knew not what, which she had unconsciously cherished. Mrs. Oswald soon recovered her composure, and looking at Catharine's pale and expressive countenance with surprise, said, "My dear girl, Edward will not go if you express the slightest wish that he should remain."

"Not for the universe would I express such a wish," replied Catharine; "I have no such wish, for he evidently desires to go;" and she burst into tears.

"My dearest Catharine," said Mrs. Oswald in a solemn but soothing tone of voice, "do not deceive me. You know you promised to be guided by my advice. Trust me, my love; do not let pride or false delicacy injure both your happiness. Dunallan has assured me, that should you wish him to remain, he would consider it his duty to do so, unless you would accompany him, my dear Catharine, which, I believe, would be his wish."

"Oh! no, my dear Mrs. Oswald, that is not his wish. We have conversed on the subject. He never proposed my going. Dearest Mrs. Oswald, I entreat you never mention the subject to him. I would sooner die than that he should imagine that ——. Promise me, dearest Mrs. Oswald, that you will never utter a word to him on the subject."

Mrs. Oswald hesitated: an approaching step terrified Catharine.

"Will you not promise, Mrs. Oswald?" exclaimed she in an agony of apprehension.

"I promise, my love; compose yourself."

Catharine attempted to do so. The step passed, but the next was Dunallan. He appeared so sad, that Catharine's eyes again filled as he ap-

proached. He did not look at her, however, but said in a low voice to Mrs. Oswald——

"I think I must go to-day—I ought—" "To-day!" exclaimed Catharine, "so soon!" her voice changed, and she stopped.

Mrs. Oswald asked if he was quite prepared to go so suddenly.

"No, not quite, certainly, in any way," replied he with emotion; "but delay, I believe, will not do."

"Not even till to-morrow?" said Catharine.

"Certainly," replied Dunallan, "I may delay till to-morrow, since you propose it."

"Not for me," replied she, quickly.

"A sister might wish this little delay, Catharine," said he, reproachfully; "fear not, I shall not misunderstand your feelings."

Catharine felt relieved. "Let it be to-morrow, then," said she, sweetly, and holding out her hand to him.

He only held it for a moment, then let it go. He seemed displeased; but after a few moments turned again to Catharine, and requested permission to write to her.

"I wished to propose this," replied she. He looked much pleased. "Mrs. Oswald," added Catharine, looking round for her, but she had slipped away. Catharine became confused, and forgot what she was going to say. Dunallan looked at her for a moment, then said,

"What did Mrs. Oswald say to you, my dear Catharine, about my writing to you?"

Catharine instantly recollected herself, "She said I should have great pleasure in receiving letters—"

"So it was my aunt who excited your wish to hear from me," interrupted Dunallan.

"Not entirely; but I should certainly not have proposed it had she not told me that you had time for every thing."

"Time, Catharine! time to write to you! I shall esteem it a pleasure, a sweet recreation, to which I shall look forward with impatience. You will answer my letters, at least some of them?"

"Will you tire of an answer to each?" asked Catharine, scarcely knowing what he meant.

"Tire! Oh, never! but I shall write very frequently; for I am so sociable and communicative, that I feel but half pleased, or half any thing, till I have imparted my feelings to those I wish to love me. If I could be so happy as to prevail on you to write thus to me, I should feel absence greatly sweetened indeed."

Catharine smiled. "My answers will entirely depend on your letters," replied she.

"Then you will be as frank as I shall be. Oh! Catharine, keep your promise, and then I shall, perhaps, have cause to rejoice in this painful separation."

Dunallan then begged leave to arrange with

Catharine those affairs which it was necessary she should manage in his absence; and these he made so perfectly easy that, to her own surprise, she understood all he wished. She, however, proposed that Mrs. Oswald should act for him in his absence; but Dunallan gently urged the propriety of her beginning to attend to such matters, and added, "I shall write my opinion on this subject, my dear Catharine, we must not now lose our few precious moments."

Catharine only needed to know what Dunallan wished, to make any thing interesting to her; even money matters, to which he seemed to attach a responsibility, in a quarter where she had never before considered herself accountable.

"We are only stewards of our large fortunes, my dear Catharine," said he. "We ought to know, not only that it is not improperly squandered away, but ought to study with deep attention how it may be most usefully employed, and follow steadily those objects which our calmer reflections point out as most desirable to be obtained by these gifts of providence."

Catharine promised to do all he wished; and Dunallan, on his part, promised to write his opinion to her on every subject on which she wished to know it. After this arrangement, Dunallan presented some papers to her: "These, my dear Catharine, are my plans and wishes about my village; the names of the villagers, and many

other things which I leave with you to arrange and follow out as you think best."

"Oh! I am incapable of this!" exclaimed Catharine; "Mrs. Oswald———"

"Ask Mrs. Oswald's advice; but unless you fear the trouble, believe me, dear Catharine, such occupations will add to your happiness. Will you make the trial; and if you do find the trouble too great, Mrs. Oswald will I know relieve you."

"And you will despise me," said Catharine. "Oh, do not leave such important matters in my care."

"Will you not make the attempt? I must despise myself, not you, dear Catharine, if I find that I so little know what is agreeable occupation."

"If you will promise then not to despise me, if I fail, I will attempt to do all you wish."

Dunallan had loaded Catharine with occupations before they separated, but she felt gratified to be thus trusted. The hope of hearing frequently from her seemed to have greatly reconciled Dunallan to his immediate departure, and Catharine, too, felt her heart lighter when she looked forward to this means of intercourse.

It was late before Dunallan had finished imparting his plans and wishes. After dinner he proposed spending the evening in a beautiful retreat near the castle, which he still called, "My

Mother's Walk." Every one assented with pleasure to this proposal.

The evening was delightful, and this favourite walk of Dunallan's was so situated as to receive all the charms it gave. The lake, unruffled, and reflecting on its bosom, now glowing in the soft evening light, the rocks and wooded hills, which formed its boundary. The more distant mountains, reddened by the bright rays, lay before them—while the castle, rising from its picturesque cliffs, also gilded by the glowing light, seemed to tower from the wooded dell which separated it from Dunallan's walk.

The scene seemed to suit the feelings of all the party. Catharine felt it calm her spirits, or rather mingle with the sadness she could not overcome, those undefinable emotions which, though full of melancholy, are still exquisitely pleasurable. All remained silent when this scene first opened on their view. Dunallan broke the silence.

"Do you remember such an evening as this at Dunallan Castle, Catharine?" asked he, "when I accompanied you to *your favourite* walk?"

"I do," replied she, "and this scene greatly resembles that which I so much loved at Dunallan Castle."

Mr. Gower and Mr. Stanly soon left the party and walked to some distance, wholly occupied

with the striking and magnificent views which presented themselves at every step. Walderford remained near his friend. After a few turns Dunallan led Catharine to a seat which commanded the most extensive and magnificent part of the view—and placed himself between her and his friend.

"Do you recollect our conversation on that evening you mentioned, Mr. Dunallan?" asked Catharine.

"I do, perfectly."

"Mr. Dunallan on that evening," continued Catharine, addressing Mrs. Oswald, "blamed me for ascribing to nature—to an undefined idea, the glory which is due to the Author of all those beauties which surround us."

"I agree with my nephew, my dear, in thinking we are wrong when we banish the Creator of our existence from our thoughts, at the very moment we are most sincerely admiring his works. I have seen many turn coldly away, when that beauty they admired as the work of nature, was piously ascribed to its real Author. There are times, however, when we all wish to derive comfort from the idea of His presence—at least with those we love," added Mrs. Oswald, looking at Dunallan. "We all wish to feel assured that He who so profusely throws around us all those beauties and blessings, is also the tender guardian and protector of our absent friends."

"True," said Walderford; "I cannot help at times, however, feeling indignant, when I hear people who never seem to have any religious feelings, except when some such painful event as separation from friends takes place, then appropriate to themselves all the comforts which are surely intended exclusively for those who are as much influenced by religion, when surrounded by blessings, as they are when they are in danger of being separated from those blessings."

"But they are sincere at those sad moments," said Catharine, "and every pious feeling will surely be accepted and rewarded as far as it is sincere."

"I should be sorry to despise the slightest emotion of piety," replied Walderford; "but my dear madam, would such feelings be considered of any value in human intercourse? Would you esteem that to be real affection in a dependent which led him to apply to you for assistance in matters where you alone could help him, and at all other times allowed him to neglect or despise your service, and positively disobey your orders?"

"Certainly not; but we cannot judge of the Divine Being by such comparisons—we cannot ascribe to Him human feelings, and human sentiments, such as we experience towards those who treat us ill."

"I allow we cannot altogether—yet we must conceive of Him whom we cannot comprehend, from what He has revealed of himself, and from what He demands of us; and you know, my dear madam, He requires our hearts, which must surely mean the supreme place in our affections."

"But do you understand that literally of our human affections—our common feelings?" asked Catharine smiling.

"I do, my dearest madam. I am not conscious of possessing two hearts—two sets of affections—one for common use; and another, sacred, and only to be called forth in sorrows and difficulties; to approach a forgotten, and almost unknown God."

Catharine looked around her.

"I believe we all understand it so, my dear Catharine," said Dunallan.

"Why then, I suppose we all should be of the same opinion," said she, "if we explained ourselves: for I should think the whole human race lost, at least with very few exceptions," added she recollecting herself for a moment, "were we to understand it literally. But to be sure I cannot judge of the hearts of others," she rejoined, "I ought not."

"Judge by your own heart, my dear Catharine," said Dunallan.

"By my own heart! then I must condemn myself; I cannot stand this test literally. Am I to believe that any human being can, Mr. Dunallan?"

"Yes, I believe many. I do not mean to say, dear Catharine, that any human being lives, without often—daily, hourly, acting, or feeling, or thinking wrong—contrary to the will of the Supreme Being, which is beyond the conception of our weak and corrupt natures pure and holy; but this perversion of heart, this weakness, this inability to obey the laws of his Creator in all their purity, is the greatest of all griefs to a truly religious being. You know, my dear Catharine, we may be led by our evil passions and tempers to offend those whom we most dearly love on earth; we are then miserable till we are forgiven and reconciled; so are they who supremely love their Master in heaven. They may be tempted to do things displeasing to him, but such deviations are followed by a wretchedness so insupportable, they cannot but feel that their love for Him and His service is superior to all other attachments whatever.

Catharine remained silent and thoughtful for some moments, then said, "Is that devotion of heart to the Supreme Being, the peculiarity which distinguishes those you told me were called 'saints,' Mrs. Oswald?" asked she.

"It is, my love; and I pray heaven you may soon experience it so powerfully, so delightfully, as to disregard its peculiarity."

"We must not, however, deceive Catharine, my dear aunt," said Dunallan. "The world does not give those whom they in ridicule call 'saints,' credit for really feeling this devotion. They are accused of affecting only to feel it. In the world, a 'saint' and a hypocrite are synonymous terms."

Catharine recollected the character she had heard ascribed to Dunallan himself, and felt the truth of what he said.

"That opinion, however," said Mrs. Oswald, "has been rather shaken by the allowed excellence of character of some of the 'saints.'"

"Yes," replied Dunallan; "but, notwithstanding their unreserved avowal of the principles which influence them, these men are said to be naturally so well disposed, and so sensible and clever, that they are distinguished members of society in *spite* of the strange opinions they have adopted on religious subjects."

"I have often heard these very sentiments expressed regarding them," said Catharine, "and I confess I felt great contempt for the religious part of their character."

"Have you any curiosity to know more about that peculiarity now, my dearest Catharine?" asked Dunallan.

"The very greatest curiosity. I wish to know how they can so command their natural feelings, as really, in the bustle of active life, to be guided by that devotion of heart which you have described."

"I shall have great pleasure in attempting to explain the enigma to you, dearest Catharine," said Dunallan; "and those books you have promised to read will assist me. You see I wish you to *become a 'saint.'* You will find, however, by the books I have selected, that I am desirous of your complete conviction. You will then see both sides of the many arguments which have been employed on that most important subject, whether an absolute unreserved devotion of every power of the mind, and every feeling of the heart, and every action of the life, to the service of our Creator, is required by the scriptures; or whether the vague notions which have so little influence on the lives of the generality of those who profess, and suppose themselves to be Christians, can be all that is required. I have marked those passages which I think most forcible."

Catharine acknowledged her obligations to Dunallan: "How much trouble you have taken," said she, "to lead me right in your absence. I shall have no excuse if I err."

Dunallan smiled rather sadly, "I do feel most anxious, Catharine, for your happiness. You know my opinion is, that we cannot be so unless

we are in the right path, as well in affections as in actions."

The other gentlemen now joined the party, and the conversation became more general. Dunallan attempted to be cheerful, but did not entirely succeed; and as the evening advanced, the sadness of the whole party increased, and the conversation partook of the same feelings. The sun soon set unobserved, from the deep interest of these last moments of intercourse. Catharine, however, felt the increasing darkness a relief, and indulged the tears she had found difficulty in restraining, while Dunallan had been addressing her in a voice of such tender and kind solicitude, that every word had reached her inmost heart. A servant approached, to remind Dunallan that it was the hour for prayers.

"Why should we leave this magnificent place of worship?" exclaimed Walderford. "That bright rising moon will light us home. The air is balm: the ladies cannot suffer."

"Let us remain here, then," said Dunallan, "if you, Catharine, have no objection."

"Oh, certainly not," replied she.

"You may all join us here," said Dunallan to the servant. "You, my dear aunt, must assist us with your memory," continued he.

Mrs. Oswald assented; and when, after a time, the servants gathered together in a group at a little distance, she said, "I shall repeat a hymn,

and all who know it will join when we sing." She then repeated some verses, descriptive of the feelings of parting friends, beautifully contrasted with the peace and security of that state where there shall be no more parting. All the party excepting Catharine, and most of the servants, seemed to know the hymn, and joined in singing. Catharine listened, as if to an illusion, so unlike was all she heard and witnessed to any scene at which she had ever before been present, yet so completely suited to the exalted state of her feelings. An echo, too, from the cliffs sweetly joined, as if a spirit had been near, and, when the hymn was closed, prolonged the sacred song in notes more aerial. Dunallan paused, till from cliff to cliff the faint sounds died away. He then repeated, in an impressive and solemn tone of voice, several passages of scripture calculated to lead the heart to its Creator, as the only source from which it can find happiness to satisfy its vast desires; and then rising, and uncovering his head, he implored the divine blessing, and light, and protection, and peace, for all around him, so earnestly and so particularly, that his prayer seemed a farewell to each, of the most tender and affectionate nature. When he had finished he offered his arm to Catharine. The party then proceeded slowly and silently towards the house.

"And this is methodism!" thought Catharine, as they walked. "This is that dull, gloomy,

degrading superstition, and hypocrisy, which I have so long joined in regarding with scorn and contempt." A feeling of apprehension mingled with her other emotions. "How solemn," thought she, "is this continual recollection of God. Surely this must be true religion; and if it is, what I have hitherto regarded as such cannot be so. But how few are thus ever mindful of the presence of God! It cannot be necessary, or who is safe? Those few particular people only at whom all the rest of the world laugh? Impossible! I must not be led into this narrow bigotry." But Catharine could not reason away either her veneration for that religion which so constantly and so powerfully influenced those with whom she now was, or her misgivings regarding her own.

It was late before the party returned to the house; and as the travellers were to set off early next morning, Mrs. Oswald very soon proposed retiring. Dunallan followed her and Catharine out of the room.

"My dearest aunt, I shall not see you in the morning—we go too early."

Mrs. Oswald embraced him in silence. She attempted to bless him, but the words died on her lips, and she hurried away.

Catharine held out her hand to him. "You will write very soon?

"How soon, dearest Catharine?"

"Perhaps to-morrow, when you stop for the night, if it will not plague you."

"Yes, ah yes, I shall write to-morrow; and you will write frequently to me?"

"I will, indeed."

Dunallan's farewell completely overcame Catharine; it was so tender, yet so solemn. She disengaged herself from him, and hastening to her own apartment, she burst into a passion of tears. "And this is the same Dunallan," thought she, "whom only a week ago I dreaded as the greatest enemy to my peace." She continued to weep, regardless of the presence of Martin, till, worn out and miserable, she at last consented to go to bed—but not to sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

All the next day Catharine felt listless and miserable. She sought refuge in solitude from Mrs. Oswald's composure, and, as she thought, unfeeling activity; for that good lady occupied herself in all her usual employments.

Catharine thought over the last six strange weeks; and blamed herself severely during the retrospect. Why had she suffered the conviction of Dunallan's worth, which forced itself upon her almost immediately on his arrival at Dunallan Castle, to make no impression? Why had she shut her eyes to the noble sincerity, and mild dignity of his manners, and her ears to the good sense, superior talent, and constantly strict principle which had marked his conversation? Why had she suffered prejudice, and prejudice excited by those she knew were his enemies, to blind her to all his good, amiable, admirable qualities, and blind her also to her own happiness, to secure which she should have sought for all that was amiable in the being to whom she was to look for the peace of her future life? "And now he is gone,"

thought she, "when I had just begun to feel that I could delight in looking to his approbation, to his affection, as the source of all my happiness." She recollected him during his residence at Dunallan Castle; his polite and manly gentleness to herself on his first arrival there, when she knew he had revolted at the idea of being united to her; his perfect command of temper, and superiority in argument, and in every thing, to the arrogant, but clever and ingenious St. Clair; his unmoved politeness, and even kindness of manner, (when they would receive it,) to all around him, while they were watching every opportunity to disagree with him, or to speak at, or turn into ridicule, what he was known to respect and value. Catharine blushed with shame and self-reproach when she recollected the species of persecution to which Dunallan had been subjected, and the patience with which he had borne it. Even his coldness to her father, which had seemed to increase rather than diminish, she could not help feeling raised him in her opinion. "And he is gone," thought she, "and perhaps for years, to engage in a thousand important affairs, which he undertook to avoid the unhappy being who was to be forced upon him as his wife; and his heart is now engaged in those affairs, and he will soon forget the last disagreeable six weeks, or remember them only as a dream, an unpleasant dream! and when the impression of pity for me has worn off,

he will forget me too, or only think of me as a troublesome charge; and, when he sees some amiable woman, whose mind is elevated, and whose heart is devoted to all that is good, like his own, he will then remember me as the insuperable, and, if he could hate, hateful bar to his happiness."

Catharine could scarcely endure her own feelings, which increased in bitterness the longer she indulged them. She joined Mrs. Oswald at dinner, and felt, in some degree, reconciled to her, on observing that she betrayed some emotion at seeing Dunallan's place at table empty; but this was soon over, and Mrs. Oswald began to talk in her usual cheerful tone of voice. Catharine did not attempt to reply in the same strain.

The children were brought after dinner, and Catharine, ashamed again to retire to her own room, and averse to conversation, listened in silence to their prattle. They soon began to talk of their uncle: and their innocent and simple expressions of love to him overcame her. She rose and walked to a window; one of the children followed, and mounting on a chair near where Catharine stood, put her little arms softly round her neck. Catharine turned, and concealing her weeping face upon the child, repaid her caresses an hundred fold.

"Uncle Dunallan told us this morning, that

we must often talk of him to you, aunt Dunallan, and ask you not to forget him."

Catharine kissed the child tenderly, "This morning, Mary? did you see your uncle this morning?"

"Oh, yes; aunt Oswald made breakfast for uncle Dunallan, and Lilias and I sat on his knee."

Catharine felt as if she had been deprived of a right; "had I known this," said she to Mrs. Oswald, rather reproachfully.

"You should have known it, dear Catharine, had I thought it could have given either of you pleasure to part a second time: Edward knew not of my wish to see him in the morning. It was not a selfish wish; it was a desire to settle some trifling, but to these children indispensible affairs, which induced me to choose that time, when I knew all other matters were arranged; but it was unnecessary. Edward had not forgotten them; hurried as he has been, he has forgotten nobody. Mrs. Oswald then began a theme, to which Catharine could listen without losing her interest,—the praises of Dunallan. The evening passed rapidly away, while Mrs. Oswald recounted anecdotes of his early years, and described the change of character, which his religious principles had produced, "for," said she, "he did not always think on these subjects as he now does. He was naturally the proudest of human beings; not exactly from an high opinion of himself, but from

an exalted idea of the powers and virtues of the human mind, and from the high aim of his own. He passed through all the early part of his education with the applause and love of all his masters, and the warm affections of his young companions. At college he distinguished himself by his uncommon power of uniting the character of the regular student, to that of the agreeable companion, and intimate and beloved friend of a vast number of the young men at college. He would then have made any exertion to obtain distinction. He studied half the night to gain the next prize, then spent the day with those who valued not learning, but as it could add by the superiority and refinement it gave to the pleasure of the passing hour; yet Dunallan was so strictly pure in his morals, and so regular in his hours, that he was pointed out to his young companions as a model for their imitation; and so much was he beloved, that they willingly allowed his superiority. Amongst these, however, there was one whom Dunallan found to be his superior, and him he loved with all the ardour of his nature. He was a young man of fine genius, but of narrow fortune. He lived very retiredly at college, having few associates, and wholly devoted to study. There was something in his appearance which greatly interested Dunallan, who eagerly sought his acquaintance, which with difficulty he obtained. Dunallan had heard that the singularity of his new friend's religious

opinions, was the cause of his love of seclusion, and in all the pride of reason, he flattered himself that he would easily convince the interesting enthusiast of the weakness and absurdity of those opinions, and be the means of drawing his learning and fine genius into notice. He soon got his friend to state all his opinions to him; and they were in direct opposition to Dunallan's most favourite systems. He felt indignant at seeing so fine a mind acquiesce, as his friend's did, in what he regarded as the prejudices of weak understandings, or of women and children. He found, however, that none of his arguments made the slightest impression on his friend: on the contrary, he seemed absolutely certain of the truth of his own opinions, and when Dunallan became heated, and sometimes even contemptuous, his friend continued perfectly calm, and even seemed to feel more affectionately for his proud opponent. Dunallan at last gave up all attempts to enlighten the enthusiast, but his affection for him increased every day; and he sought his society in preference to that of all others, though each tenaciously retained their own opinions on the subject of religion. Dunallan strenuously supported the dignity, the great capacity, and virtuous inclinations of human nature, while his friend insisted on its depravity, its perversion of its powers, and its weakness in resisting evil. The friends parted. Dunallan, his own master, from the ex-

cessive indulgence of his father; handsome, of high character for so young a man, rich, and remarkably agreeable, from his natural desire to please, was courted and caressed wherever he went. His friend, poor, and in delicate health, retired to a curacy in the west of England. For the next year Dunallan resided chiefly with Harcourt, his brother-in-law. He must have been more than man, had his morals not suffered in such society. At the end of that year his college friend died. I know no more. Dunallan soon after went abroad. When he returned, to sooth the last days of his unfortunate sister, he had adopted all his friend's religious opinions."

Catharine listened with deep attention; "he told me," said she, "that his sentiments had been changed by some very distressing cause. He hoped I would adopt his way of thinking without such painful means."

"I hope you will, my dear. Have you been examining the books he left for your perusal?"

"No, madam. I could not read to-day. I did not attempt it."

"Ah, that is the reason, my love. Had you made the attempt you would have succeeded."

"I believe not," replied Catharine, rather hurt.

Next day, however, Catharine did make the attempt, and succeeded in reading those parts at least which had been marked by Dunallan, and she became interested. The subject was new,

and she was naturally of an inquiring turn of mind. This day was less unhappy than the preceding one; but the evening seemed long and sad. She thought of Dunallan's promise to write, and though she scarcely hoped to receive a letter so soon, she waited with impatience for the post-hour. Restless, and unable to occupy herself, she proposed to Mrs. Oswald to walk out, intending to go in that direction in which she knew she should meet the man who brought the letters. Mrs. Oswald seemed to have guessed her wishes, for she immediately proceeded to that walk. In a short time Catharine perceived the man at some distance, and approaching, as she thought, at a very slow pace. She quickened hers, and soon joined him. After alighting composedly from his horse, and fastening the bridle to a tree, he undid a bag, from which he took several letters, and after carefully looking them over, presented one to Catharine. It was from Elizabeth; and, for the first time in her life, Catharine felt disappointed on seeing a letter from her.

"Is there no other letter for me?" asked she.

"No in this bag, my lady. I hae anither, but Mrs. Allan, at the post office, guessed wha it was frae, and I hae it better pitten up."

"Make haste, good Robin Skene," said Mrs. Oswald.

Robin looked pleased and important, and after fumbling some time in his bosom, brought forth

a parcel very carefully wrapt up, from which he presented a letter to Catharine, and one also to Mrs. Oswald.

Catharine turned away, and hastily broke the seal.

"You seemed in earnest, my dearest Catharine, when you permitted me to write so soon; I should not otherwise have yet ventured to remind you of your absent friend. You see how easily I shall persuade myself you are sincere, whenever you express wishes so gratifying to me, and try to forget the many times you have checked my slightest encroachment in my character of a relation with whom you were still unacquainted. I have been hurrying from Arnmore all this day, but my heart and my imagination are still there; and now, at this late hour—alone at the little inn of———, my fancy is still busy at Arnmore. I see the party assembled to close the day, by studying the pure precepts, and animating promises of Scripture. My aunt, or perhaps my dear Catharine herself, is reading to her domestics in the absence of her banished, and at this moment very sad friend. Oh, how I have longed all this day to return to my beloved home! But adieu to such fruitless wishes; and now let me begin my correspondence with you, my dearest Catharine, in the character you have wished me to assume. You have asked me to be your instructor in those singular opinions which lead to those singular

ways which you have witnessed at Arnmore. You do not know what pleasure this request gave me. It is permitting me to attempt the only thing by which I may perhaps be enabled to atone for what I have done regarding you, and that will be, by freely pointing out those truths to you, without which I firmly believe you could not have enjoyed true happiness in any situation, and the knowledge of which is not dearly purchased, even by very great earthly disappointments or sorrows. Have you begun to read any of my books? Do you think the village or the schools will interest you? Remember your promise to give them all up if they do not, at least if you think you ought, when you recollect the situation in which you have been placed. Do not suppose I mean to dictate to you, however, my dearest Catharine, but, believing as I do, that our happiness, even in this world, depends upon our being in the path of duty, can I love you, and not seek by every means in my power to lead you into the path of true enjoyment? You would believe how sincerely I desire this, if you knew how dear you are, how dear you were to me before you had ever bestowed a look upon me, but of aversion and disgust. But adieu, I must not in my first letter tire you of your preaching, but most truly attached, E. H. DUNALLAN."

Catharine had read Dunallan's letter several

times before she recollected that there was any other being in existence. Mrs. Oswald interrupted her thoughts by a request to return to the house to avoid the very heavy dew. Catharine kindly offered her arm to Mrs. Oswald. "You too have a letter, my dear madam."

"Yes, my love, a few lines," replied Mrs. Oswald, holding out the letter to her.

Catharine declined reading it.—"You must not think me so curious, my dear Mrs. Oswald. I shall be most happy to hear whatever you choose from Mr. Dunallan's letters, but I wish you always to read those passages to me yourself. I shall now read a part of mine to you, which I want your opinion of." She then read that passage, in which Dunallan supposed she had taken his place in reading to the servants.

Mrs. Oswald smiled.—"This is rather cunning, I think."

"I think so too," replied Catharine, "but should like if you, my dearest Mrs. Oswald, would do as he wishes."

"Not I indeed," replied Mrs. Oswald. "He very properly wishes you, my love, to act in his absence as the head of his family; but you must consider, that if you begin this good custom, you must carry it on. Should you suffer the fear of ridicule to make you give it up when people are here, you would, I fear, do more harm than reading at other times would do good."

"I do not think the dread of ridicule would deter me from doing any thing I thought right," said Catharine. "I have never stood much in awe of the opinions of others."

Mrs. Oswald smiled.—"Then, my dear, you have only to determine whether Dunallan's is a right wish."

"I can have no doubt of that," replied Catharine, "since it is his."

"Ah! you ought to have a better reason, my dear."

"Well, it must be right to instruct the ignorant."

"Yes, my love, and to see that those under our care, which servants certainly are, have at least an opportunity of hearing the divine truths of revelation. We are all commanded to do good to all as we have opportunity; surely our influence cannot be so great any where as in our own houses."

"Well, my dear Madam, this is settled; and to-morrow you shall take me to the village, and to the schools. I must be able to answer Mr. Dunallan's questions; but you must direct me in every thing, my dear Mrs. Oswald, for how can I, so ignorant myself, attempt to instruct others? I know not what parts of Scripture are proper to be read to servants."

"There are few parts which can be improper, my love," replied Mrs. Oswald. "You will soon,

while informing yourself, discover what is most instructive for others. Happily for the lower classes, which constitute the largest portion of society, it is the humble and unlearned who are chiefly addressed in Scripture."

Catharine desired that she might be called very early next morning. Her ardent mind was now bent on attempting every thing recommended by Dunallan. She felt convinced that all his wishes were for her real happiness; and she took pleasure in the idea, that in his absence she might fit herself to be the companion of this esteemed friend.

Elizabeth's letter, though left unread for the first time in her life, till she perused that of another, gave Catharine the greatest pleasure. It was written in unusually high spirits for Elizabeth; and, after many playfully kind remarks on the change of feelings with regard to Dunallan, expressed in Catharine's letter, on her arrival at Arnmore, concluded thus——

"And now, my own Catharine, I must tell you a secret, the only secret I ever concealed from my first and dearest friend. You have often laughed at my high-flown notions (as you called them,) of the influence of real affection. Know then that I spoke from experience, and that your friend has been engaged in heart and promise for two years, to a person whose name I believe never escaped her lips in your hearing. You will naturally ask,

Why? I answer, because I could only have given you pain by the disclosure, as we were far too poor to think of marrying for years. Mr. Melville is the younger son of a family of very moderate fortune; he is a lawyer, and very clever; but for some years at the commencement of his profession, a lawyer very rarely makes any thing. You know I had no fortune, and you will, I am very certain, feel almost as happy as your friend, when you find that your father's generosity to his nephews and nieces has removed every obstacle that stood in the way of my happiness; and that I so dearly love those who have thus obliged me, that I love even to be under obligation. But I must now introduce you to my dear and disinterested Philip Melville, who in a time of such scarcity of men, and of *such men!* and a time of such plenty of heiresses, chose to place his affections on your portionless, and every way very moderately gifted Elizabeth. But you are unacquainted with Melville, and cannot judge of my feelings in the idea of never being separated from him. The sweet castles I build when I picture myself his wife, welcoming him home, after the studies or business of the day, to his comfortable, (and I mean it to be) elegant, though moderate home; exerting all my powers to amuse and please him, which you know must always succeed; his conversation and affection; and his approbation of all I do—my mother so happy in seeing me so—

my young brothers guided by Melville, whom they already regard with love and esteem—the holidays passed at Arnmore, and the dear inhabitants of Arnmore coming to us sometimes.—Dear Catharine, are not my dreams very happy, and not so romantic as to be impossible?"

Elizabeth's letter was long, and expressed great enjoyment. Catharine entered warmly into her feelings, and for a time forgot every thing else. Her last occupation, before she retired to rest, however, was another perusal of Dunallan's letter. "Ah!" thought she, when she had finished it, "you have given me a rival in your affections, Elizabeth, and perhaps you soon will have one in mine!"

CHAPTER X.

Next morning Catharine started from her pillow the moment she was called, and dressed with a rapidity which seemed not a little to surprise Martin, whom, when her toilet was finished, she desired to inform Mrs. Scott the housekeeper, that she wished the servants to be assembled at the usual hour in the library. She then set herself to read the book which Dunallan had pointed out as the most proper to begin with, steadily determining, that however tiresome she should find the occupation, to read every thing he had recommended with her whole attention. But this book she found most interesting. It was addressed to the heart as well as to the understanding. The subject was, the erroneous and unscriptural nature of the opinions on religious subjects generally prevalent among people in the higher classes of society. Catharine, as she read, felt the truth of every word, and she could scarcely believe that she had been thus employed for more than an hour, when Martin appeared to say, that Mrs. Oswald and the servants were in the library. Catharine felt humbler when she entered the room where they were assembled

than she had ever done in her life before. She felt conscious that she now assumed a character to which she had no title, and blushing before she began to read, she said, "I continue this custom because Mr. Dunallan wishes it. I hope we shall all derive benefit and instruction. None of you can require it more than I do."

Mrs. Scott was on all occasions easily moved to tears; her softness, on Catharine's saying this, infected the other maids, so that her young lady had a weeping audience. Catharine thought their grief was occasioned by their master's absence, and by seeing his place filled by another. When she had finished, and the servants were retiring wiping their eyes, she desired Mrs. Scott to remain a little. "You must not grieve so much, my good Mrs. Scott," said she, "at Mr. Dunallan's absence. Do you know we had letters from him last night, and he is well?"

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Scott almost sobbing, "I mourn indeed for Mr. Dunallan's absence, but it is not grief but joy which makes me cry now. I just thought I saw my own dear lady again, when you ma'am sat down in that chair. She used to look concerned as you did, ma'am, but oh! she had great cause. Her Mr. Dunallan favoured nothing good, though he loved her so much he could not cross her; but the servants used to assemble here, and she used to read to them, when he was gone a hunting; and at night

before he and his gentlemen friends had left the dining room. Oh! I never thought I should see this happy day! Her son walking in her blessed steps; and you, ma'am, brought up so differently; oh! it is more than I can stand;" and she put her hands to her face, and hurried out of the room. Catharine was affected: "poor good Mrs. Scott! she does not know how little I deserve to be compared to any one so good."

So great was Catharine's impatience to see all those places and arrangements which Dunallan had committed to her care, that she thought Mrs. Oswald would never have done with breakfast. At last she rose, and offered to accompany her young friend wherever she chose. They proceeded first to the village. It was still early. Catharine, however, was much pleased with the clean and orderly appearance of the cottages into which she was conducted by Mrs. Oswald, and at the pleasure which the people seemed to feel on seeing her. After having led Catharine through the village, and visiting various institutions of Dunallan's for the benefit of the people and children; schools, a library, &c. all which were under the immediate care of the clergyman of the parish, who was to report the progress and success of each to Catharine; Mrs. Oswald led her to another school for girls. Catharine was delighted with the situation of this school. It was apart from the village in a

romantic spot on the banks of the lake, and surrounded by wood on every side except that which opened on the water. A sweet retired path lay directly between it and the castle.

"This situation," said Mrs. Oswald, "was chosen by Dunallan, in the hope that, whoever the lady of Arnmore might be, she would take this institution under her own peculiar and watchful care. I hope you will fulfil his wishes, my dear Catharine, and regard these interesting young villagers as in some degree your own children. The general rules only have been acted upon, all particular regulations have been left for you, my dear," continued Mrs. Oswald. "I have found the charge very interesting, but will be most happy to relinquish it to your care; my health and my age make me unfit for it."

Catharine was equally delighted with the interior of the school-house, and the healthy happy looks of the children, who rose respectfully on her entrance, and answered the questions she put to them with intelligence and civility, dropping a grateful curtsey when she noticed them. Catharine recollected the children at Dunallan Castle, lying about their cottage doors in complete idleness, or running away to conceal themselves at her approach, or if bold enough to remain, answering with awkward shyness any thing she said to them. But, thought she, they were

only taught to regard me as their superior, not their friend and benefactress. She could have staid here the whole day, she became so greatly interested. She liked to hear the children repeat hymns, and parts of Scripture, and was delighted with their eager desire to be permitted to repeat them to her; and the pleasure their countenances expressed when she praised their performances. Mrs. Oswald at last reminded her that the forenoon was far spent.

"Every child at Arnmore is taught to read," said Mrs. Oswald, as they returned home, "and the clergyman of the parish attends with the most unremitting attention to their religious instruction. He is an excellent man, and is looked up to by the whole parish. You will find him anxious to second any plan you propose for the benefit of your people."

"How many people are supposed to reside on Mr. Dunallan's estate?" asked Catharine.

"About nine hundred, including a small fishing town, at too great a distance for us to visit to-day; but which Dunallan takes the same charge of that he does of those places you have seen."

"Happy Arnmore!" exclaimed Catharine, "Poor Dunallan Castle! how much I ought to feel ashamed when I recollect how its people have been neglected. And now my father is enlarging all his farms, and the poorer tenants are emigrating to America, or wherever they can go.

Had I known that it was possible, or rather had I taken the trouble to consider, I might have had at Dunallan Castle such a village as that I have just seen. The money which I gave without reflection to the unfortunate beings who were leaving the estate, and whose grief I could not bear to witness, would have defrayed every expense: but I shall write my father immediately. How happy should I be to see him interested in such a plan."

Catharine was so busy all this day, she felt quite fatigued when she retired for the night; yet her heart was light and gay. She had written to her father, to Elizabeth, and to Dunallan. The two first letters she had sealed up; but the last she left to peruse once more. She was dissatisfied with what she had written. It was too long—Dunallan's was not half so long—yet she had so much to say—she read sentence by sentence, and determined to change each; but after these changes were made, she thought her letter stiff and cold, and at last decided to send that which she had first written.

Next day she visited the fishing town, and other more distant parts of the estate, and was extremely gratified by all she saw, the reception she met with every where, and by the beautiful scenery through which they had passed; for many of the cottages they had visited were far too dis-

tant for Mrs. Oswald, or even Catharine to have walked to them.

"And what am I to do?" asked Catharine, as they returned home; "In what way, my dear Mrs. Oswald, am I to make myself useful to all these people?"

"By knowing about them all, my dear Catharine, and by convincing them that you do, and that you take an interest in their real happiness and prosperity; by your steadily discountenancing the unworthy, and approving of and assisting the good; by promoting the education of the children—oh, by a thousand ways, my dear young friend, particularly by carrying on those plans, begun by Dunallan, which are yet too new to succeed, unless they are fostered and protected by you."

Catharine, after consulting with Mrs. Oswald, laid down rules for the occupation of her time, which she resolved to abide by until Dunallan's return. "For I shall not leave Arnmore till then," said she; "and whoever visits me, must allow me to spend some of my time as I choose."

One week passed away, and she kept strictly to all her rules, and felt interested and happy. Mrs. Oswald she loved more dearly every day—she appeared to her almost perfect, and her affection was returned with interest.

"Ah, Catharine!" said Mrs. Oswald, one day after an interesting conversation with her young

friend, "I feel I am making another idol of you, I shall never learn to love with moderation."

The children too, were regarded by Catharine with the tenderest affection; and she felt the purest enjoyment in leading their young and opening minds to the admiration of all that was good and beautiful.

She had another letter from Dunallan during this week—all that was kind. To Mrs. Oswald he described his situation in London, and his future intentions. He expected to set out on his destination in a few days. To Catharine, he wrote of herself, and of his own feelings.

"Your letter, my dearest Catharine, has almost relieved my mind from a load, which has oppressed it ever since my unhappy arrival at your Father's house. You request me so kindly, and I cannot help feeling so sincerely, to believe you when you say you are happy;—you add so sweetly, that you wish me to forget the past, as you are beginning to do, that I feel satisfied you are at least not unhappy. The future, I will allow myself to hope, will produce for you far brighter days. You say you have read one of my books, and are interested in our people. Dearest Catharine, I entreat you, in your ardour to do good, not to forget your own health. You have undertaken too much. I shall regret having requested you to superintend my plans, if you expose yourself to fatigue, which, I assure you, is unnecessary.

It is surprising how much influence a very small degree of interest, expressed by a person in your situation, has on your dependants. But I shall say no more on this subject; you know, my dear Catharine, how much it would pain me to think that I, in seeking a source of pleasure for you, had loaded you with fatiguing occupations.

"You say, my dearest Catharine, that my aunt has made you forget my absence, by talking to you of my early days. She will, I fear, deceive you. She will praise me, when, if you knew what a proud and arrogant being I then was, and 'the course of sin,' which levelled me with the dust, you would cease to regard me with the unmixed esteem expressed in your sweetly frank letter. Will you be undeceived, my dearest Catharine? You asked me once, how the human mind could be brought, in the bustle of life, to be constantly guided by the principles of religion. I promised to explain this in my letters to you, as far as I could. The truth is, that, to a mind awakened from the delusive dreams of this world, religion becomes not only the support and consolation, but the source of its chief pleasures. I shall tell you in my next letter, how far I have experienced this myself; but the story is long, and I am too impatient for your reply to delay my letter till another post. You perceive, my Catharine, that it is painful to me to appear to you what I really am not. Your character is, I think, easily known;

and, therefore, in my eyes, the more amiable. Men, from their intercourse with a world, where most of those they meet with are indifferent about them, where some wish to deceive, and others to lead astray, acquire a power of concealing their emotions, which gives them an unfair advantage over women, who rarely in early life can conceal theirs. I should wish you, my Catharine, to feel certain that I have not this advantage over you. The very suspicion of it must produce a degree of reserve, which it is the wish of my heart to do away. I am thus anxious to inspire you with confidence in me, because I so earnestly wish you to feel that friendship for me which I already feel for you, and which cannot exist where we have any doubt of our knowledge of the real character.

"And now, my dearest of friends, I shall answer the last part of your letter, in which you so ingenuously confess to me, that you cannot say *you like* the first book I recommended to you, because every page of it condemns you. Your thoughts—your wishes—your time—your influence—your fortune, have all been employed in those pursuits considered by this writer as unworthy of a rational and immortal being:—'and yet,' you add, 'my life has been as innocent, and as little shaded by great faults, as most others.' You nobly say, you will not affect a modesty in speaking of yourself which you do not feel, when

the subject is one on which you really wish to gain information; and you naturally ask if we must look on the greatest part of our fellow-creatures as guilty in the sight of heaven, when most of them feel so secure of being accepted there at last? I acknowledge the difficulty of answering your question; but it is equivalent to that which was proposed long ago: 'Are there few that be saved?' You, I dare say, remember the instructive answer of Him who said, 'I am Truth.' The answer was, 'Enter *ye* in at the strait gate; for narrow is the way which leadeth to everlasting life, and few there be that find it.' Though my book does condemn you, my dearest Catharine, I must agree with it, because I am sure it is not stricter in what it requires, than that short but comprehensive law, which demands that we shall love our Creator, with *all* our hearts, and our souls, and our minds, and our neighbours as ourselves. I entreat you, Catharine, to use your own excellent powers of mind to follow out the meaning of those words, and you must be convinced that my book cannot possibly require more. Will you be displeased if I say, that I take pleasure in your feeling of self-condemnation? I do indeed, my sweet friend, because I know that 'the whole' do not feel their need of the 'Physician,' but 'the sick,' and I wish you to know the Physician of souls. I entreat you to read on, and become acquainted with the Christ-

ian system. If you feel your heart become an advocate for its truth, before your mind is informed, and your reason convinced, which, I think, from your last letter, may be the case, I entreat you not to cease reading what is addressed chiefly to your reason; because an uninformed Christian in your rank of life, is exposed to having his belief staggered very frequently, from his ignorance of those perfectly convincing answers which have been given to the attacks of infidels, who have in all ages attempted in vain to subvert a religion so strict in its demands, and pure in its precepts; amongst those infidels there have been, and still are, men of at least very great wit and ingenuity. What a letter I have written! but if you knew the pleasure I feel after the business and bustle of the day, in retiring to think of and address you, I know you would not wish to shorten this sweetest of enjoyments. Adieu, my dear, my very dearest friend.

E. H. DUNALLAN."

Catharine studied every word of Dunallan's letter with the deepest interest; his wishes with regard to herself she scarcely understood; but she determined to read attentively every book he recommended to her, and frankly avow to him the impression they made on her mind. His extreme openness with regard to himself, had fully the effect he desired in gaining her confidence.

She felt ready to impart to him the most secret thoughts of her heart. This desire to make her acquainted with his very errors, rather than that she should form a false and too high opinion of him, though it gratified, yet startled her. She had often been advised by her father, to avoid seeking to know the preceding private life of the man she married. "Let me, my dear child," he would say, "be intrusted with making all necessary inquiries respecting his character. You cannot be a judge. An innocent, well-educated young woman would never marry, if she knew the private history of most of the young men she sees; but we must take the world as we find it," he would add laughing. "The noblest characters have defects. An amiable, sweet-tempered, sensible, affectionate wife will cure a man of all those youthful errors; but a prying, over-correct wife is the devil." Catharine believed her father, and looked on young men as privileged to be wicked to a certain degree; and regarded it as indelicate, and disgustingly over-correct in her sex, to take any concern how a young man spent his life in private, provided he always acted honourably, and as others did in society. Had Dunallan, then, been particularly faulty? She could not believe this, because her father had assured her, that even *she* might be satisfied with all he could learn respecting the morality of his early years, which had been singularly spotless. Catharine replied

with perfect frankness to this part of Dunallan's letter. She showed how much she valued his confidence; but that she rather shrunk from the proof of it, which he offered to give; yet she wished to know about his college friend, and also the nature of the change which had taken place in his own mind. "But do not, my dear friend," she wrote, "gratify my curiosity, if doing so can recal one painful circumstance."

CHAPTER XI.

Catharine's life, for the first fortnight after Dunallan's departure, was wholly devoted to those pursuits she had begun at his request; and every day, as her information increased, and her conversations with Mrs. Oswald made her more acquainted with the opinions and sentiments considered, by that lady and Dunallan, necessary to constitute the character of a real Christian, she became more convinced that they were right. To Mrs. Oswald she confided every difficulty and doubt of her own mind; while, according to Dunallan's wish, she persevered in making herself acquainted with what he esteemed the Christian system; and in Mrs. Oswald she found the tenderness of a mother united to the sincerity of a friend, equally capable from natural talent, information, and experience, to assist and enlighten her young, but strong and candid mind. Catharine felt Dunallan's absence; she also thought with pain of the solitary situation of her father, yet she was now so constantly occupied, and pleased, and interested, that she dreaded any interruption to her new pursuits, and felt quite

annoyed on being informed, one forenoon, on her return from visiting her school, that a lady had just arrived. Catharine did not inquire who the lady was, but hurrying to her room, gave way to the impatience of the moment. Some of our troublesome country neighbours at last, thought she; what a plague! she rung for Martin.

"What lady is here, Martin?"

"Mrs. Williams, Ma'am."

"Mrs. Williams! Ah, I rejoice to hear it."

"She is indeed a very sweet-looking lady, Ma'am. Mrs. Oswald sent for me to ask where you were, Ma'am. She wished me to go for you, but Mrs. Williams would not suffer you to be interrupted."

Catharine felt herself half afraid, yet longed to see this Mrs. Williams, so much esteemed by Dunallan. An apprehension of inferiority was however still painful to Catharine; and though she struggled against this proud feeling, yet her raised head, and half cold expression, as she entered the room where Mrs. Williams was, gave an air of formal politeness to her address, rather than the real pleasure she felt at meeting her. Mrs. Williams's manner was very mild, and perfectly easy.

"We have been talking of you, my dear Catharine," said Mrs. Oswald.

Catharine blushed. "Then I regret having interrupted your conversation," replied she, "for

I am very sensible of the advantage of a favourable impression having been given before acquaintance commences."

"And are you so certain, Catharine, of my giving a favourable impression of you?"

"I believe so."

Mrs. Williams smiled, but said nothing. There was something in her appearance that at once excited both respect and interest. She was handsome, as far as a graceful figure, very fine eyes, and a charming smile, could make one so; but an air of thoughtfulness, and the very smile, which, engaging as it was, seemed more from politeness than feeling, conveyed an idea of superiority to trifles, and to trifling compliments, which was the rather pleasing, because the whole turn of her expressive countenance bore the same elevated character. "Mrs. Oswald has told me how you were employed, Mrs. Dunallan," said she; "and that you feel yourself interested in such occupations."

"I do indeed; and I hope I shall continue to feel myself so."

"Oh no! do not expect that," replied Mrs. Williams; "you must prepare yourself for disappointment, that when you meet with it you may not be disgusted, and tempted to give up all your useful employments. I have often been on the verge of doing so."

"I might very easily be tempted to do so,"

replied Catharine; "for I am not very patient; but I did not undertake these occupations from any expectation of pleasure or amusement, or even interest. Mr. Dunallan taught me to regard them as a duty, and I still expect I shall have to struggle with my natural aversion to the restraint of regular employment: hitherto, however, I have found myself more interested than I imagined I should be, more, indeed, than I ever was before in any pursuit; because the end at which I wish to aim is so much nobler."

"True," replied Mrs. Williams, looking much pleased; "but still I cannot help fearing you may find many things both disappointing and provoking in your endeavours to improve your people; the parents of the children, even, are such impediments to their improvement, that at times one feels quite discouraged."

"Mrs. Oswald had prepared me so well to expect that," said Catharine, "that I have been surprised at my success. I have made many new rules, to every one of which the parents of my children have acceded without any difficulty."

"Really," said Mrs. Williams, smiling, "you must have some secret way of charming them to do your pleasure."

Catharine described all she had done in the most animated language; and so deeply was she occupied in conversing on such subjects, that time passed away unobserved. Mrs. Oswald and

Mrs. Williams became equally interested, and when, after a very long conversation, the latter rose to take leave, Catharine found she still had so much to inquire about, and to say, that she earnestly and affectionately pressed her to remain until the next day. Mrs. Williams, who, Catharine felt, returned the interest she excited, was easily persuaded to comply with a request urged so evidently from the heart.

Catharine found Mrs. Williams's society singularly pleasing. She seemed to guess what subjects would be most interesting, and continued to turn the conversation constantly to them, while her evident feeling of interest, and her confiding manner to Catharine, completely succeeded in gaining her confidence. Mrs. Williams talked of Dunallan, and of his singular opinions, which she avowed were also her own. She spoke of him with more than esteem, with the deepest gratitude, and explained its cause. He had been the friend of her husband, and had watched him in his last illness with the tenderness of a brother; he had been the means of making his death-bed a scene of peace and triumph. He had been her own friend, when left a widow and wretched. He was the guardian of her children, and such a guardian!

Catharine listened with delight to the praises of Dunallan, and Mrs. Williams, though unable from emotion at times to proceed, seemed deter-

mined to make her acquainted with her husband's and her own obligations to him, and with that unwearied and tenderly benevolent part of his character which her misfortunes had brought to her knowledge. Catharine wept with her, and Mrs. Williams's countenance brightened through her tears, when she saw the impression her story had made.

Next morning Mrs. Williams took leave, after receiving the willing promise of an early visit from Catharine.

Many of the neighbouring families had now called at Arnmore; but though Catharine saw that they easily would have been prevailed on to lengthen their visits, none of them except Mrs. Williams had so far interested or pleased her as to inspire a wish that they should.

One evening a party arrived whom Catharine was not a little surprised to see. Mrs. St. Clair and her son. She could not conceive why the latter should choose so soon to visit her after what had passed, and particularly in Dunallan's absence. She felt displeased, and received him with extreme coldness. Mrs. St. Clair she attempted to meet as an old friend, but did not succeed; and she often wished, as the evening passed heavily on, that she had invited some of her morning visitors to remain.

St. Clair attempted to appear cheerful. He

told Catharine that he was just going abroad, and that he could not prevail on himself to leave the country, perhaps for years, without once again seeing one of his earliest friends. Catharine only bowed. An angry glow crossed St. Clair's brow, but he said nothing. Catharine had known him from her childhood, however, and was well acquainted with the expression of his countenance. She soon perceived that he was narrowly scanning hers, and was aware that he had now come to discover whether she was as unhappy as she knew his late disappointment from her made him wish her to be. His mother, she had no doubt, partook of her son's feelings.

Catharine expected a letter from Dunallan this evening; she almost wished it might not arrive; and she shrunk, as the hour of prayers approached, from the idea of the ridicule which her care of her servants would excite in the minds of Mrs. St. Clair and her son. The usual post hour, however, passed, and no letter arrived from Dunallan. Catharine felt relieved, but disappointed; and her endeavours to converse cheerfully with her guests, which had hitherto succeeded only in part, now gave place to absent thoughtfulness. Mrs. Oswald attempted to supply her place, but all she said was received with such uncivil coldness, that, after several good-natured but fruitless endeavours to overcome the prejudice

and dislike with which Mrs. St. Clair seemed to regard her, she gave up the attempt, and turned to Catharine.

"Our messenger has probably been detained to-night, my dear," said she, observing the sadness which now began to steal over the expressive countenance of her young friend; "you know he often is. We shall have our letters to-morrow morning."

"I only *hoped* for letters, I did not quite *expect* them to-night, my dear madam," answered Catharine, smiling sweetly in reply to the tenderly affectionate manner of Mrs. Oswald's address, so unlike that of her proud and gloomy guests. A pause in the conversation ensued. St. Clair looked earnestly at Catharine, as if to read in her countenance from whence she expected those longed for letters.

"I hear your friend Elizabeth is just going to be married to one of the young Melvilles," said Mrs. St. Clair. "I suppose you hear frequently from her on the eve of such an event."

"Very frequently," replied Catharine; but she did not pursue this subject, for Mrs. St. Clair had always seemed to dislike Elizabeth.

Another pause followed, and of such long continuance, that Catharine at last, scarcely knowing what she said, asked St. Clair if he had been acquainted with Mr. Walderford at college?

"I was," replied he; "he was then supposed

to possess very superior talents, and great expectations were formed respecting him, until he chose to adopt a set of enthusiastic notions, which now, I believe, I must not mention with disrespect in your presence, Catharine—Mrs. Dunallan, I mean: pardon me." He did seem to revolt at the new appellation. "I must confess, however," continued he, "that I have rather avoided Walderford since he became so singular."

"Did you value his acquaintance before that time?" asked Catharine.

"Extremely; every one did. He had the clearest head of any young man at the university, and the quickest penetration into character, with the most kind and affectionate of hearts, joined to an uncommon share of humour and talent for society, notwithstanding his natural reserve. Every one loved and respected him. Poor Walderford!" continued St. Clair, "it was most unlike his knowledge of mankind, and his usual good sense, to make known his adoption of such opinions; he might at least have confined them to his own breast."

"But *can* such opinions be concealed, my dear Sir?" asked Mrs. Oswald in her quick way.

"Why not Madam? are we not forced at times to confine far more powerful——" St. Clair hesitated, "we must learn to—— I know men who have singular opinions on many subjects,"

continued he, recovering himself, "who never talk of them but in confidence. I have notions myself on that very subject, religion, which are perhaps quite as singular, though very different from Walderford's; but why shock people by constantly avowing our heresies from common opinion? I believe," continued St. Clair, "every man who thinks at all must form some opinion on that subject; but as those opinions are of importance only to himself, I think he is mad if he exposes himself to universal ridicule and contempt, by attaching such importance to a set of dogmas, and acting upon them with the blind zeal and self-satisfaction which seems to inspire poor Walderford."

"But what is there in those opinions, which really ought to shock any one?" asked Catharine. "You said, Mr. St. Clair, that to me you must not now mention them with disrespect; I suppose from their similarity to those ascribed to Mr. Dunallan. I confess it does pain me to hear them mentioned with disrespect; and allow me to add, that I am sure, if you were really acquainted with those opinions, and, still more, with their effects on those who adopt them, you would describe them in gentler terms."

"They are opinions very shocking to common sense at least," said Mrs. St. Clair. "Mr. Walderford's opinions, I mean."

"I beg pardon," said young St. Clair, "for

having used such harsh expressions. I have little knowledge of Mr. Dunallan's notions on any subject; but the opinions I mean, though they are gaining ground in society, or, at least, are acquiring an ascendency over a certain class of minds, shrink from the examinations of reason and philosophy."

"I believe," said Mrs. Oswald mildly, "that it is an allowed maxim amongst philosophers, that the supporters of any system ought to be permitted to state their own opinions. Now, in this case, you must allow me at least to correct your statement, Mr. St. Clair. The advocates for the opinions you have mentioned do not shrink from the tribunals of reason and philosophy, from a dread of their award; but they say that reason or philosophy are of no value until they are enlightened by that revelation which declares the natural reason and wisdom of man to be foolishness, and its philosophy vanity. The supporters of those opinions therefore regard reason, when it discards revelation as its guide, as an ignis fatuus, a light that leads astray; and philosophy as an unmeaning though imposing word."

"You are right, Madam," replied St. Clair warmly, "I did state the case unfairly; those opinions do set reason and philosophy at defiance; and the weakest blockhead who adopts them, immediately thinks himself superior to, and fitted to instruct the wisest of his fellow men.

This is one of the many disgusting features of the system," added St. Clair, rising abruptly and walking towards a window, desiring apparently to put an end to the subject.

"You must allow me to say one word," replied Mrs. Oswald. "The defect you mention cannot, with a shadow of fairness, be ascribed to the system, because its very character and essence is humility."

St. Clair remained silent, and another pause in the conversation followed. The evening was beautiful; and, though late, Catharine proposed walking.

"We have many charming walks here," said she, turning to St. Clair, (who remained at the window,) and directing her eyes to the scenery below.

He looked in the same direction for a moment, then turned away. He seemed to hate its beauty.

"You used to admire this part of the day, and like to walk at sunset, Mr. St. Clair," said Catharine, in a voice less cold than that in which she had hitherto addressed him.

He appeared softened for a moment, then said, turning gloomily away, "I used to like and admire many things which I must not now trust myself to look at. Sunset is one."

Catharine felt his meaning, and reproached herself for having said any thing to produce such

a reply. She turned to Mrs. St. Clair, and again resumed her endeavours to find some topic of conversation that might excite her interest; but her attempts for some time were unsuccessful; the subjects at least on which Catharine chose to converse had no interest for Mrs. St. Clair, and those into which she would eagerly have entered were studiously avoided by Catharine. At last she recollected that Mrs. St. Clair was engaged in superintending the erection of a magnificent mansion at her beautiful isle, and she easily succeeded in leading her to talk of it. Mrs. Oswald, who never was idle, when she saw that young St. Clair determined to remain silent, employed herself busily at her work. St. Clair stood with his back to the window, and his eyes either fixed in deep thought on the carpet, or raised to Catharine, with an expression that betrayed the subject of his contemplations. He looked miserable, and his uneasiness seemed to increase the longer he indulged in thought.

Catharine continued to listen to Mrs. St. Clair, and, at her request, began to sketch the plan of a gothic window for the hall of her new house.

"Oh! that is quite beautiful," exclaimed Mrs. St. Clair, when she had finished it. "Look, Arthur, is not this much more perfect than any of those in our plans? but you have lost all interest in the house now," said she reproachfully, as he slowly advanced from the window, "you are most

unaccountably changed, Arthur. Is it not beautiful?"

"Beautiful, indeed! Shall I preserve the sketch for you, Madam?"

A servant at this moment appeared. Catharine knew it was to announce the hour of prayers. Mrs. Oswald said, "very well, John;" and the servant left the room.

"Do fix the sketch, Mr. St. Clair," said Catharine, placing drawing materials before him. "I must leave you for a short time, Madam," added she, turning to Mrs. St. Clair, and a good deal embarrassed. But meeting Mrs. Oswald's look of anxious concern, and recollecting the contempt with which she had treated the fears of that good lady, lest she should be deterred from duty by the dread of ridicule, she recovered her composure, and said, in a calm tone of voice, "Mr. Dunallan thinks it proper that his servants should have the scriptures read to them daily, and, in his absence, I have undertaken, directed by Mrs. Oswald, to continue this custom."

Mrs. St. Clair and her son looked at each other. "Do you not admit your friends to the benefit of your instructions?" asked Mrs. St. Clair.

"I do not pretend to instruct," replied Catharine, mildly; "but Mrs. Oswald has convinced me that the attempt at informing our servants is a duty. I merely read a portion of scripture,

and a short explanation; and as I am convinced of its being a duty, I must not be deterred by ridicule from performing it."

"No one certainly could be so cruel as to ridicule any thing defended so ——" St. Clair proceeded thus far, and then stopt. "Will you not admit us?" asked he.

"You must excuse me," replied Catharine, "were Mr. Dunallan at home, I should entreat you to join us."

St. Clair turned away in displeasure. When Mrs. Oswald and Catharine returned, they found Mrs. St. Clair and her son looking gloomier than before. There was a sweet calmness and elevation in the expression of Catharine's countenance, however, and a dignified and cheerful composure in Mrs. Oswald's, which commanded their respect; and by degrees they were restored to an apparently happier state of feeling.

Catharine felt greatly relieved, when Mrs. St. Clair declared her intention of going next day. She would have concealed her satisfaction, but saw by the angry expression of St. Clair's countenance that he had perceived it. She felt extremely displeased, however, at the freedom with which he continued to watch her every word and look; and the cold calmness of her eye when she addressed him, seemed to recal to him the remembrance of her situation.

Next morning at breakfast, a very large packet

was brought to Catharine; she observed the post-mark ———, and became very pale. St. Clair seemed to understand the cause, and it darkened his brow.

"No wonder such letters should be longed for," said he, contemptuously, but bitterly, and looking at its size.

"Certainly not," replied she, "when the contents too are always even more interesting than they are expected to be."

St. Clair's eye flashed; but for a moment he was silent, then said with forced calmness, "You have convinced me at last, Madam, that your sex possesses one virtue, which I have hitherto been such an infidel as to doubt; that of becoming moulded into new habits, and new feelings, and new affections, with a facility almost incomprehensible, and in proportion," added he, sarcastically, "to the dislike and contempt with which they formerly viewed those habits, and those objects which they afterwards value."

"You ought rather, from my experience, to be convinced of an unhappy defect in my sex," replied Catharine, "that of allowing prejudice to take such complete possession of the mind, that nothing less than a superiority in every thing, almost more than human, can overcome it."

St. Clair bit his lip. Catharine had looked calmly and fixedly at him while she spoke, and the effect of what she had said on the expression

of his countenance almost frightened her; but his reflection on Dunallan had roused her spirit, and she now longed for an opportunity of honouring him in the presence of those contemptuous St. Clairs.

"Pray, read your letter, Madam," said Mrs. St. Clair. "I beg we may not for a moment prevent your enjoying that pleasure."

Catharine only bowed, and then broke the seal. She looked at the date, then at the conclusion, but that was too kind to be read in such company; tears filled her eyes, tears that she saw were observed, but she cared not. She folded up her letter, and laid it by her, and then attempted to converse with Mrs. St. Clair; but her thoughts wandered to her letter, and it was with great pleasure she heard Mrs. St. Clair's carriage announced, and saw her soon after depart with her haughty and disappointed son.

Catharine embraced Mrs. Oswald with unusual tenderness; "you have seen a specimen of my friends, my dearest Madam," said she, "and I have had many such. You see how sincerely they wish for my happiness."

"But you must have some excuse for this lady, my dear," replied Mrs. Oswald, "I see how matters stand; you have disappointed her dearest hopes and favourite plans, and her son's also. Ah! my dear Catharine, you may be very thankful that the singularly pleasing exterior of that

young man did not engage your youthful affections; he could not have made you happy. But adieu for a little, my love, I see you are impatient to read your letter."

Catharine shut herself up in her room, and was soon completely absorbed. Dunallan's letter consisted of many sheets closely written.

"Each succeeding letter from you, my dearest Catharine, confirms me in the idea I had formed of your character, and strengthens the hope that I shall soon see you become all I could wish. You are right, my sweet friend, in your supposition, that kindly as I express my interest in you, and kindly—tenderly as I feel for you, there is yet a want, a defect in your character which I have never clearly expressed. I will tell you my reason, because, until I received your last letter, I did not suppose you would have understood my meaning. I see you look surprised; but, my dear Catharine, had I said to you the week before we left Dunallan Castle, that you were ignorant of the true nature of religion, would you not have repelled the charge, and regarded me as a gloomy bigoted enthusiast, as your friends did? I would not now say this of you, my dearest Catharine, though my opinion was not greatly changed, until I received your last (to me precious) letter, which proves to me that you begin to feel that humbling sense of your natural disrelish of what true religion requires, which I think must

be felt before we can at all appreciate the Christian system. You have discovered the difference between the religion of the imagination, and that of the heart and understanding. You are convinced that the former is of no value, and that the last is absolutely necessary; but your understanding feels its weakness in attempting to comprehend the doctrines, and your heart its opposition to the strict and spiritual precepts of the New Testament—and this pains you. What will you think of my affection for you, my Catharine, when I say, that I hope this pain may increase? I wish I could bear it for you, but that is impossible. If by this means you are to be brought into the fold, the Shepherd of the flock alone can carry on his own process in your mind. Watch its progress, my dear Catharine, and seek to know more of his character who has your heart in his hand. Study his gracious promises to the young, and to all who really wish to devote themselves to his service. Study his precepts, and attempt to perform all he demands. You will every moment feel your inability, and thus your humble opinion of yourself will increase: the more it does so, the more you are fitted to value that religion, which is suited to those only who feel truly, experimentally, that in themselves they are lost. Fear not to tread this lowly path, my dear Catharine, for it leads to the purest, the most exalted happiness; because it leads us to

seek it from Him who is its source, and whom a hopeless sense of our natural unfitness to love and serve as he demands, leads us to regard as our only Saviour, our strength, our light, our peace, our all. But I say too much—now you will not understand me. Oh! that you did, my beloved Catharine.

"You wish to know, my dear Catharine, what led me to adopt the principles which now influence me. You wish also to know more of my college friend, in whom my aunt has greatly interested you; 'but not,' you sweetly add, 'if recalling any thing that is past would give me pain.' It cannot pain me to recal the idea of him: it is, indeed seldom long absent from my thoughts, and it would add to my happiness, my dear Catharine, if I could interest you in the memory of the being on earth whom I have loved most, and have been most indebted to. You shrink, most naturally shrink, from the knowledge of that miserable course of sin, which marked a part, thank heaven, a short part of my youth; but you may trust me. I am not one of those who imagine a young and inexperienced mind can in any way be benefited by becoming acquainted with the secrets of wickedness; and to you, my dearest Catharine! you, of whose delicacy I consider myself the guardian! But no more of this—forgive even so much. What I wish is this—to convince you of the utter inca-

pacity of the human heart to be truly moral. Temptations may differ, and lead to different results, but none can ever comprehend what pure morality is without aid from heaven, without a revelation and the power to understand it. I am willing to give you myself as an example of this incapacity, not because I think I was better disposed than others, but because I am better acquainted with what has passed in my own heart; and because I began life with a high aim, and a high opinion of man's moral capacity. I do feel half ashamed, however, to commence my own historian, and almost shrink from the fulfilment of my promise; but I cannot otherwise make you acquainted with my friend, or describe the power of his mind over mine, or the change of my own. Dear Catharine, I wish I could give you an idea of the interest I feel in your real happiness while I write,—in your soul's happiness, that immortal soul, which has been placed by heaven in some degree in my charge, and which must be prepared during the short period of life, for an existence that shall never end! But no more of this, lest I should disgust instead of convincing you.

"I believe, my dear Catharine, you know that I was peculiarly happy in a mother. During her life, as even *I* then knew, my education was a continual cause of difference of opinion between her and my father; yet so gently did she differ

from him, and on every other thing she was so sweetly yielding, that, except on one point, she generally directed all my concerns. That one point was religion. My mother's opinions on that subject were disagreeable to my father in the extreme, and he was determined that I should not imbibe them. My mother would have preferred a home education during early youth: my father considered a large school most suited to develop and strengthen the character of a boy. As my home did not promise those virtuous examples which are the chief advantage of a private education, my mother at last consented to part with me, on my father's yielding to her wish, that I might be placed where there were only a small number of boys. My father, however, chose my tutor; and the gentleman on whom he fixed had every requisite excepting the one most valued by my mother. He was a man of superior talents; a deep and elegant scholar, with a taste singularly refined and cultivated; he had also lived much in the world, and his manners were extremely polished. My companions in this gentleman's house were a limited number of boys, sons of some of the first families in the country. With such a tutor, who devoted himself to the improvement of his pupils, and with a natural inclination for those pursuits most valued by him, my progress was so rapid as very soon to gain me a high place in his favour. It was also my

nature, to desire ardently to be loved by those around me, and I easily gained the affections of my young companions. When I visited home I was caressed by every one. My father, I perceived, regarded me as his pride and hope. My mother's affection for me seemed increased by my absence from home. She attempted however, with the most solicitous tenderness, to convince me that no mental acquirements, no personal accomplishments, no degree of the esteem, or love or admiration of others, were of any value without religion. She said, they were snares to foster pride and delude the soul. I listened to her, because I loved, and could not give her pain; but my tutor was a Deist, and I had learned from him to consider all systems of religion, in short, all religion excepting that of nature, as priestcraft and deception, suited only to trammel weak and ignorant minds. I remained with my tutor till I went to college. You can hardly, my dear Catharine, conceive a being more ignorant of the world, and human nature as it really is, than I then was. My companions and myself, while with our tutor, lived almost apart from all other society; and his kindness, a pleasant method of conveying instruction, joined to the elevated tone of morality, and high sense of honour which he inculcated, led us to love and esteem him so warmly, that even during our visits at home, which at his re-

quest were very short, we still acted as if under his eye. Several of us went at the same time to college, our heads filled with learning, and our hearts glowing with admiration of the characters of antiquity—their patriotism, their eloquence, and, I may add, their pride; and turning with contempt from all the humbler virtues—virtues which Christianity in its precepts, and the common realities of life, teach us to regard as most valuable. At this time I lost my mother, and her death first taught me the insufficiency of the theories of philosophy to overcome, or even to soften real grief. But time did what they could not do; and the affectionate cares of my young friends drew me again into those studies and pursuits for which I had lost all relish. My ambition to excel returned. I again laboured for distinction, and soon succeeded in obtaining a reputation almost equal to my desires. My father had early taught me to regard the senate of my country as the proper place for the employment of my talents and acquirements; and, above all, where I might distinguish myself most conspicuously. I soon found that he was right. All the young men of family at college who were remarkable for talent, were taught to prepare for the same destination. Eloquence became one of my favourite pursuits. I studied all its masters with ardent attention, and cultivated every exterior grace. I also, with the permission of my superiors, prevailed on some

of my numerous friends at college to meet together, for the purpose of improving and exhibiting our powers of elocution; and this meeting soon became the favourite recreation of all the young men most distinguished for talent at the university. We invited all our college friends who chose to attend, and to give their opinions on the subjects in debate.

"One evening as I declaimed on a favourite subject, and was listened to with eager attention and frequent bursts of applause, I remarked one striking and unknown countenance opposite to me, which did not join in the general expression of approbation. There was something in this countenance which attracted me so forcibly, that my eyes continually returned to it; but I finished my declamation, and returned to my seat amidst thunders of applause, without having received one mark of admiration from him. His eye, however, followed me, and he half rose as if to speak, but another young man got up, and he resumed his seat. I immediately called on the stranger, as I had seen him half up before the other rose; but he seemed to wish to decline speaking, until called on by half the assembly. A blush glowed for a moment on his fine but pale countenance, and for the few first words he hesitated; but, soon recovering himself, his low and harmonious voice, and beautiful language, instantly arrested every one's attention; and then

the strikingly clear, though simple arguments, by which he proved that all I had said was mere sophistry, extorted applause even from those who were so warmly attached to me, that they would willingly have shared the disgrace of my defeat in argument. The stranger's speech was short, and he retired to his seat, apparently wishing to conceal himself from the many inquiring eyes which were fixed upon him. My friends looked at me, expecting that I should reply; but I felt that I could not, and openly avowed my inability, and the extreme admiration with which the overpowering talents and eloquence of the last speaker had filled me. This avowal was followed by the applauses of my friends, and now also by those of my interesting opponent, who, by a feeling and beautifully expressed compliment to my *noble* ingenuousness, as he called it, and also to my talents, which he said could only fail when they undertook the defence of so bad a cause, in some degree restored me to my own good opinion. The subject of discussion had been one on which I had often before declaimed, and enjoyed the consciousness of my powers of eloquence, whilst I had, almost at will, excited the deepest emotions in the young and ardent spirits who listened to me. I heard no more that evening. Many attempts were made to reply to the stranger, all equally unsuccessful; and after listening for some

time, he took advantage of a dispute about precedency, and retired. No one near me could give me any information respecting him; he seemed quite unknown even by name. I had sought his acquaintance by my looks; but though I thought that he regarded me with complacency when our eyes met, he seemed rather to avoid looking at me; and I felt hurt even at this supposed rejection of my advances. When he retired, however, I no longer found any interest in what past. When the assembly dispersed, I followed a young man with whom alone I had seen the stranger converse, and learned that his name was Churchill; that he was the son of a clergyman, and was himself studying for the same profession, which induced him to cultivate every means of improving his talent for public speaking. I learned, also, that it was his choice, from the limited income of his family, and still more from the singularity of his own religious opinions, to live as retiredly as possible. I expressed myself so warmly in his praise, that Churchill's friend asked if I wished for his acquaintance.

"'I have courted him unsuccessfully with my eyes,' replied I, laughing. 'I should like extremely to be acquainted with him, however, if he has no objection.'

"Next day I met Churchill's friend, but he said nothing to me on the subject of the preceding evening's conversation.

"'I perceive,' said I to him, 'that your friend has declined my acquaintance.'

"He made some awkward apology; and I cannot describe to you, my dear Catharine, how much my pride was hurt by this refusal of my offered regard. I determined, however, that at least I should not deserve his contempt. I studied the subject on which we were the next evening to debate with the deepest attention. On that evening my eye sought for him whenever I entered the hall. He was there, and I thought looked away rather confused when our eyes met. After several speeches Churchill rose, and again drew forth the most unbounded applause; yet when I followed him on this night, and on the opposite side of the question, the general voice seemed to be with me. I avoided looking at Churchill; but as we left the hall, we came together to a narrow door-way. I stood back to let him pass. He bowed: 'Of courtesy, not of right,' said he, as he passed.

"'I feel it of right, in every way,' replied I. He only smiled, shook his head, and bowed again.

"'Are you acquainted with Mr. Churchill?' asked a young man who walked with me towards my apartments.

"'No,' replied I; 'he does not wish for my acquaintance.'

"'Not wish for it!' exclaimed my young companion; 'he surely has not declined it,' added he, 'if you wish for his.'

"'I certainly wish for his,' replied I, 'ardently wish for it; but he does not feel on this subject as you do. I believe he does not think my acquaintance worth seeking.'

"Some one put his arm within mine. It was dark, and knowing that many of my friends walked near me, I was not surprised.

"'Will you accept of the acquaintance of a listener?' said the voice of Churchill.

"I was delighted. 'I will grasp at his acquaintance on any terms,' replied I, warmly shaking his hand, which he as warmly returned.

"'I have broken through a resolution,' said Churchill, 'for the very reason, I believe, which ought to have determined me to keep it.'

"'What was your resolution?'

"'Not to get acquainted with you.'

"'With me! With our set of young men, I suppose you mean.'

"'No, Mr. Dunallan, with yourself.'

"'And why so, Mr. Churchill?'

"'Ah, that is a long story. I shall tell it you another time.'

"'Come and sup with me now.'

"'I never sup out; but I shall go with you for half an hour.'

"When we were alone, I asked his reason for wishing so particularly to avoid my acquaintance.

"'Because,' replied he, 'I know the superiority of your talents, and the influence you acquire over those with whom you associate, by the union of those talents with your temper and powers of pleasing. I dreaded you, Dunallan.'

"'But why, Churchill? I am not conscious of having used my influence, wherever it is, to lead any one astray.'

"'I am certain you never *intentionally* have,' replied he, 'yet you do lead astray; and I feel that you would soon acquire an unaccountable power over me also, should my judgment yield to my affections. I do not know if I am right,' added he, 'but the selfish, cautious dread of receiving injury from you has given place to the ardent, though, perhaps, rash desire of attempting to rescue you from the influence of what I am convinced are very dangerous opinions.'

"I urged him to explain himself.

"'Forgive me,' replied he, 'if I remind you of the opinions you so eloquently advanced, and which were so rapturously received and imbibed by those who listened to you on the first evening we met.'

"'And which you, with such superior talent refuted,' replied I.

"'My fate this evening,' replied Churchill, 'has shown whose talents are most superior. It was the goodness of my cause alone which gave me an advantage on that evening; and believe me, Dunallan, whenever you attempt to argue in favour of human virtue, and its value, and the 'vast conquests of human reason,' you will find that very inferior abilities, with some knowledge of the human heart, will be able to refute all you say. Why Dunallan,' continued he, 'are you such an enemy to revelation?'

"'Revelation!' repeated I with disgust, 'I am an enemy to every thing that debases the human mind. There are parts of what you call revelation which I admire as much as you can do; but I cannot—I have not tried, to believe what is contrary to reason, to probability, to common sense. Surely, Churchill, you cannot pretend to say that you have succeeded in subjecting that fine mind of yours to the belief, or to the supposition that the belief is necessary, of all the contradictions—all the absurd——'

"'Stop, Dunallan,' interrupted Churchill, 'do not add to your future regret, by the abuse of that which I fervently hope may one day be to you, as it now is to me, I solemnly declare, in as far as a weak and perverted, though proud and cavilling nature will suffer it to be,—the test by which I try every principle, every word, every action, every thought; the light and

guide of my soul; the foundation of all my hopes; and the support and consolation of my heart.'

"I shall never forget, my dear Catharine, the tone of voice, and the elevated expression of countenance which accompanied these words. I can understand now from whence they proceeded; I could not then; and when Churchill took leave, I felt bewildered in forming my judgment of his character. My conclusion, however, was, that early education had clouded his noble faculties, and now led him to view as dangerous whatever was contrary to prejudices which, from their connexion with lofty and mysterious subjects, were calculated to engage a mind, such as I supposed his to be; yet his dread of the influence of others proved to me that he felt the weakness of the ground on which he stood. I therefore determined to avoid combating those prejudices, which seemed to have their hold as much on his heart as on his imagination, but to attempt to lead him gradually to the beautiful, and I then thought irresistible, theories which filled my own mind. I soon found, however, that it was impossible to avoid entering into argument with Churchill respecting his opinions, because they in some degree, pervaded every subject on which he conversed. In spite of this I became every day more attached to him. I greatly disliked his religious sentiments, however, and laboured, both when with him, and when absent from him, to

find arguments to overturn a system which seemed to unfit him for the world. I was perfectly sincere then, in thinking my own system the right one, and in every thing but in complying with Churchill's desire to examine his opinions; for some of them appeared to me so absurd and unreasonable that I had not patience to hear him argue in their defence. I introduced the subject into our public debates; as I expected, all at first joined me; but Churchill stood firm though alone. In a short time, however, to my grief and dismay, the friend at college whom I loved and esteemed next to Churchill adopted all his notions. This friend, my dear Catharine, was Walderford. His talents, particularly his powers of reasoning, had been esteemed by us all as very superior. His adoption of Churchill's opinions made a great sensation amongst us, and even I then attempted to comprehend their system, and, if possible, to reconcile it to reason; but in vain. I told Walderford so. He only smiled, and assured me that, while I worshipped human reason, there was no room in my heart for the true God. I asked him, in the bitterness of sarcasm, 'If the Being he worshipped was the God of fools only?'

"'Even so,' replied he, with perfect mildness, though he was naturally of a very warm temper, 'even so, Dunallan; his true worshippers must become fools in their own eyes, and perhaps in

the eyes of others; they must lay aside the pride of reason, and their trust in its power, and subject their understandings to the teaching of Him who is the only source of truth.'

"I shall not repeat our many arguments, my dear Catharine; I shall only give you an idea of the systems we each maintained. Mine was this: That the human soul is, when it enters life, perfectly innocent, and perfectly pure, possessed of the germ of all those powers, in different degrees, which are afterwards to be devoted to good, or evil, according to the will of the possessor, biassed, of course, by circumstances, example, or education. That the human will is perfectly free, and able to choose the path it may pursue; and that human virtue consists in preferring what is good, and is great in proportion to the obstacles it overcomes in making this choice. That the Supreme Being will at last reward those with everlasting happiness who attain, at least, to a greater degree of virtue than vice: as to what should become of those who did not, I had formed no opinion; for, respecting the declarations of Scripture on that point, I was, to say the least, completely sceptical. The founder of the Christian religion I regarded as —— But indeed, dear Catharine, I will not risk the possibility of misleading your mind by entering into the thoughts I then presumptuously indulged on this most sacred subject. Suffice it to say, that, as a small

part only of the doctrines of Christianity can be comprehended by the natural human understanding, to that part only I assented. I shall not mention the many absurd and irreverent speculations which were entertained on this subject by my companions and myself. The morality of the New Testament I greatly admired, though I thought many parts of it unfit for real life.

"Churchill's opinions will perhaps appear to you, as they then did to me, inconsistent with reason, and dishonourable to the Divine Being. He believed that a strong bias to evil was inherent in human nature, and an incapacity to choose what is good. He argued from Scripture, and from facts. I argued against both, in defence of man's natural innocence. He considered human reason as utterly incapable of discovering truth with regard to the relation subsisting between us and our Creator, and equally incapable of judging of what was suitable for that Creator to require of his creatures. That a revelation to inform us of this was absolutely necessary; and that, when such a revelation was offered, and when we had investigated the truth of its claims to inspiration, with fairness, and upon proper principles, and found the proofs so complete as to convince our reason, which ought to judge here, we had only then to subject every power of our souls to the implicit reception of every word of this revelation; and when we could not com-

prehend, we ought to pray humbly, and believing firmly in its promises, for greater degrees of light. And in this spirit alone, he said, could we understand the meaning of Scripture; and that until we, in some degree, comprehended revelation, and felt its influence on our belief, our affections and our conduct, our minds were ignorant of what real truth was, and in utter darkness;—we neither know ourselves, nor our present abject state, nor the high destination which we despised, nor the character of the Judge of the universe, nor, in a word, any thing.

"These opinions were revolting, and disgusting to me in the extreme; but my arguments had no influence with either Walderford or Churchill, and as we could not agree, we resolved to avoid the subject, with this agreement, that our afterlives should be the test of our principles. I observed Churchill, when we made this agreement, as he turned from me, raise his eyes to heaven, as if imploring power to prove the truth of his principles.

"'My natural powers against your prayers, Churchill,' said I, in my usual tone of ridicule.

"He smiled, but faintly, and a momentary paleness passed over his countenance.

"'You frighten me, Dunallan,' replied he. 'If you knew the goodness which you thus resist!'—he stopt, and only added, 'You shall not be

without those prayers you so ignorantly despise.'

"After this we seldom mentioned the subject; and for some months, I believe, I enjoyed as uninterrupted happiness as any rational being, in my then state of ignorance of the real source of enjoyment, could, and I can understand the feelings of those who, disgusted with a chilling, and corrupting, and jarring world, and having no knowledge of happiness independent of what that world can give, look back on the time spent at college as the happiest of their lives. Walderford, Churchill, and I, were seldom asunder, and our affection daily increased. They both rather shunned the subject of religion, but declared their belief that I should one day think as they did. I believed them sincere, and by turns pitied and envied their delusions, particularly Churchill's, who appeared to derive a happiness from his religion which astonished me; he seemed to bring it into every thing. We were all enthusiastic admirers of nature; but he seemed to enjoy a pleasure so exquisite in beholding its beauties, that he had no language in which to express his feelings; or rather, he seemed to enjoy an internal delight, the source of which I did not comprehend; for to me then, beautiful as nature appeared, its beauty made me sad. The smallest flower seemed a source of the sweetest plea-

sure to Churchill. 'How beautiful is *His* penciling!' he would exclaim, and then seemed to regard it with a glow of rapture. Walderford seemed to understand him, but did not appear so happy.

"'Ah, Walderford!' said I once to him, 'the disciple cannot command the sweet delusions of the master; your new religion has not added to your happiness.'

"'I confess,' replied he, 'I am not yet so happy as Churchill. All his difficulties are nearly overcome. I am still combating with mine, and most of all with my cherished pride of reason; but, Dunallan, you have no cause to doubt my word, and I declare to you before heaven, that, from what even *I* know and feel of the influence of true religion, the mind, however informed on other subjects, while without it, is still deficient in even an idea of what real peace, or truth, or happiness is.'

"I wondered at the strength of his delusion, for he often seemed absent and uncomfortable; but he turned from all I said with the most impenetrable indifference.

"At last the dreaded time of our separation arrived. Walderford was called home to his father, who was ill; Churchill had the offer of a curacy in the west of England; and I, at my father's desire, was to pay a visit to a friend of his, who had spent a long life in the service of the

public, as my father said, and knew men as they really were.

"My father's ambition was, that I should distinguish myself in a political life. This had been my own also; but the deep distress I experienced in parting from my friends, particularly my beloved Churchill, overcame ambition for the time, and every thing else. Churchill discovered a degree of grief also at parting from me, which I had not thought any earthly deprivation could have cost him.

"My father's friend, to whose seat near London I immediately repaired on leaving college, was a man of the most insinuating manners, and immediately acquired great influence over my mind. He found me very ignorant of the world, as it really is, and told me so. He advised me to make human nature, as it appeared in society, my peculiar study, adding, that the experience of another could not make me acquainted with it; and that with my present notions of it, I need not attempt to enter on a political life. I asked his advice as to where I should seek this indispensible knowledge. But this will not interest you, my dearest Catharine. I will only tell you, that he warned me against attaching myself to any party, an advice I had often received from Churchill also while at college; and to use my own observation and reason in judging. Lord Coverdale (that was the name of my father's

friend) also directed me to books fitted to promote my pursuits; and full of the determination to find something to examine in every person I met in every society, I set off for my father's. I had not seen him since my mother's death, and a very short residence at home proved to me that it no longer could have any attraction for me. Mrs. Oswald has, I believe, informed you, my dear Catharine, of the unhappy view of human nature which this visit at home was calculated to give me, in a way in which the lesson was indeed impressive. I was most wretched while witnessing it; and when I found that my influence with my father could not overcome that of one of the worst of beings, and that I had no hope of any change, I determined to seek that happiness elsewhere which I could no longer enjoy under my father's roof. I went to London, and spent most of my time at my brother-in-law, Harcourt's, where I had an opportunity of finding, as I supposed, all I was in search of, human nature in every variety of character. I studied the subject for some time without involving myself in any of the various pursuits and follies of the different men I associated with. This arose less from any previous resolutions, than from their want of congeniality with my taste. As to women, those with whom my sister was most intimate had few attractions for me. I admired their beauty and grace, but they all resembled each other so close-

ly in character and trifling pursuits, that I soon lost all curiosity and desire to form new acquaintances among them. Harcourt laughed at my insensibility on this subject, and tried every means, some of which were highly improper, to do it away, but in vain. My taste was really too refined to tolerate open vice, and my morals still too pure to contemplate without disgust many scenes to which he attempted to introduce me. Harcourt had reasons for wishing me to become as vicious as I afterwards discovered himself to be. He introduced me to all sorts of society. Young and unexperienced as I was, and having been assured also by Lord Coverdale, that I had formed an idea of the world which was entirely visionary, I only thought when I heard or saw what shocked me, that I was discovering what was real. Churchill, to whom I wrote every thing which interested me, at last ventured to caution me against being led by Harcourt. 'The world you describe,' said he in a letter to me, 'is worse than *even I* supposed it. Can you breathe such an atmosphere, Dunallan, and still believe in the purity of human nature?' I replied, that large and corrupted towns were not the scenes in which to judge of human nature fairly, though those who aspired to governing their fellow men ought to know them in all varieties of conditions, and that I should not yield to the disgust I felt while my own heart was innocent,

(for so I then ignorantly thought it,) and while I remembered him. I acknowledged, however, that I did begin to feel less ambition to distinguish myself in the busier scenes of life. After this I gradually withdrew from Harcourt, to whose character my eyes were at last in some degree opened. He perceived this, and would probably have lost all influence over me, had he not at that time found means to become intimate in the house of a man of high rank, the inmates of which possessed the most fascinating manners. This person was leader of a particular party in politics, so markedly, that my political friend, Lord Coverdale, had warned me against forming an intimacy in his family, unless I meant myself to be considered as attached to the same party. Harcourt brought me an invitation to a select party at this house, expressed in such flattering terms, that I felt it would be very marked in me to decline it. I informed Lord Coverdale of my intention to accept of this invitation. He seemed vexed and displeased, and asked me if I did not know that it was, in a refined way, one of the most immoral houses in the country. He had not hitherto paid much regard to my morals; I therefore was convinced by this appearance of anxiety about them now, that a suspicion I had some time entertained was just, (for I now did begin to see through men;) this was, that Lord Coverdale, with all his professions of dislike to

party, was himself in heart strongly opposed to that party, of whom Harcourt's friend was a leader. This conviction disgusted me, and I therefore continued politely firm in declaring my intention to visit at this house. When Lord Coverdale saw I was determined, he immediately overcame his vexation, and in the most cordial manner advised me to study the characters I should meet at Lord ——'s, as they were, in talent at least, some of the first men in the country. 'And,' added he, laughing, 'the women too, whom you will meet there, are the first in female talent also.'

"The preparation, and dread of danger, with which I commenced my acquaintance at Lord ——'s, made me, I believe, the more easily deceived. I had been assured that he and his friends courted all young men of fortune, in order to attach them to their party in politics. I expected this courting, and was prepared to resist, but I was disappointed. I was indeed received with very flattering distinction; but this I immediately saw arose from the character given of me by some of my numerous college friends, who, I found, were intimate in this family.

"Talents, wit, great acquirement of every kind, genius, taste, scientific knowledge, a taste for the fine arts, superior artists themselves; in short, whatever was calculated to please or inform, gained admittance here. Dullness and ignorance on-

ly were excluded; and in the family, and those they admitted to closest intimacy, the most fascinating and dignified polish was added to the most perfect ease of manners. I soon found that, to gain the esteem of those around me, it was necessary I should exert all the talents I possessed. This stimulus to my natural desire of distinction was delightful to me; and I found in this society a charm which no other had afforded me.

"In a short time I found that I had not exerted myself in vain. I saw that I was regarded with a degree of respect which flattered my pride, by all whom I met at this house, comprising many of my own former friends, and also many men of high character for talents in almost every department of the higher classes of society. I felt that something superior was expected from me, and I laboured not to disappoint their expectation. The women also, whom I met here, inspired me with an admiration, which I had not till then felt for any of the sex; and for one lady, I dared scarcely to myself confess the nature of my feelings. She resided almost constantly with this family, with whom she was connected by marriage. Her husband was also frequently an inmate in the house. I see you start, Catharine, and you must prepare yourself now to hear, that the human heart can deceive itself to a degree, of which I know you have no idea. As this lady is still re-

ceived into, and thought an ornament to many societies, I do not feel myself at liberty to disclose her name even to you, my dear Catharine. I shall, therefore, conceal her real name, under that of Aspasia. Aspasia, then, was at that time at least fifteen years older than I was, but still very beautiful, though quite unindebted to art. There was also in her countenance an expression of mind and soul, which captivated me the first moment I beheld her. I ought here to inform my dearest of friends, that this delusion is long past, and that now the idea of Aspasia is to me the most painful that ever visits my recollection. Aspasia's person was also strikingly graceful. Her talents were very superior, and she seemed devoted to their cultivation. She was singularly well-informed on almost every subject, her language was beautifully pure, and her voice harmony itself. On my first introduction to her she seemed pleased, and entered into conversation with me: but for some time afterwards she took scarcely any notice of me. She was, however, among the many attractions of this house, that which induced me to forego every other consideration; such as being considered a party man in politics, and a free-thinker and libertine, at least in principle, of which I found all the intimate friends of this family were suspected. But no remonstrances of Lord Coverdale's, or even of Churchill's, who from the first disliked

my description of this family, could prevail on me to give up a society where all I heard and saw was calculated to delight me; and where I constantly met Aspasia. The truth was, that I could perceive none of those dangers with which my friends threatened me; and there appeared no wish to deceive: on the contrary, the manners of those persons who were most esteemed and admired, were singularly open and simple; and their extreme polish seemed to be the consequence of that superior information, and that elegance and refinement of taste, which were here cultivated as the highest ornaments of human nature. Aspasia was particularly simple in her manner; but her every motion was grace, and every tone of her voice music itself. She was the idol of the scene. Her talents, her perseverance in their cultivation, her perfect ease of manner, her brilliant fancy, and charming powers of conversation, rendered her the delight of the wise and the grave, almost as much as she was the idol of the young and ardent. Her beauty, and grace, and gently playful gaiety, threw an illusive charm around her, which blinded the young and inexperienced to the real tendency both of her manners and conversation. I was one of this number. So perverted were my ideas by what I heard and saw around me, that I was insensible to the impropriety of a married woman thus receiving, without any apparent dis-

pleasure, the marked homage of many young men of very dissipated character; and indeed of almost every man who approached her, although those who were more experienced assumed the mask of friendship, while the young and less guarded openly betrayed their sentiments.

"But, my dear Catharine, I do not mean to lead you through the scenes which debased my mind at that time. I imbibed without examination or suspicion the opinions which I heard constantly repeated in this society, where superior talents seemed to be considered as an excuse for uncontrolled passions; or rather, they were considered as inseparable; and strict virtue and morality were only to be expected from the naturally dull and phlegmatic. I gradually learnt to despise those virtues most necessary to the happiness of mankind; or at least to consider them as fit only for the useful drudges in society. Women even were included in this opinion; and those crimes by which they destroy the most sacred bonds of society, I considered even too severely punished by their being rejected from that society.

"My ardent wishes and unwearied efforts to render myself agreeable to Aspasia at last succeeded; she treated me with marked preference, and I was intoxicated by the dangerous distinction. The family had gone to a beautiful residence in the country; and so complete was the

freedom of every inmate, or visitor, that our particular friendship seemed scarcely observed, unless by my numerous rivals. I now thought of nothing but Aspasia, she was equally devoted to me.

"I look back with astonishment, and the deepest shame to that part of my life; and I feel that you, Catharine, must be disgusted with the picture I have drawn; but I wish to show you the state of delusion at which I had arrived, that you may be convinced of the absolute necessity of other principles than those with which I began life. So completely blinded was I then, that without really deserving the imputation of hypocrisy, I could talk of virtue, whilst I trampled on its plainest laws. I could talk of honour, as many men constantly do, while acting a part the most base. I could talk loudly of the good of society, and of the corruption which disgraced those who gave it laws, whilst I was violating its most sacred obligations.

"We returned to town in a few months. Aspasia was still my idol; but I began at intervals to see things as they really were. I, however, hated the light which showed me the real nature of that course on which I had entered. I became gloomy and sad. Aspasia alone had still the power to charm. I recalled my former opinions of the powers of human nature, of reason, of high resolutions, with feelings of bitter ridi-

cule, and raised my thoughts in rebellious murmurs to that Being who plants the intolerable stings of remorse in the same heart whose passions are too strong to be restrained by the weakness of reason.

"I had neglected to write to Walderford, and even to Churchill, yet they both continued to write to me with the utmost kindness. But their letters gave me little pleasure, for they seemed still happy in those delusions which had charmed them in their days of innocence and hope, while I had discovered the fallacy of mine. I felt miserable, and imagined that ignorance of the world only could make any man hope to find happiness in it. I was conscious I possessed in a great degree all it could give. I knew at least that I was regarded as the most fortunate amongst those with whom I associated. The party to whom I was considered to belong spoke in exaggerated terms of my character. I had succeeded in winning the woman I loved. I was received in society, and by other women, with that flattering distinction with which young men with high worldly prospects are usually received; yet I wearied of it all, nor could any thing but ignorance make Walderford happy, living in a retired situation, with an old and peevish father, and some friends of that father as disagreeable as himself; or Churchill, doing the tiresome duties of a parish priest in an obscure corner of the

country, with no society but a few ignorant fox-hunters or country gentlemen. I wrote to them as I felt, that if they were really happy, it was only the happiness of ignorance, to which I could not now return. Walderford, in his reply to my letter, did not spare me. He ridiculed the idea of my being wearied of existence, and called it the unmanly and contemptible cant of the day; reminded me of our different principles, and laboured to show me, even from my own confession, that mine were erroneous and useless. I did not again write to him at that time. My heart was too wretched, and my temper had become too irritable to bear the least harshness without resentment. Churchill made the human heart his study, and he knew it better. He wrote to me more kindly and more mildly than ever. He agreed in all I said of the disappointing nature of all that is called pleasure. He invited me to go to him, and in his glowing language described the beauty of the scenery around him. He said, 'that its calm would restore a mind like mine to its natural tone, which had been lost from constant excitement and disappointment; and enable me to see the future through a less gloomy medium, and the fair prospects life still held out for me.' I loved Churchill more than ever on receiving this letter. I looked on him as superior to common humanity, and longed to go to him. The remembrance of the days we had formerly

spent together filled my heart with sensations, though sad, yet sweeter than any I ever now experienced, and I determined to go to him immediately.

"I went to Aspasia to impart my intention to her. She was in despair—she knew Churchill's character from me; and when I would have taken leave of her, she said, in a voice scarcely articulate, 'Farewell, then, Dunallan, farewell for ever!' and fainted. I could not leave her—I promised whatever she desired—but I felt the thraldom.

"I wrote Churchill that I could not go to him; and again returned to the same round of insipid engagements, and hopeless pursuit of excitement as before.

"One night, on returning late to my lodgings, a servant informed me that a gentleman from the country had called on me, and had waited several hours for my return; that he could remain no longer, but would again call in the morning.

"'Did the gentleman not leave his name?' asked I.

"'I did not hear distinctly what he said, Sir,' replied the man, who had forgot it; 'but he seemed much disappointed at missing you, Sir. He is a tall, handsome, young gentleman, but looks sickly, and was dressed like a clergyman.'

"'Churchill!' exclaimed I.

"'Yes,' replied the servant, 'that was the name, Sir.'

"'Where is he to be found?' asked I, hurrying back to the door.

"'He did not say, Sir.'

"I was obliged to remain that night without seeing him; but I could not sleep: indeed I seldom slept peacefully at this period of my life.

"In the morning I watched for my friend in a state of emotion, which convinced me that he was still dearer to me, however I might be entangled in the labyrinth of sin into which I had entered, than Aspasia, or all the world. At last he came—so kind, so mild, so wise, so pure, his conversation seemed to my heart like the dawn of the morning after a night of unhappy dreams. He told me that my last letter had led him to suspect that I had got myself involved in some connexion which was become disagreeable to me, but which I could not break off; and that he had come to town in the hope, that two heads, and one of them happily free, at least on this subject, might be better able than one, to discover some honourable way of escape. 'If I am mistaken, dear Dunallan,' added he, 'tell me so; I do not wish to intrude myself into your confidence.'

"'Intrude, my dearest, kindest Churchill!' exclaimed I, 'your interest in me—your friendship, is more valuable to me than all the world contains besides. You shall know my whole

heart, Churchill, though I am conscious that in your eyes, I shall appear a criminal of the first rank.'

"'I hope not, dear Dunallan; but if you have erred, the change in your looks prove, that, at least, you have been unhappy in doing so. You must retrace your steps again, my friend, till you return to that state of mind in which you were when we last parted.'

"'Impossible, Churchill!'

"'Impossible! Why so? Has one year, one short year, at your age, been so fatal to you, Dunallan! Tell me, Are you married? And is the object unworthy—unloved?'

"'No, Churchill, thank Heaven!'

"'Thank Heaven!' repeated Churchill, his countenance expressing the greatest joy.

"I told him all that had happened to me. His countenance, on our first meeting, had expressed the most anxious concern on observing the melancholy of my looks, which had led him to fear that I had taken some irremediable step. As I proceeded he listened with the deepest attention, but his eyes were fixed upon the ground; and though I wished to read his countenance, he commanded it so perfectly, that I could not discover the impression which my recital had made. When I had finished, he did not express any blame; he only sympathized in my feelings of regret at having involved myself and Aspasia in

a connexion fraught with danger to her reputation, and unhappiness, in every way, to both of us. At last he exclaimed,

" 'Now, dear Dunallan, let us form some plan to put an end for ever to this unhappy affair.'

" 'How can I, Churchill? Can I make the woman miserable who has sacrificed every thing for me? And such a woman!'

" He paused, looking earnestly at me. 'Are there any political engagements between you and that party amongst whom you meet Aspasia?'

" 'Not exactly,' replied I. 'I have supported their political opinions with the greatest openness. I have tacitly suffered myself to be talked of as one who, they expect, will, on future occasions, support them. I have made no promise, but should be regarded as having left my party should I not realize those expectations; however, this is of little consequence, as I really in general agree with them in political opinions.'

" 'You have no present engagements with them?'

" 'None.'

" 'Then, Dunallan, if you value peace of mind, —reputation; if you value any thing that is called virtue, leave Aspasia. You do not, you cannot, see the destructive course on which you have entered, nor its tendency to hurt your every hope, even in this world, until time and absence dispel the delusion which blinds you.'

"'Churchill,' replied I, 'I cannot leave Aspasia. You do not know her; my ungrateful desertion would shorten her existence. At least, our separation must be gradual,' added I, on seeing the expression of grief and disappointment which now clouded Churchill's countenance. He shook his head: after a pause,

"'You formerly believed in the immortality of the soul, Dunallan,' said he.

"'I believe in it still, Churchill.'

"'And yet you fear inflicting a short-lived pain on this idol of your affections. Is her soul less immortal?'

"'Aspasia does not feel it, if she is in error,' replied I; 'her opinions on these subjects, her real opinions, are different from yours, Churchill.'

"'And from yours, Dunallan?'

"'I do not say they are; but we shall not agree on these subjects; you know, my dear friend, we never did.'

"'Oh, Dunallan!' exclaimed he, clasping his hands with the most energetic emotion, 'would to God that we did agree on those most momentous subjects! Would to God that the being who formed you so capable of honouring him, and of winning others to his honour, would dispel the cloud in which you have involved your noble faculties! But will you not at least return with me for a few weeks? You promised to visit me; my claim is superior to Aspasia's;—she surely would

suffer a claim of friendship if she is so noble-minded—so generous.'

"'Yes, I will, Churchill, on one condition—that you see Aspasia, and do both her and your friend justice; she is not the worthless being you suppose.'

"'See her!' interrupted Churchill, with an appearance of greater severity than I had ever before seen in him; 'Why should I see her? Were she sensible of her degradation,' added he, in a gentler tone of voice, 'were she an outcast from society, and forsaken by all the world; were she the lowest of human beings, and a penitent, I should feel it a delightful duty to make every effort to restore her to that peace which is offered to the humble and broken spirit; but of what use could I hope to be, and what other motive ought to induce me to see a prosperous, admired, deluded adulteress——.'

"'Stop,' exclaimed I, 'you abuse my confidence.'

"'Forgive me, Dunallan,' replied he, 'I am too warm; but there were no conditions when you promised me this visit.'

"'No, Churchill; and I shall give up this, and go with you when you please.'

"'I go to-morrow,' replied he joyfully.

"'What! so soon?'

"'Yes, my profession binds me to home; I ought not to leave it a moment I can avoid.'

"'I am ready,' said I.

"'You will write to Aspasia.'

"'No, I must see her.'

"He looked disappointed, and entreated me to write; but I could not consent to leaving her without saying adieu in person.

"Churchill and I remained together till after dinner, when he said he must leave me, to fulfil an engagement with a friend whom he had accidentally met the evening before; to preach for him on this evening.

"'Preach!' exclaimed I, 'it is not Sunday.'

"'No,' replied he, smiling; 'but my friend thinks it useful to his people, particularly to those in the lower classes, to lecture once every week as well as on Sunday.'

"'Pho, Churchill!' replied I, 'how can you spend your noble eloquence on a set of old women and greasy mechanics? They will not understand you.'

"'You forget, Dunallan, whose servant I am, and upon whom He bestowed His precious divine instructions. Oh, that you knew him, my poor friend, and the pleasures of his service!'

"Churchill went to his poor people; and I was, in the mean time, to go and take leave of Aspasia. We were to meet again in two hours at my lodgings, from whence we proposed setting off early in the morning.

"When I entered the library at Lord ——'s,

where I usually found Aspasia, and where we generally spent some time in conversation before we joined the party assembled in the drawing-room, I did not find her. I proceeded to a small boudoir, where she sometimes chose to meet me. She was not there either. I began to fear she was displeased at my not having seen her that day. I joined the party in the drawing-room, and glancing round whilst I paid my compliments to the many friends who welcomed me with their usual flattering kindness, I perceived Aspasia seated apart, and apparently so deeply absorbed in a book as not to observe my entrance. I was soon beside her.

"'Your friends must be jealous of that book, Aspasia.'

"'My friends must surely wish me to be amused and instructed,' replied she, looking coldly at me, and again bending over the book. She was looking very lovely. She seemed unhappy, and the expression of sadness particularly suited her style of features.

"'I must not, then, disturb your enjoyment, Aspasia. I must pass all this day without enjoying your conversation.'

"She made no reply. I had never seen her thus before. I attempted several times to draw her into conversation, but in vain. At last she rose and left the room. I soon took my leave, and went in quest of her. I found her in the

library. She caught up a book when I entered, but I saw she had not been reading, and perceived she was in tears. I entreated her to tell me how I had offended her, and why she regarded me with such looks of coldness and displeasure. She answered, that I was mistaken in supposing she was offended, and that she was unconscious of how she looked.

"I could wish to describe to my dear Catharine the scene that followed, because I might then, perhaps, appear less inexcusably criminal in her eyes; but even in that hope I will not indulge myself, in thus far trying to palliate what I ought to wish her, and every one to condemn and detest.

"Aspasia's power over me was so great, that, by arts which I will not describe, she again induced me to promise that I should not go with Churchill.

"It was very late when I returned to my lodgings. I wished to avoid seeing Churchill. I meant to write to him, and to leave the house in the morning before he left his room. I did feel the degradation of shrinking from the sight of any man, and there was not another in the universe to whom I then would even have acknowledged myself guilty; but my pride never shrunk from avowing my errors to Churchill. It was my consciousness of ingratitude—my relinquishing his invaluable friendship from a cause in his

eyes so guilty, so contemptible. It is possible to wish ardently, and yet be incapable of abandoning vice. This was my case. I entered my own house with the feelings of a criminal, and could have wished the earth to cover me when I heard Churchill's voice as he hastened to meet me. I involuntarily stood still. He approached, and when he saw me, he only sighed, or rather groaned, and exclaimed, 'It is as I feared!'

"'Good night, then, Churchill,' said I, 'or rather farewell.' I entreated him to leave me. 'Nothing you can say can now make me change,' said I. 'The die is cast. I must abide by the consequences. The loss of your friendship I expect, Churchill; I deserve to lose it.'

"Churchill attempted to speak, but his emotion overpowered him. He looked at me with an expression almost of agony. At last, grasping my hand, 'You do not know me, Dunallan. I pity you from my inmost soul. The chains of vice gall and torture you a thousand times more than breaking them would: But *I* cannot convince you of this.' He then left me. I could not go to bed, or sleep. I watched, in misery, until, at an early hour in the morning, I heard the carriage stop which was to convey my best and truest friend from me, perhaps for ever. I determined to see him once more, and went to his apartment. I found him looking calm and serene.

"'Farewell, dear Dunallan,' said he, with even

more than his usual kindness. 'I shall write you whenever I get home. Write to me, I entreat you; write with your former confidence; forget what has passed since I came to town.'

"I observed that there was no appearance of his having been in bed.

"'Churchill,' said I, 'have you not slept?'

"'No, I could not sleep.'

"'Nor have you been in bed?'

"'No, Dunallan; I could only think of you, and pray for you.' He clasped me affectionately to his heart, and hurried away.

"I felt, when I heard his carriage drive rapidly from my door, as if I had been abandoned to evil. Churchill had succeeded, if not in reclaiming me from vice, at least in fixing a dagger in my conscience. I endeavoured to overcome or forget it. I endeavoured to banish thought, but in vain. If I did succeed at times, it returned loaded with more gloom than ever. Aspasia tried every effort to sooth and amuse me; and when I was with her, I sometimes forgot that I was unhappy; and her harp and her voice charmed the gloom away. But, at other times, when I saw her in the pride of beauty, and of talents, and of charms, without apparently one feeling of disquiet, Churchill's words would return to my memory—'a prosperous, admired, and deluded adulteress!' and the odiousness of the character for a moment dispelled her charms, but only for a moment. I

and the corruption and subjection of every principle to party politics, and the worthlessness of men in power, or seeking power, were the subjects of many keen invectives in my letters to Churchill. In one of his to me about this time, after replying to all my observations on human character, with his usual want of surprise at all I had said, and asking me if it did not prove those very principles to be true which I had at college combated as throwing a degrading stigma on human nature, he mentioned at the end of his letter, that he had been confined to the house for a fortnight by a severe cold. His regret at not being able to fulfil his pastoral duties during that period, was expressed in terms which I thought, from their extreme warmth, a part of that enthusiasm which I had learned to disregard in him, and passed it over with perfect indifference. I read with more anxiety what he said respecting his health, but understood that he was now recovered. He entered, however, in this letter, more warmly into his own principles than he had ever before done to me; but I hurried with indifference over this part of what he had written, and never again thought of it. A few weeks after this, on returning to Aspasia one evening after a political dinner, she held a letter up before me.

"'What am I to think of this?' said she playfully: 'A letter from a lady.'

life in which I indulged. I began again to feel some interest in existence. I had found a motive for exertion strong enough to excite me to it. I read, and studied, and devoted myself to politics with an eagerness that delighted my party. I spoke, and, as a young man, was listened to with indulgence, and even applause. Elated with success, I willingly undertook to be the mouth of the party in bringing forward a motion on a subject which it was expected would excite much discussion. I introduced this motion with a speech which I had taken every pains to prepare. It was received with all the approbation my most sanguine friends had led me to hope; and I was flattered by one of the most highly distinguished members on the opposite side rising to answer it. He complimented me on my ingenuity and eloquence, but soon convinced even myself that I knew and had studied but one side of the argument. I turned to a friend near me, 'We are lost,' whispered I. 'Lost! why? do not fear.' He rose immediately, and gave so different a gloss to all I had said, that my opponent seemed to have been arguing all along against a shadow of his own creating; and after many speeches had involved the matter in utter confusion, the debate was adjourned to the next day. Frequent scenes such as this disgusted me with politics. My sensibility to all that was wrong in others seemed to increase with my insensibility to my own faults;

and the corruption and subjection of every principle to party politics, and the worthlessness of men in power, or seeking power, were the subjects of many keen invectives in my letters to Churchill. In one of his to me about this time, after replying to all my observations on human character, with his usual want of surprise at all I had said, and asking me if it did not prove those very principles to be true which I had at college combated as throwing a degrading stigma on human nature, he mentioned at the end of his letter, that he had been confined to the house for a fortnight by a severe cold. His regret at not being able to fulfil his pastoral duties during that period, was expressed in terms which I thought, from their extreme warmth, a part of that enthusiasm which I had learned to disregard in him, and passed it over with perfect indifference. I read with more anxiety what he said respecting his health, but understood that he was now recovered. He entered, however, in this letter, more warmly into his own principles than he had ever before done to me; but I hurried with indifference over this part of what he had written, and never again thought of it. A few weeks after this, on returning to Aspasia one evening after a political dinner, she held a letter up before me.

"'What am I to think of this?' said she playfully: 'A letter from a lady.'

"'For me?' asked I, holding out my hand for it.

"'Yes,' replied she, still holding it from me.

"It was addressed in a small female hand.

"'I do not know the writing, Aspasia.'

"'Ah! then shall I open it?'

"'Certainly; if you choose.'

"'You seem so perfectly innocent,' replied she, 'that I have lost all curiosity;' and she gave me the letter.

"I broke the seal. The writing within was Churchill's; but so changed! The truth flashed upon me. 'Churchill is gone!' exclaimed I, in agony.

"'Oh no! you may be mistaken; let me read this letter,' said Aspasia, laying her hand upon it.

"'You!' exclaimed I, snatching it as from pollution.

"I with difficulty read the few first lines.

"'I fear I have not sufficiently prepared you, Dunallan, for our long—our last separation.' I could read no farther. I looked in dread to the conclusion of the letter. It ended with his farewell. 'Farewell, my dearest of friends; before you receive this I shall probably know that state where all become secret. Could I return to convince you of the truth! Oh! Dunallan, thoughts of you cloud my soul unspeakably more, the more real and near an immortal state approaches. Would to God I could see you once more!'

"'It may be possible!' exclaimed I, rushing past Aspasia, who stood watching my perturbed gestures.

"'Where do you fly to, Edward?' exclaimed she, seizing my arm.

"I flung her from me, and hurried, almost distracted, to my lodgings.

"In a few minutes I was on the road to Churchill's. The horses flew along as rapidly as possible; yet I urged on the men with a vehemence that seemed to terrify my servant, whom I had ordered to accompany me, without telling him the cause. I told him, and the poor fellow's grief was so great as to attract my notice, even at that moment. He had been with me ever since I went to college; and, like every one else, loved Churchill with a warmth which no other being excited.

"I shall not describe my misery during this journey, my dearest Catharine. I travelled on in this wretched state, with all the rapidity possible, till near sunset on the second day, when we arrived at the village near Churchill's residence. I stopt to inquire the way to it; an old man approached the carriage, and putting his head close to the window, asked in a respectful but melancholy tone of voice, if I had meant to go there; 'For, perhaps you do not know, Sir, the family are in great distress.'

"I could not speak; my servant asked, 'Is Mr. Churchill gone?'

"'No; but——'

"I got out of the carriage; and, following the old man's direction, soon reached a house at a short distance. A number of people stood round the gate, and some near the house, their countenances expressive of the deepest sorrow and anxiety. I hurried through them; a respectable-looking elderly woman stood at the entrance into the house, and answered in a low and distressed voice, the inquiries of the people. I listened. 'Mr. Churchill is no better,' I heard her say. I told her who I was, and asked if I could be admitted to see him.

"She looked at me with surprise, and then conducted me into a small parlour near the door, where, in a short time, a youth came to me who resembled Churchill, but whom grief seemed to render unable to speak. He motioned me to follow him, and we entered the room where my friend lay, pale and emaciated, but his countenance expressive of the elevation and peace which reigned within. I stood still and gazed at him for a moment. He smiled, and held out his hand to me.

"'Be composed, dear Dunallan. I have much to say to you. I entreat you, do not rob me of the little strength left me by exciting any emotion. Will you leave us for a short time, my dear Madam?' said he to a lady who sat by his bed.

"She left the room accompanied by the youth.

Churchill looked after them, and sighed deeply. 'My poor mother!'

"I entreated him to prove to me that I had not lost his friendship, by suffering me, if possible, to do away any thing with regard to his mother which could excite his anxiety.

"He shook his head. 'No human power can do away what I dread her affection will suffer at my death, Dunallan; but no more of this.' He attempted to regain his composure, but could not; and when I saw him moved, I could no longer control my grief, and throwing myself on his bed, gave vent to the agony I endured. Churchill put his arm round me, and pressed me affectionately to him. For a short time neither of us spoke; at last Churchill said, in a low calm voice,

"'Look, Dunallan, at that scene!'

"I raised my head, and turned to where he pointed; it was to the window opposite his bed, from whence was seen a bright and glorious sunset.

"'Well, Churchill,' replied I, turning from it, 'I see it, and I hate its beams.'

"He sighed deeply. 'You hate all light, Dunallan; you fly from it, and in flying from it, you fly from the only source of happiness; for a mind in darkness must be a wretched one. My friend, will you never believe me?'

"'I do believe you, Churchill. I do believe that a dark, and gloomy, and guilty mind, must

be wretched. I must believe it, because I feel it; but you never knew it, Churchill. You may love that light which you yourself resemble. Your 'path has shone,' in the language of your scriptures, 'brighter and brighter to the perfect day,' and must, like that sun, set in glory, without knowing the misery of guilt, or the impossibility of returning from it.'

"'Do you really think me so perfect, Dunallan?'

"'I do from my soul, Churchill. *You* surely have no fears—no dread. If there is a God, he must reward a life like yours with the purest bliss.'

"'Stop, my friend, you shock me!' exclaimed Churchill; 'let me tell you why I have no fear—no dread—for my soul *is* in perfect peace, not as you suppose from a consciousness of innocence. Had I nothing but that, or even the highest degree of perfection to which any human being ever attained, I should not feel myself in a state to enter the presence of that Being whose character is described in revelation. Our ideas of perfection, my dear Dunallan, are miserably low and erroneous. We form them from comparing human beings with human beings, not from comparing our hearts and lives with those pure laws which revelation teaches are the only standard of perfection. To that standard which reaches the thoughts and motives of the inmost recesses of the

soul, no being ever attained. My heart and life, my dear Dunallan, cannot bear to be tried by that standard, and from such a trial I should shrink without a ray of hope. No heart, no life can bear it, but His, who descended from heaven, and took our nature, that He might in our place fulfil, in heart and life, every precept of that all-perfect law. He it is, Dunallan—He who offers his salvation to you—to me—to all who ask it—who, while on our earth, used this touching style of reproach: 'Ye will not come unto me that ye may have life.' He it is in whom is all my trust—all my hopes of happiness, and of complete freedom from every taint of mortal impurity. I long to know that state, Dunallan. I long to put off this weak, sinful, dark mortality, which separates my soul from Him who is near me, and around me, and within me: Him, whom having not seen I love, and feel a joy in loving that is unspeakable!' He seemed lost in his own feelings, and his fine countenance looked more than human.

"'Can this be delusion!' thought I, as I gazed at him. He soon recollected himself.

"'Dunallan,' said he, 'do you still admire the morality of the New Testament?'

"'I do, Churchill.'

"'And His character who is there described?'

"'Most assuredly I do.'

"'Then, Dunallan, answer me candidly; why are you not a Christian?'

"I hesitated. 'I do not say, Churchill, that I am not a Christian; but indeed, if the morality of the New Testament is necessary to being one, I may fairly own, that to me it is impracticable.'

"'It is necessary, my friend, but it is so as an effect: the great end of Christianity is to purify the heart, to renovate the powers of the soul, and to give a new principle of life; but we must believe in Him who is the source of this principle of life; we must come to Him to receive it, before we can obey the pure precepts of Christianity; just (as He himself illustrates the subject) as the branch must receive nourishment from the vine before it can produce fruit. If you really believe in Him, you must love Him; and if you love, you will, you must obey; but the love and obedience are both his gifts.'

"'My dear Churchill,' replied I, 'I wish from my inmost soul I could comprehend you, but I do not—I cannot—and you are exhausted,' (for a hectic flush glowed on his cheek, and he spoke with difficulty.) 'Spare yourself, my dearest friend—just prescribe to me:—I promise to do whatever you desire me, if a being so weak dare promise. I shall not return to Aspasia—that charm is, I hope, broken for ever.' He pressed my hand in his with affectionate warmth.

"'Dear Dunallan, I trust implicitly in every promise you make at this moment. You remove the only real grief which imbittered my last mo-

ments. Promise me also to read this volume,' added he, laying his hand on a Bible which lay on his bed, 'promise to read it with attention. I have constantly thought of you while reading it, ever since I knew you, Dunallan:—You will find that I have attempted to answer those objections which I supposed might arise in your mind.' The book was interleaved, and full of his writing.

"'What unwearied friendship!' exclaimed I. 'Oh Churchill, what will life be without it!'

"He was moved, but struggled to suppress his emotion. I felt an indescribable desolation of heart.

"'One duty I must remind you of,' said Churchill, after a short pause. 'Poor Aspasia!' I gazed at him—he continued, looking steadfastly but mildly at me. 'You ought not in reality—in justice, to regard her with any feelings but those of pity. Your education, my friend, made it impossible for you to be so guilty without remorse and misery. Aspasia seems to be insensible to the nature of her crime. Her mind appears to be in utter darkness—and her heart follows the bent of its passions, without any check from a conscience in which there seems to be no light,—at least this is your description of her, Dunallan; if it is just, I fear there is little hope of reaching that conscience, while she is surrounded by the illusions of flattery;—but when her day of adversity comes, my dear Dunallan, remember

that her soul too is immortal; and that, as you have assisted in drawing her into guilt, every consideration binds you to leave no means untried to save her from destruction. Perhaps her separation from you may prove that day of adversity to her:—you ought to rejoice if it does, provided she returns to virtue, and if you can be the means of showing her the path to it. I hope, Dunallan, you will soon learn this secret yourself;—I hope you will soon know Him, whom to know is eternal life—whom to know is rest, purity, peace, light, happiness, inexpressible! inconceivable!' He seemed again lost in feelings, which appeared too powerful for his weak frame, and which gave his countenance an expression of joy so heartfelt, and of peace so profound, that I felt almost willing at that moment to suffer the beloved spirit to depart. His eyes again fell on me, and he smiled with his usual sweet serenity.

"'My dear Dunallan, I cannot describe to you the happiness I enjoy at this moment.'

"'And yet, Churchill, you seem to be in pain, and breathe with such difficulty ——'

"'O! that is nothing!' interrupted he, 'let my breathing be still tighter, and my pulse flutter on; I now wish for no delay. There was but one care which hung so heavily on my soul, I shrunk from death. I had no faith to cast it on his mercy, who in this precious volume invited me so to do; and he has in his gentleness conde-

scended to show me ere I depart, that he is the hearer of prayer. My beloved Dunallan, you were that painful heavy care, and you have been brought to me. You have promised to abandon that course which was leading you to everlasting darkness. You have promised to study this volume, which will guide you to that state to which I now hasten. I have no farther fears. My gracious, my glorious Master will accomplish the renovation of your spirit. We shall meet in his kingdom. Tell my dear Walderford all this. He laments that he cannot be with me; tell him I die in perfect peace. My mother has placed the treasure of her heart in heaven; her earthly provision is sure,—she will lead her children in her steps. I know who is to be appointed to succeed me in the charge of my people. I know he will feel a still deeper interest than I did in their everlasting concerns. My friend is reclaimed! Gracious Lord, I thank thee!' He sunk back quite exhausted; I thought he was gone, and rang violently, then raised and supported him on my breast.

"His mother entered, accompanied by a woman whose countenance expressed the deepest grief; they were both greatly alarmed; but though Churchill could not speak, he smiled, and motioned to them to approach.

"'Let me relieve you,' said his mother to me.

"'No, no,' said Churchill faintly; he seemed

pleased to lean his head on my breast. He took his mother's hand, and attempted to speak, but could not.

"'You need repose, my dear Edmund,' said she.

"'I *feel* repose,' replied he, in a low voice.

"'Thank God, you always do, Edmund.'

"'Suffer me, dear Madam, to watch his repose,' said I, dreading to be torn for a moment from him.

"She looked at me, and then at him, and attempted to smile, but burst into tears.

"'I believe I must be left with you, nurse,' said Churchill to the woman who had entered with his mother, 'and attempt to recover a little strength for one more evening service with you all.'

"I reluctantly yielded my precious charge, and followed Mrs. Churchill to an apartment where her family were assembled. It was a numerous one; the youth whom I had already seen, and six boys and girls still younger.

"'Are all these the brothers and sisters of Churchill?' asked I.

"'All but this boy,' replied Mrs. Churchill, 'he is my child, and Edmund's brother, by adoption; he is an orphan.' She introduced them all to me by name. 'Edmund has been brother and father, and tutor, and friend to them all,' added she.

"Mrs. Churchill spoke with composure, but the children could not restrain their feelings. George, the eldest, left the room; and the orphan boy threw himself on the floor, and hiding his face, wept bitterly.

"'Poor George,' said his mother, 'he can appreciate his brother's character: I know not how he will bear——' she stopt; but recovering herself, said, 'God can give strength suited to our day of weakness.'

"Grief soon does away all ceremony; we were in a short time perfectly intimate, and I felt a sweet pleasure in having the little brothers and sisters of Churchill in my bosom, and hanging upon me. Mrs. Churchill spoke quite freely to me; and when George returned, and saw that we all wept, he staid and gave vent to his grief also without control.

"Churchill soon sent for us; his countenance brightened on our entrance, but he appeared extremely ill. All gathered round his bed, and the children seemed to have their particular places near him. The youngest slipt down from my arms, climbed upon his bed, and, getting as near him as she could, put her little face close to his. He smiled, and kissed the little rosy cheek, then looked round on all the children with an expression of melancholy pleasure. The servants entered, but turned away their faces when they saw the pale looks of their young master, and the lit-

tle head that leant upon him. His poor nurse sunk upon her knees, and concealed her face upon his bed. Mrs. Churchill, pale as marble, sat with her eyes fixed upon her son. He, with great difficulty, prayed a few short but fervent sentences for those around him, then looking at me, and faintly smiling, he said,

"'I cannot express what I wish.' Then telling George what part of Scripture he desired to have read to him, he looked for a moment at his mother, then at the children, and then at me. I held his hand in mine; it was cold, and the pulse fluttering. He pressed mine feebly, then turning away his face, laid his other hand on his eyes, and seemed to listen with the deepest attention. When George read that passage from our Lord's prayer on the eve of his sufferings, 'Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am,——' Churchill raised his hand for a moment from his face, and looked towards heaven. A smile of rapture was on his lips; he again covered his eyes; George read on in a broken voice, but he betrayed no farther emotion. His hand at last fell gently from his face. Mrs. Churchill uttered a scream of terror on seeing the pale and fixed look; he did not hear it; the pure spirit was at last free.

"I will not, my dear Catharine, describe the scene that followed—indeed I cannot. Mrs. Churchill was a Christian, and had the supports

of one. I had no support, and nature and reason yielded for a short time to the agony of my feelings; thank Heaven, it was but for a short time.

"It was morning when the confusion of my ideas began to subside, and the dreadful truth gradually returned to my recollection. I started from the bed where I had been laid, and perceiving my poor worn-out servant asleep, I softly left the room, determining once more to look on that beloved countenance, in which I had so long read the soul of Churchill. I saw a door half open, and entered the room; but could scarcely believe I was in the apartment of my departed friend. There was none of the mockery of death, all was as if nothing unusual had happened. A window was open, into which had strayed the flowering branch of a white lilac that grew against it, and now filled the apartment with its perfume. I hoped I had only been dreaming of misery, and approached the bed. The curtains were closed; but, on gently drawing them aside, I felt the reality of my wretchedness when I discovered Churchill's mother leaning over his pale corpse. She started on seeing me, but held out her hand with a smile that resembled Churchill's.

"'He is still himself,' said she, turning again to gaze on his countenance; 'how placid! how profoundly peaceful! I would not bring him

back for a thousand worlds. Oh, God, only permit me soon to follow him! Yet I am wrong in this wish; but I feel so helpless now when that countenance which used to animate my heart is so still!' she shuddered; 'Oh, God, support me!'

"I shall not attempt to describe the day that followed this morning, my dear Catharine, nor the waking of the morning after. Mrs. Churchill's composure when I met her on this second morning surprised me. It was at the door of my friend's apartment; she had locked it, but held the key to me smiling faintly.

"'You wish again to view that forsaken cottage of clay; the spirit is now gone, indeed; we must form new ideas of his state, and learn how to follow him there. May God give you the support he has bestowed on me,' added she, 'it is sufficient even for the widow and the childless!'

"There was an expression almost of delight in her countenance as she spoke.

"'Will you join us soon?' she asked, as we parted; I promised, and left her, almost deprecating any support which seemed to me so unnatural.

"'And can the mother of Churchill so soon desire to mourn without the bitterness of grief for him!' thought I, as I entered his silent room,

and, with a sickness of heart uncovered the pale face of my friend. She had said right; the impression of his exalted spirit had left its earthly tenement; the features, though still beautiful, bore only the straitened character of death. I remained contemplating his changed countenance with the most wretched and gloomy feelings, till I was interrupted by some one tapping softly at the door of the room. I went to it, and found one of the little sisters of my friend.

"'Mamma sent me to fetch you,' said the little thing in a whisper; but though there was an expression of concern on her infantine countenance, it bore the bloom of health and peace, and she smiled when she invited me to go with her.

"'So you also have learnt not to feel, little creature,' said I reproachfully to the child, and putting away the little hand she had laid on mine. She looked hurt and abashed at my reproof, but said nothing, and lingered behind me. After going a few steps I turned to make up for my harshness to the sweet child. She had stolen into her brother's room. I softly followed, and perceived her, with an expression of fondness, press her little cheek to his.

"'So you still love your brother,' said I.

"'This is not Edmund now,' replied the child; 'Edmund is in heaven, and this is only the house in which his soul lived; and Mamma says this body must be laid under the turf and flowers be-

side Papa's to sleep for a long, long time, till Papa and Edmund return to them again, when they shall awake and go to heaven too—and Edmund is quite, quite happy now.'

"'And was Edmund not happy before?' asked I.

"The child hesitated,—then said, as if she told me something very sacred, and looking mournfully at the pale countenance as she spoke,—'I think not quite, for I have seen him weep.'

"'Weep!' repeated I.

"'Yes. When he used to bring me into this room, and bolt the door, and kneel down, and make me kneel down beside him, and then pray to God; he sometimes wept when he said,—Oh God! be a Father to this child, and teach her to know thee,—and then he used to take me into his bosom, and speak to me about God; and he used to do this with us all.'

"I could not stand this, and exclaimed aloud, 'Oh! God of this house, be my God!' I started at my own prayer; my whole character flashed on my recollection. An adulterer! against conviction; against the strongest remonstrances of him who now lay before me—impossible! I attempted to overcome the feelings the innocent recital of the child had inspired, and to recal my former opinions respecting Churchill's religion. 'It was enthusiasm,' thought I, 'a happy superstition, natural to innocent and glowing minds;'

but I could not convince myself. 'I must be laid where he is ere I know;—and then—but whatever is then disclosed, this world is now a hateful blank to me,' thought I, as I turned away from the cold remains of the being on earth I had most really loved.

"I joined Mrs. Churchill and her young group. She still appeared composed; but when we were all seated as she wished, and she attempted to preside as usual, her composure entirely forsook her. She struggled however with her emotion, and at last so far overcame it as to do all she wished, though she spoke none.

"After an almost untasted breakfast mixed with tears, and audible sobs, Mrs. Churchill, pale as death, and scarcely daring to trust her voice to say a few words, gave each of the elder children some occupation necessary in their mournful circumstances. She then held out some letters to me, and said, with emotion,

"'Will the task be too painful? I cannot answer all the letters and inquiries I have received. Will you assist me?'

"I immediately took them, and sat down to my melancholy task. I was surprised at the number, and deep interest of the inquiries respecting my departed friend. How could he in that remote corner, and in so short a time, have acquired so many, and such warm friends? How could he have obliged so many? for each letter

expressed the deepest consciousness of obligation, as well as the most earnest anxiety for his recovery.

"'Before Mr. Churchill came to this neighbourhood,' said one, 'I had sought for happiness in vain. The phantom still seemed at a distance, though I imagined that I possessed all that was necessary to bring it to my bosom. He taught me where to seek it, and how to find it, and now I thirst after a delusion no longer, but possess the reality, or at least know its source.'

"'Mr. Churchill,' said another, 'though young enough to be my grandchild, is my spiritual father; and is he to go before me! Would to God I might lay down my useless age in the grave, to preserve him to his family, and his people! but our irreparable loss will be his unspeakable gain.'

"'Assure Mr. Churchill,' said another, 'that his unwearied kindness, and forbearance, and gentleness, has not been so entirely thrown away on me as I fear he suspects. He knows I love him; but he thinks I hate the strictness of his virtues; but it is for them I really love him; and though he knows it not, he has never recommended a book to me that I have not read with my deepest attention; nor warned me against an opinion that I have not immediately suspected its soundness; nor given me an advice that I have not at least attempted to follow; nor a re-

proof that did not bind my affections closer to him.'

"Such passages were in every letter. Many seemed to be from people of the lower classes. Mrs. Churchill wished them all to be replied to respectfully and kindly; and that those who had so highly valued the principles taught by her son, should be made acquainted with their complete efficacy, in supporting him through his last moments.

"This was a painful day; I would have shrunk from every thing but indulgence of my grief; but I felt ashamed of being weaker than the mother who had lost her support, and first earthly hope; and was left to struggle alone with both grief and cares. She gave herself no indulgence.

"On the fourth day my beloved friend's remains were laid in the grave—a scene so mournful, I do not wish to recall it; yet it showed me still more fully how Churchill had been beloved. Indeed this impression is almost all I recollect; for in attempting to suppress my own emotions before so many witnesses, I was incapable of observing what passed around me. One circumstance I will recall. When the service was over, and the coffin was lowered into its narrow house, an old man, with his gray head uncovered, read aloud what was marked on the lid—'Aged twenty-four,' and clasping his withered hands,

exclaimed, 'He is laid low, and an old cumberer of the ground is left! But thou doest all things aright,' added he, raising his eyes dimmed with tears to heaven. Poor George, the brother of my friend, whose composure hitherto had surprised me, at the exclamation of the old man, joined to the chilling sound of the mould thrown on the coffin, fainted, and fell lifeless into my arms. The poor youth was carried away, but I could not go until I had seen the last melancholy duties concluded. When all was over, a young man, of very graceful appearance, whom I had not before observed, approached, and, with a look of much emotion and concern, offered his arm to me. I felt very faint, and gladly accepted the stranger's kindness. We lingered at the grave after all was finished, indeed every one seemed reluctant to leave the spot. At last we slowly turned from the narrow abode of my friend, my counsellor, my all. The young stranger walked with me to the entrance of Mrs. Churchill's house. He inquired with great interest about her, and her young family; and attempted to say something regarding his acquaintance with Churchill, but was soon too much affected to proceed. On taking leave, he named himself to me—the Mr. Clanmar, whom, my dear Catharine, you are acquainted with. We had known each other as children, but since that time we had not met. He was now on a visit to

a maternal uncle in that part of England. His manners and sympathy were pleasing to me, and we parted mutually desiring to meet again.

"I had nothing now to detain me at ——, but an earnest desire to be useful if possible to the mother of my friend. She was perfectly open with me on every subject; but though I found that the independence Churchill had deemed secured to his mother, was extremely limited, her spirit was too like that of her son for any one to presume even to insinuate a wish to interfere in her private concerns. She saw, however, that I was dissatisfied with what she told me of her circumstances and future plans, and said, smiling sadly—

"'You will often, I hope, Mr. Dunallan, be able to judge for yourself, whether we are comfortable. You, I am sure, will not forget us. Perhaps,' added she, 'you think me proud. I read in your countenance that you do, and I fear I must confirm you in that opinion of me, when I assure you that nothing would be more painful to me, than any attempt, either open or disguised, to deprive me of that feeling of independence, which perhaps I value too highly, but which has been made dear to me by peculiar circumstances. You, Mr. Dunallan, will not condemn me, I believe, for having preferred these circumstances to any other, with such a companion as Edmund's father, when I tell you that

your departed friend greatly resembled, and, excellent and amiable as he was, did not excel that father in any quality of the head or heart. I married Mr. Churchill, not against the consent of my family, for he would not have married me on such terms; but their consent was mixed with disappointment and pity, and a dread of our becoming dependent. Thank God, that has not hitherto, in the slightest degree, been the case—less so than even those very friends have wished. They asked my children from me, when they saw them so lovely and engaging. They wished to adopt our Edmund, but his father would never consent to part with one of his treasures, or for any worldly advantage remove them from the influence of those principles which he thought more valuable than all that the world offered without them. Edmund pursued his father's wishes—indeed they were his own; and to this moment we have been wholly independent of friends. I wish to continue so. I trust I shall be enabled to lead my children aright. This now is the use of my existence. When it is accomplished, I shall be permitted to depart, and be with those who have the best and greatest share of my poor affections.'

"I could say nothing to all this. There remained only one means of showing my love and esteem for my departed friend,—the poor consolation of marking the spot where he lay; and even

this was denied me by the affectionate ardour of his parishioners, who had requested his mother's permission, on the day of his funeral, to erect a monument to his memory and usefulness among them; and I was only permitted to be a sharer in this last tribute of affection.

"I prepared to leave ——, and to go, I knew not whither, and I cared not. I detested the idea of home, and determined not to go where it was possible I should meet Aspasia. All other parts of the creation were alike to me. Clanmar was much with me the few days I remained at ——. He, however, had no power as yet to engage my attention or affections. I became every moment more abstracted, and only longed for solitude wherever I could find it. Clanmar wished to travel. He proposed it to me. I liked the plan, because I would have liked any change; but the idea of his being with me did not please me; yet he was so feelingly attentive to me, so considerate and indulgent to my humour, that I could not help being grateful, and agreed to do as he wished. He seemed delighted, and immediately set off for London to make every necessary preparation. I took a melancholy leave of Mrs. Churchill, and her sweet and interesting family, the night after Clanmar's departure, and left her house very early in the morning after—a beautiful morning in spring. All was in complete contrast to my feelings—all looked smiling

and gay. The fields were fresh and beautiful. The birds, the children, as I passed their cottages, all seemed only awakened to happiness. Even Churchill's grave, when I went for the last time to lay my aching head and breast upon it, was gilded by the rays of a bright morning sun; but no gloom was ever near him.

"It was towards evening when I stopt at a small inn in the little town of ——. My thoughts during this solitary day had been most painfully gloomy. Like all who are young in misfortune, I felt as if heaven had marked me out for suffering; and the gay appearance of nature around me seemed to mock at the grief that was inflicted: while recollections of Churchill, his ardent affection, his wise and gentle admonitions, his friendship so tried, so perfect, lost to me for ever, overwhelmed my exhausted and rebellious spirit.

"Gloomy and miserable, I followed my conductor to a little parlour of the inn, and, desiring that I might not be disturbed, continued to pursue my wretched thoughts. The noise of the house did not interrupt me, but that of a carriage driving rapidly into the court did. I dreaded meeting any one I knew, and impatiently approached the window to discover if I had any cause for this fear. It was an open carriage, in which there were two ladies and a gentleman. One lady's face was turned away, but I knew the figure too well, and started back from the window.

It was Aspasia. I cannot describe the confusion of my feelings—my promise to Churchill—recollections of Aspasia—friendship—honour—tenderness—yet my first impulse was to fly from her. But I dared not venture to pass near her carriage. I had promised never again to see her. The expression of heavenly joy which animated Churchill's countenance when I made that promise, was again before me, and the scenes that followed. I became calm, and determined to remain where I was till she departed, and then hasten to where I should have no dread of ever beholding her. I waited in anxious expectation to hear the carriage drive away, but in vain; and I began to dread an intention on her part to remain at the inn during the night, and determined, should that be the case, to leave the house as soon as I possibly could, without being seen by Aspasia. But a more severe exertion than flight was destined for me. After listening anxiously to every sound, for what appeared to me a tedious length of time, my servant entered, and presented me with Aspasia's card, saying, 'The lady was in a parlour below, that she could only stay for a few moments, and desired to see me.'

"'And who informed the lady that I was here?' asked I, angrily.

"She had seen my servant, and recognised him.

"I felt myself a coward. I dared not go to

Aspasia. I dared not trust myself to see her; indeed, I had promised I never would. I could not send a message. I dreaded the effects, should I suddenly break to her my intention to part from her for ever. I hesitated in a state almost beside myself, but hearing a noise below, and dreading that she herself might come in search of me, I desired my servant to admit no person whatever, and rapidly wrote the following few words to Aspasia:—

"'I cannot see you, Aspasia. If you knew how I am changed you would not wish to see me; my most ardent desire is, that you should forget my miserable existence. I shall soon write to you more fully—quite fully. In the mean time spare me.'

"I sealed my note and sent it, desiring my servant to follow me as soon as he could get horses, and determined to leave the inn on foot to escape the possibility of meeting Aspasia. I had to pass the parlour where she was, and approached it softly. What poor and shrinking creatures guilt makes us! I heard her voice exclaim,

"'What! a note! where is Mr. Dunallan?'

"'Gone, madam,' replied my servant. I started at the happy falsehood.

"'Gone! gone! how! impossible!' exclaimed Aspasia.

"'My master has left the house on foot,' replied my servant, whom I never before detected

in a falsehood, 'and has ordered me to follow with the carriage as soon as I can get horses.'

"I thought Aspasia had returned into the parlour, and approached softly to pass the door; she stood in the entrance, a little turned from me, and was slowly reading my note. I advanced another step; she started, and turned round; I stopt, as if transfixed to the spot; she became deadly pale, but with a look of disdain, waved her hand for me to pass, then regarding me more fixedly, her countenance softened into an expression of pity and tenderness.

"'How changed indeed!' exclaimed she, looking earnestly at me, and then observing my deep mourning, she burst into tears.

"'Forgive me, Dunallan,' said she, 'but why do you shun me? Do you think I am only formed to amuse you in the day of prosperity? You do not know me, Dunallan,' added she, passionately. 'I do know you, Aspasia,' replied I, scarcely daring to trust myself to look at her; 'I know you are too noble, too generous, too—— but this is not a place in which I can explain myself,' observing people approaching. 'Come into this room a moment then,' said she.

"'No, no, I must not, I cannot. I shall write you the instant it is in my power.'

"'But when shall we again meet, Dunallan?'

"'I cannot tell; I will write every thing.'

"'You must not leave me!' exclaimed she,

quite regardless of the people who were collecting near us, 'you shall not leave me, till you have fixed a time for us to meet again.'

"'Impossible, I am going abroad.'

"'Abroad! when? Do you go alone?' asked she eagerly.

"I knew not what reply to make, and, annoyed by the people who gazed at us, I peremptorily ordered them away, then seizing Aspasia's hand, led her into the parlour, and said, as coolly as I could, 'I go abroad immediately; a friend goes with me. We shall not return for some time. Aspasia, we ought, and we must forget each other. But allow me to write, I cannot speak.'

"She could not either, but became excessively pale.

"'Farewell,' I attempted to say, but could scarcely articulate the word. She bowed coldly. I went towards the door, and opened it, when I was arrested by a deep sob. I turned round, and saw Aspasia just fainting. I flew to her, and received her in my arms as she fell. I gazed at her pale and lovely countenance as it lay deprived of animation; 'and this is my work!' thought I, 'and can it be virtue to leave her to suffer? No, it is cruel, detestable selfishness. I laid her on a sofa, and rang for assistance, and then, regardless of what happened, supported the lifeless form in my arms. The room was soon filled with people, who looked strangely at me, but I cared not.

The lady and gentleman also entered who had been in the carriage with Aspasia. I knew neither. They looked surprised and alarmed, and the gentleman eyed me with looks of suspicion and displeasure, and approaching, haughtily offered to relieve me from my charge.

"'I shall apply for relief when I wish for it,' replied I, with equal haughtiness, 'and when I see any one I deem entitled to offer it;' and then giving orders to those around me to bring assistance, I continued supporting Aspasia until the efforts of the lady who had been her companion restored animation. She opened her eyes, and looked languidly around; but at length fixing them on the gentleman, who, after my angry reply, had stood silent at some distance, she started,

"'My brother! and where is ——' she did not pronounce my name, but, looking eagerly around, she discovered her own situation, and whose arms supported her. An expression of pleasure for a moment brightened her countenance, but instantly changed to alarm on again turning to the now stern aspect of her brother. She started from me, and seizing his hand,

"'Augustus,' said she, 'I will explain all this to you;' then turning to me, 'Now, my friend, I shall detain you no longer.' She seemed anxious I should depart.

"Her brother coldly withdrew his hand from

hers, and desiring every one to leave the room, as there was no further need of assistance, also with a haughty look included me in the number. The others instantly obeyed; I stood still, returning his haughty looks with interest. Aspasia approached me, and, with an imploring expression of countenance, 'I entreat you to leave me,' said she.

"'Since *you* wish it, I certainly will, Aspasia, but I remain here this night;' and, throwing my card on the table as I passed her brother, I slowly left the room.

"When again shut up alone in my apartment, I dared not trust myself to think; but, pacing in agony from one end to the other of its narrow bounds, repeated to myself an hundred times, 'The die is cast! my fate is determined; I cannot draw back!' When a recollection of Churchill would have returned to me, I repelled it with terror; it brought distraction with it. I continued pacing my room, and listening to every noise, as I expected a messenger from the brother of Aspasia—but none came. Night drew on, and I knew not what to dread or hope. I rang for my servant, and inquired if the party still remained in the house. I was answered in the affirmative; that they had continued shut up together with Aspasia ever since I left them, and had given orders that they should not be disturbed. It was supposed that they would remain for the

night. My servant also informed me, that the lady who accompanied Aspasia was the wife of her brother, Colonel Hartford. I knew the character of this lady. I had often heard Aspasia speak of her as one of those plain, sensible, correct women, whom she never could make comprehend what she felt on any subject. I now began to feel for Aspasia more than for myself. What might she not suffer from an angry brother, and a sister so unlike herself! I almost determined to break in upon them, and offer her my protection, but dreaded adding to her difficulties. It was past twelve o'clock when my servant brought me the following note:

"'Colonel Hartford requests a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Dunallan at seven o'clock to-morrow morning. Colonel Hartford is aware that any communication from him to Mr. Dunallan would have mutually been more agreeably conveyed by a third person; but the nature of the conversation he alludes to makes that impossible.'

"I immediately wrote a note consenting to this meeting, and then returned to my miserable thoughts. From what I had seen of Colonel Hartford, I foresaw that a conversation with him, could only end in a meeting of a more serious nature; such a meeting, for such a cause, must for ever ruin the character of Aspasia, and then every law of honour, and of the world I

had lived in, bound me, should I survive, not to abandon her. I groaned in agony as I finished this sketch of the future. Churchill's dying words and looks had mingled with my thoughts, and I again hurriedly paced my chamber, attempting, if possible, not to think at all. I did not go to bed, for I could not sleep, and I dreaded its quiet. At last I recollected that these moments might be the last I should have, as our meeting would not probably be long delayed if Colonel Hartford should feel as I expected he would. I wrote to Aspasia, and to my father, and to Mrs. Churchill, though the last almost deprived me of my little remaining fortitude. As I finished these letters the day began to dawn. It was a fresh and beautiful morning; and I felt, as it brightened, that my thoughts only changed from the deepest gloom to the most overpowering sadness. That sun I had seen gild the grave of my friend the preceding morning, it might soon also gild mine; and should we then meet? If he had not believed an illusion,—never! and if he had, all was only uncertainty, and uncertainty brings no peace even to the guilty. If I survived, my broken promise to Churchill would live for ever with me; but Aspasia would not be unhappy, and I should at least suffer alone; each alternative shut out all hope of happiness; I knew not which most to dread. At last I yielded to fatigue, and throwing myself on the

bed, slept till my servant called me to meet Colonel Hartford. My short sleep had revived my spirits, and I entered the room where the Colonel waited for me, prepared to meet the haughty and threatening looks with which he had eyed me the evening before. His back was to me as I entered, but when he turned round, I was struck with the change in his appearance; he was now pale, and evidently distressed, though attempting to suppress his feelings. After the door was closed, and a short, and, on his side, an embarrassed pause—

"'Mr. Dunallan,' said he, 'I am acquainted with your character, and think that, in our present circumstances, I shall act most wisely by being perfectly open with you.'

"I bowed, I believe coldly, for I was not prepared for such an address.

"A slight flush passed across the brow of Colonel Hartford, and he stopped and hesitated. 'I am not accustomed,' added he, a little haughtily, 'to ask favours. I do not well know how to set about it; particularly where ——' he stopt;

"'Where you have been injured;' said I; 'Neither am I accustomed to inflict injuries,' added I, 'and I know not how to plead guilty.'

"Colonel Hartford smiled, though the smile was a sad one.

"'I am right, I perceive,' said he, 'and will proceed. Aspasia has confessed her affection for you, Mr. Dunallan,' added he, looking on the ground, and reddening as he spoke; 'but she has authorised me to say, that she feels for her family, and will attempt to subdue a passion, the indulgence of which can only end in her and your misery. This, however, I confess, has been extorted from her by entreaties, and every possible means; and, I feel too certain, would yield to one wish of yours.' The Colonel paused.

"'What do you wish me to do?' asked I.

"'Mr. Dunallan,' replied he, 'I have no reason to suppose my wishes could overcome such feelings as I witnessed yesterday. I would appeal to those feelings, and ask you, if they can endure seeing the creature you so much love, the victim of shame, and remorse, and guilt?'

"I started, for I perceived that Aspasia's brother was deceived, and supposed her still innocent. He ascribed my change of countenance to another cause.

"'I see,' said he, 'I speak to one still young in evil as in years.'

"I shook my head, too conscious of his mistake.

"'You think not. Well, be satisfied with what you know of it; and be assured that guilty pleasures are fatally injurious not only to

happiness and to respectability, but even to the powers of the mind, to all that is valuable in this world; and, if there is another—but I go too far. I wished to appeal to your generosity. Aspasia has married into a family very different from her own in all their opinions and sentiments. She has too completely adopted those opinions, which are pernicious in the extreme, and her own family are deeply distressed on this account, for she is beloved by them all. Were she to yield to the influence of the false views of right and wrong which she has adopted with regard to the most sacred of all connexions, she would kill a father whose life has been devoted to his children, and who could not survive their dishonour. She would,—but I shall say no more; you must understand me, Mr. Dunallan; my meeting you in this humiliating manner, on such a subject, must prove to you the extent of the misery I attempt to avert.' He turned away, almost overcome by emotion.

"'I do understand you, Colonel Hartford, and shall be equally frank with you. I cannot promise never again to see Aspasia, because I dare not trust my own promises. You will believe this, when I tell you, that it is not yet a fortnight since I promised to the friend I most loved on earth, and that friend in his last moments, that I would never again see Aspasia; and though

misery must follow the breach of such a promise, I have broken it.'

"'But did you not meet her by accident yesterday?'

"'I did; and attempted to shun her; but when she fainted, and I again found myself near her, I determined to give up all rather than quit her. In intention, at least, I have broken that most sacred promise.'

"'Break it no farther, and you will be able to forgive yourself,' said Colonel Hartford.

"'And Aspasia—unfortunate.'

"'I know exactly how you will feel regarding her,' interrupted Colonel Hartford, 'but all reasoning must be false, Mr. Dunallan, which supposes a life of guilt can, even in the society of the most beloved object, be a happy one. Leave Aspasia to reflection, and the cares of her family. I assure you they shall be tender cares; and she certainly will be less unhappy than she would be were she guilty.'

"'I go abroad immediately,' replied I, 'that, I believe, is a better security than my promise. One letter I must write to Aspasia. If I dared, I would say it should be the last.'

"'Mr. Dunallan,' replied the Colonel, 'I feel secure of your sincerity at least; and see plainly that your own happiness depends on your separation from my unhappy sister.'

"We then parted, and I immediately set off

for London. I felt as if I had escaped from destruction; yet I deeply blamed myself for having seen Aspasia, at least I might have avoided much that had happened; and I felt all the degradation of guilt, when I recollected that I had left Colonel Hartford without having undeceived him; yet this I thought, for Aspasia's peace, I could not do. But one crime gradually taints the whole character. An adulterer must overcome his repugnance at being a hypocrite also. I did feel happier, however, and again dared to indulge in recollections of Churchill. I now regarded him as almost my guardian angel; yet I could not banish thoughts of Aspasia;—most painful, sometimes almost insupportably painful thoughts.

"In a few days I embarked with Clanmar for Italy. I do not mean, however, my dear Catharine, to describe to you at present any of those countries through which I wandered for the two following years. My admiration of the beauties of nature, and my thirst for knowledge on every subject, did not abandon me; but they were influenced, for most of that time, by the wretchedness of my feelings.

"We passed the first six months in Italy. Clanmar was, for a short time, almost as miserable as myself; but his grief was soon over, and he again sought those pleasures and amusements, in which a youth of idleness, and complete indulgence, had led him to seek for happiness. Yet he never forgot his melancholy companion, but

sought to draw me into those scenes which he found, at least for a time, dissipated his own melancholy; for Clanmar was formed for higher pursuits, though early neglect had left his uncultivated mind a prey to all the impressions it might receive from books that interested his passions, or amused his idleness, without informing his mind; and from the scenery of a beautiful country, to which he was exquisitely alive. But Clanmar's amusements and pleasures had no charms for me. Your sex, my dear Catharine, to whom he was devoted, I shunned, for I felt a melancholy pleasure in sacrificing all the fascinations of their society to the recollection of Aspasia. I had kept my promise with regard to her, and had written but one letter, though her answer to that one had breathed nothing but despairing wretchedness. I had been a hundred times on the eve of returning to England to offer her my love and protection, but was happily deterred by the recollection of Churchill, and of her brother's conversation with me. I however wrote to Colonel Hartford, that he must at least let me hear of her, if he expected me to remain at a distance; and he wrote me with extreme kindness, frankness, and feeling. This correspondence was the only pleasure of my existence. I wandered from one scene of beautiful ruins in that beautiful country to another. I inquired into the nature of the government of each state, and the character of its inhabitants; and all seemed to be, like myself, the wretched remains of

something better and greater. Clanmar's pursuit of pleasure, at the expense of every thing else, at times grieved me, but I felt as if it was impossible to decide what was good and what was evil. The time had been, that I could have expatiated to him on the powers of the human mind, and the happiness to be derived from its cultivation; but that time was over. I felt my own weakness, and pretended not to teach another. When the mind, my dear Catharine, is in this weak, and useless, and gloomy state, I believe it is natural to feel a rebellious displeasure at the Author of our existence; at least I felt this to an extreme degree. When I beheld the profuse beauty of nature, contrasted with the misery and degradation of those for whom it was created, instead of feeling that it was the effect of goodness, it seemed derision. I had read the observations on parts of the Bible, which my ever-lamented Churchill had written for me. I was reading attentively the Bible, also, which he had given me, and because he had loved it I held it sacred, though my mind and feeling still revolted at many parts of it. I, however, became acquainted with its contents, and with its language and style; and had discovered the sources of all Churchill's peculiar opinions. His own observations were short, but powerfully convincing. As yet, however, this volume, so prized by him, had no influence whatever on me.

"After leaving Italy, we went into Switzerland, and its scenery for a time wholly engrossed both Clanmar's attention and my own. He sought for no other pleasure than that of contemplating it; and I, too, for a time, forgot all other things. Born and reared amidst mountainous scenery, this had an indescribable power over us. We thought we could have remained for ever with pleasure amongst its sublime and varied beauties. But Clanmar, in a short time, again longed for his usual pleasures and amusements. He went into society in search of them, and left me much alone. My melancholy returned, and I spent eight or nine miserable months almost in solitude. During this time, however, one cause of my unhappiness was removed though even its removal left a sting of disappointment and bitterness. Aspasia had learned to live without me, and even to be happy. Colonel Hartford had written me regularly, and with the compassionate concern of a father; and his last letters had described Aspasia as the charm of every society, by her powers of conversation, and other attractive graces. I felt certain that Colonel Hartford had always written me the exact truth, and I was forced to believe him on this occasion; but though it was a relief to me to know that Aspasia was not unhappy, I also felt that now there was not a creature on earth who really loved me.

"It was at this time, my dear Catharine, that

my father became urgent with me to return home. You know, my sweet friend, what his wishes were; and you will now understand how little I could feel disposed, at that time, to look for happiness in a new attachment, or to hope to find that warm and constant affection my heart sighed for in any of your sex. I excused myself to my father, and left Switzerland to remove myself farther from his entreaties.

"I now endeavoured to forget Aspasia, and happier feelings began to return. Thoughts of ambition and a desire for distinction sometimes resumed their long lost power over me. 'What had I done,' thought I, 'to prevent my aspiring to any degree of eminence? What had I done, that any young man in my situation, and with my temptations, would not have done?' I sometimes felt as if Churchill had led me to think myself more guilty than I really had been: but no feeling of displeasure against him ever gained admittance twice; and when I thought of returning to the world and to active life, my consciousness of weakness made me desire most anxiously to find some principle to guide and strengthen me more powerful than any I yet knew.

"I determined, therefore, to study again, and more carefully, that system which had so completely influenced my almost perfect friend. I shut myself up for this purpose several hours every day. I studied with my whole attention,

and at last, with the assistance of what Churchill had written for me, I became master at least of the system of religion which he had drawn from the Bible. I had followed him through the whole scriptures, and saw clearly, that this system was supported by every part of them; or, rather, that it was an abstract of the whole spirit of those scriptures. I found that, according to them, man was originally created for the happy purpose of knowing, and serving to glorify the Author of his existence. All his powers and affections were formed for those noble purposes: all his felicity was to flow from the exertion of those powers and affections to those exalted ends. But man had not fulfilled the purposes for which he was brought into existence. He had disobeyed the goodness which had bestowed life upon him, and had perverted his power and capacity of choosing for himself, by offending in the single point in which it was possible for him to do so: he had chosen to know evil, at the known risk of incurring the displeasure of God, and he was justly given over to its influence.

"Thus far, my dear Catharine, I could acquiesce; but next followed, that the children of our first, unhappy, rebellious parent, inherited his guilt; and though still in possession of the powers, and capacities, and affections at first bestowed on him, these were so influenced by evil, that though still ardently thirsting for that hap-

piness for which they were originally destined, they sought it every where but from its true and only source, and therefore were continually disappointed.

"Churchill attempted not either to explain or vindicate this doctrine, so difficult to comprehend or reconcile to our ideas of justice. He found it in every part of scripture, and only asked the question, 'Whether the state of the moral world could be accounted for on other principles?' I supposed he had been aware that he could not defend this point, and read on; but, on the contrary, I found that upon these principles the whole system was founded, and every page that followed only tended to their illustration. The state of the human mind and heart by nature, I found uniformly represented in scripture as defective in all that is valuable in the sight of heaven, and always deserving of its displeasure; and that deliverance from this displeasure is absolutely necessary, before we can be restored to the favour of our Creator. The means of this deliverance, Churchill pointed out to me, was revealed in the very beginning of the scriptures, and discovered more and more distinctly down till the coming of Him whom, eighteen hundred years after that event, Churchill had loved with the real and deep conviction of his heart, as his Lord, and Master, and Saviour.

"This was my beloved Churchill's religion.

He, perfect as I thought him, regarded his own nature as perverted and depraved, and was fully convinced that he required an atonement to expiate his guilt; a holiness to answer for that law broken by him; and a new principle of life to restore the affections of his heart, and the capacities and powers of his mind to their original object and use; and all these, he had often declared to me, before I had attempted to understand him, he had found in the knowledge of that divine Being who is 'despised and rejected of men,' till they have sought happiness every where else. 'But,' he would add, with the deepest emotion, 'none who find Him seek farther.'

"I now knew Churchill's system, and in some degree understood it, but I knew not how to make it my own. I felt that it did account for the state of my mind and feelings. I had sought happiness in guilty pleasures, in ambition, and in the study of men, of books, and of nature, and I was still wretched. But how was I to find what Churchill pointed out to me? How was I to ascertain that all he had felt was not an illusion?

"One beautiful evening I had walked out by the lake, my thoughts busily occupied with the subject I had been studying, and from that cause, even more than usually alive to the beauty and sublime grandeur of the scenery around me. I had got into a solitary recess at the foot of one of the mountains which surrounded the lake, and

remained long in this favourite retreat, sometimes deep in thought, sometimes contemplating with rapture the varied beauties which surrounded me. The lake in all its splendour lay before me. The sun poured its bright rays into its bosom.

"'Oh! that thy Creator would illuminate mine!' I ardently sighed as I gazed on its brightness; and, bending my knees for the first time since I had knelt at my mother's lap, I burst into tears.

"This softness was luxury to a heart which had been so long imbittered and rebellious.

"I attempted to pray, but I knew not how. I wished from my soul I could believe the scriptures, but uncertainty clouded my ideas of the Being before whom I knelt. Yet when I rose, though life had not been poured into my soul, the calmness at least of the lake had entered into it. From that day, my dearest Catharine, light also began to dawn. I read, I reflected, I learnt to pray, and at last found that peace which is past understanding,—that source of happiness which, as my friend had said, when once found, we seek no farther. The knowledge of which makes all else in comparison wholly valueless.

"And now, my dearest, sweetest friend, you know all the events, and misery which led to that change in my opinions, which you have so often heard ridiculed.

"I feel no surprise that it should excite ridicule. How can I, when I recollect the light in which those opinions I have now adopted once appeared to myself?

"I have little more to say, my sweet friend. From the time I fully comprehended the first principles of the Christian religion, every thing in nature, every thing in society, every feeling, and every power of my heart and mind appeared to me in a new light; but I learnt slowly, and have still much to learn, of the extreme weakness and ignorance of the human mind; and of the perversion of the heart, and the strength of its passions. I have now, however, discovered the source of true knowledge, true virtue, and true strength. That you, my beloved Catharine, should also discover this, is my most ardent and constant prayer.

"After I had been abroad about three years, I was called to England by the melancholy intelligence that my only sister was thought dangerously ill. I hurried to her; but my aunt will tell you her melancholy story, my dearest Catharine. I witnessed in her the powerful and happy influence of those principles I had embraced,—they soothed her bed of death.

"We conveyed her from one place to another, in the vain hope that change of air and scene might restore her, but without effect. On our return from ——, we stopt at Mrs. Churchill's, and there my sister became so much worse, that

she could not be removed. Mrs. Churchill was a mother to her, and she remained in her house till the last scene was over. Mrs. Churchill rejoiced in my change of sentiments, and in the cheerful, and at times even joyful resignation of my poor sister.

"Mrs. Churchill's family had improved under her care in every way. George was at college, the younger children amiable and interesting, and in all the bloom of health, happiness, and peace. Poor Mrs. Churchill looked wonderfully older, grief had made slow but sure ravages in her constitution, resigned and pious as she was.

"During my stay in England, I met many of my former friends; but, in general, we mutually found each other changed. Walderford and a few others still retained their affection for me, and I became, through Walderford, acquainted in society in which my newly imbibed principles were understood and valued. Amongst these I formed many friendships; but an unfortunate wish of my father's made me abandon all these, and again leave my country. I need not name this wish to you, my dearest Catharine, but I would explain to you why I felt so averse to fulfilling it, and my chief reason was this:—I had learnt that a promise had been won from you, while a mere child, similar to that which my father had obtained from me. I shall tell you how I became acquainted with this. For a short time

after I returned to England, my sister's illness took a more favourable turn, and I took that opportunity to pay an unexpected visit to my father. I found him in the same most unhappy situation in which I had left him, and the more kindly he received me, and the more affection I felt for him, the more distressing was it to witness that situation. I had only been one day at home, when my father returned to his favourite theme—my settling in my own country. He made me the most extravagant offers. I endeavoured to evade giving any answer; but that was impossible, at last I said,

"'But, my dear father, do you wish to have your son rejected by Miss Dunallan? You describe her as surrounded by the most agreeable admirers. I have no chance in such a competition.'

"'Oh,' replied he, 'you are safe; the lady may amuse herself in making conquests, but it is many years since she made a promise never to marry any man but the one chosen by her father.'

"'Many years!' repeated I, 'Miss Dunallan is still very young.'

"'She is,' replied my father, 'but Lord Dunallan has taught her to regard her promise as sacred, and she is one of those proud spirits who feel more bound by such engagements, than by the ceremony of marriage itself. There is but

one event can break this bond,' added my father, 'and you will read it there,' giving me a letter.

"It was from your father, my dear Catharine, and its contents confirmed all my father had said, and declared that the only thing which could absolve his daughter from her promises, was his permission to make another choice, a permission nothing would induce him to give but the certainty that I wished to decline the connexion.

"I detested this tyranny, and determined as far as I could, consistently with my promise to my father, to give you, my dear Catharine, the power to make a choice for yourself; and in displeasing your father by delay I supposed that I promoted this plan.

"After much entreaty I obtained my father's consent again to go abroad; for, determined as he was, that I should sometime fulfil his wishes, his naturally yielding temper could not resist my importunity in asking delay.

"I will not conceal from you also, my dear Catharine, since I now can with truth say I was deceived, that I disliked the character I had heard of you; and, believing also that I should be very little suited to your taste, I looked upon our union as the beginning of misery, as far as domestic concerns could produce it, to both of us. I therefore took leave of my friends, and my country, and again became a wanderer.

"You know, my dearest Catharine, what called me home and what followed. It was during my stay abroad that, at the request of some friends in England, I undertook my present mission. They knew my wish to remain abroad, and that I cared not where, but only longed to make my existence of some use to my fellow-creatures—and now I am banished for I know not how long.

"I have put you in possession of all my secrets, my sweet friend, shall I add this most true one, that, during my banishment, I look forward to your letters, to your promised confidence and friendship, as my dearest and most longed for earthly pleasure. Adieu, dearest Catharine, remember your promise of perfect openness with your devoted friend,

"E. H. DUNALLAN."

CHAPTER XII.

Catharine had been so completely absorbed while reading Dunallan's letter, that the time had passed away quite unobserved. She had read it with the most varied feelings. Some parts she scarcely, even after several perusals, understood. Conscious of this, she was again searching for those passages, when to her surprise, she was summoned to meet Mrs. Oswald at dinner. She complied with the summons, but was so absent that she answered at cross purposes whatever was addressed to her. Mrs. Oswald at last gave up all attempts at conversation, and continued to eat her dinner in silence, but soon exclaimed,

"Oh stop! don't eat that, my dear."

"Why, Madam?" replied Catharine, starting from her reverie.

"Because, my love," said Mrs. Oswald, continuing to laugh, "you have declined John's offer of sugar, and have completely covered your pudding with salt."

Catharine blushed and joined in Mrs. Oswald's laugh; and during the rest of the time she re-

mained in the dining room, she was tolerably present to what passed.

After dinner Mrs. Oswald said she had a short letter to write, and Catharine had again engaged herself as deeply as ever with the contents of Dunallan's packet when obliged to meet Mrs. Oswald at tea. Now, however, there were no servants present, and she avowed the cause of her absence of thought. Mrs. Oswald seemed to enter quite into her feelings, and rising in her quick way after tea, said,

"Good bye, my dear, I shall be busy till we meet at prayers, and I believe you will not be at a loss to find employment; whenever you have any thing to say to me, however, remember I am quite at your command."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Oswald, I shall have a great deal to say to you, but as yet I scarcely know where to begin."

"I know that, my love, so good bye. I hope Edward in that letter has made you fully acquainted with all his singularities."

"Not quite; he still refers me to the books he recommended to me; and, though he avows that his intention in thus kindly—thus condescendingly, making me acquainted with all his secrets, as he calls them, is to describe to me the change that has taken place in his opinions, yet, when he comes to describe what that change is, he does so in a few short sentences."

Mrs. Oswald smiled, "That is, indeed, rather provoking, my love, and I will not attempt to plead his excuse. You must make your complaints to himself." She then left Catharine, who returned to her letter.

"Yes, I must complain to himself," thought she, pleased with the idea; "but what shall I say to many parts of this letter? Aspasia, what can I say regarding her? Unfortunate Aspasia!" thought she, sighing; but recollecting that she had been the means of rendering Dunallan guilty and unhappy, and then had forgotten him, she thought of her only with detestation; the idea of her was painful, and she attempted to banish it, but could not succeed. She, however, was quite aware, that, in his attachment to Aspasia, contrary as it was to the morality of religion, Dunallan had not been more guilty than many others who regarded their past lives without any apparent feeling of self-reproach. Her father, and those friends with whom he most frequently associated, had spent their younger years together. Some of these they had spent abroad; and Catharine had often heard those years of gallantry and dissipation recalled as the happiest of their lives. It was true her presence had sometimes been forgotten when the charms of Madame de —— or Lady —— had been expatiated on with delighted recollection; and when her father and his friends had reproached each other, or rather

tached to any one; and after what he has known of real affection, how hateful to him must be the idea of a connexion for life with a creature he may neither be able to reason nor moralize himself into loving."

Thus far only had Catharine arrived in arranging her ideas, when again obliged to join Mrs. Oswald.

"Well, my love," said that Lady, "are you now more reconciled to Dunallan's method of making you acquainted with his sentiments?"

"My dear Mrs. Oswald," replied Catharine earnestly, "will you be frank with me, and reply to a few questions I wish extremely to have answered?"

"Certainly, my love."

"Well, then, my dear Madam, tell me first, does your religion, and Mr. Dunallan's, lead you to think every body bad, however amiable they may appear to be? Do you really believe that, if we knew the hearts of every one, we should find them all bad? For this, I think, is Mr. Dunallan's opinion, and I confess it appears to me a very shocking opinion."

"The opinion, as you state it, my love, is certainly not Dunallan's, at least, not exactly so. Such an opinion supposes the whole world hypocrites, and those who appear most amiable only most hypocritical. This is not his opinion certainly; it is not even his opinion that we

contents. Dunallan's attachment to Aspasia was the part of his story which, however, left the deepest and most unpleasing impression, and which still recurred when she attempted to fix her thoughts on other subjects. She could not disguise the truth to herself; Dunallan had been passionately attached to this woman, who seemed, by his description, to have been very charming. Catharine sighed when she recalled that description: "Such powers of conversation! Such grace! Such cultivation of mind!" "Ah!" thought she, "these are the charms which irresistibly attract the heart against its better resolutions! The innocence of a country education, and of country morals, must be approved of on cool reflection; but can reflection guide the heart? Can religion dispose of the affections as it pleases?" She shook her head incredulously at the idea; "or does Dunallan's religion, which seems to consider the human heart so evil, forbid us to fix our affections at all on what is so unworthy? No; for how ardently does Churchill love his friend!" Catharine had wept over Churchill's story. "Unhappy Dunallan!" thought she; "while I supposed him wandering every where in search of pleasure, regardless of the pain he inflicted on his father, he has himself been endeavouring to fly from suffering—and from me," she could not help adding. "But he must shrink from the idea of ever again being at-

tached to any one; and after what he has known of real affection, how hateful to him must be the idea of a connexion for life with a creature he may neither be able to reason nor moralize himself into loving."

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ought to form an unfavourable idea of any one, but upon the most positive proofs that they merit it."

"Yet, my dear Madam, both he and his friend Mr. Churchill consider the most perfect goodness to which we can attain as of no value—at least, so I understand him; but you yourself shall judge of what he says."

"I am perfectly acquainted with his sentiments on that subject, my dear Catharine; they are my own. It is my love, in the sight of a holy God, that he believes and feels that every human creature, however amiable he may appear in the eyes of his equally defective fellow-creatures, must appear worthless and guilty."

"Worthless! guilty! Do you not use very strong terms, my dear Madam?"

"No, my dear love, I use the words of the Bible, which says that the human heart is 'desperately wicked.'"

"Every human heart, Madam?"

"Yes, my love, no exception is made."

"And can you really believe this Mrs. Oswald, and still love your fellow-creatures?"

"My fellow-sinners, my Catharine. My belief of this ought, and sometimes does, to a painful degree, increase my love and sympathy for them."

"But I suppose, Madam, the Bible means, that,

thought she; "why did I suffer prejudice to blind me to his character? How lively, how deep must his feelings be, who, in the midst of business of such importance, can find time to write thus kindly—thus sweetly, to a creature whom he can only pity. But perhaps——" She read his short letter again. Every word might have been addressed to a sister. It concluded thus: "Adieu, my sweet, my lovely, and beloved friend." "Well, my dear, my excellent, my beloved Dunallan," thought Catharine, "whatever are your feelings for me, the aim of my life shall be to deserve your most valued esteem, and when you return, you may perhaps yet be happy in your home."

With that resolution, Catharine immediately set about that exact scrutiny of her own character, and constant attention to its improvement, which she thought necessary to fit her for a companion to Dunallan. She eagerly began to form rules for spending every moment of her time to advantage, and she determined they should on no account be infringed.

She had, after many alterations and improvements, completed this plan, and commenced the occupation she had proposed for the coming hour; which was to read, with a determination to yield neither to fatigue nor dullness, one of the books recommended by Dunallan. She, however, found it neither dull nor tiresome, but, on

the contrary, was reading with very deep interest, when a servant came to announce two visitors—Mrs. Ruthven and her daughter.

"How vexatious! How troublesome!" exclaimed Catharine, "Is Mrs. Oswald with the ladies?"

"No, Madam, Mrs. Oswald is gone out.'

"I shall be with them immediately. How provoking!" continued she, "my whole plan destroyed at once. But I know at least how to prevent very frequent visits," putting up her books and papers, and leaving them with regret.

Mrs. Ruthven's appearance soon disarmed Catharine of her displeasure. She was a very fine looking old lady, with a pale and interesting countenance.

"I fear I have interrupted some agreeable occupation, Mrs. Dunallan," said she, after the first compliments were over.

Catharine hesitated——"I was only reading, Madam."

"But can any occupation be more interesting?"

Catharine smiled, and confessed, that she had indeed been very deeply engaged. "I fear," added she, "my looks have betrayed my want of hospitality; the book I was reading ought to have inspired me with very different feelings."

It was the mild and pleasing expression of Mrs. Ruthven's countenance, joined to a maternal

kindness, and sweetness of manners, that always reached the heart of the motherless Catharine, which so soon brought her to this frank avowal of her fault.

Mrs. Ruthven looked fixedly at her for a moment, with more than the common interest which beauty and amiable manners inspire; and then sighing deeply, turned her eyes to a portrait of the last Mrs. Dunallan, which hung on the opposite side of the room. Catharine followed her eyes; she looked for some moments, and then sighed very deeply.

"You knew that lady I suppose, Madam," said Catharine.

"I did, and ——"

"And you remember how different she was from the present lady," interrupted Catharine, with a playfulness which, however, did not prevent her eyes from filling with tears.

"I am not yet acquainted with the present lady," replied Mrs. Ruthven, her eyes also filling, "but unless the promise is very false, I must grieve that my departed friend has not lived to possess the one blessing she desired above all others—a daughter. But this is a foolish regret," added she, smiling sadly. "It is many years since I have been in this house," continued Mrs. Ruthven, "but the happiest hours of my life were spent in it. You will not be surprised, therefore, Mrs. Dunallan, at my

wishing once more, before I die, to see it, and her who is in future to be its chief ornament and happiness. I know you will tire of an old woman, but ——"

"Oh! do not think so poorly of me," said Catharine. "The first desire of my heart is to resemble your friend, Mr. Dunallan's mother. There is no person I have desired so much to see, as one who could describe her to me."

This was a welcome theme to Mrs. Ruthven, and when Mrs. Oswald, an hour after, returned from her walk, she was surprised to meet, at the entrance of the house, Catharine, holding in hers, the hand of the infirm old lady, while she supported her with her arm thrown around her waist, and listening so eagerly to her as they walked, that she did not even observe Mrs. Oswald's approach.

After a cordial embrace on the part of Mrs. Ruthven and Mrs. Oswald, Catharine and her infirm companion proceeded in their interesting conversation, leaving Mrs. Oswald to entertain poor Miss Ruthven, whom Catharine had entirely overlooked.

"I wish once more," said Mrs. Ruthven, "to view that spot where my departed friend so often charmed me by her sweet and heavenly conversation. She always succeeded in warming my cold and worldly feelings by the ardour and purity of her piety. Though many years younger

fully around. "How lovely! how flourishing!" exclaimed she, "while she who planned and arranged all these beauties is ——"

"Is surrounded by what is far more glorious and beautiful than this," interrupted Catharine, pressing the hand she held in hers. "That reminds me of her," said Mrs. Ruthven, smiling sadly. "She who felt as a mother for you, my sweet young friend, hated every thing like gloom; and used to say to me, when overpowered by the lowness of my naturally weak spirits, that she would not suffer me to be melancholy when I knew the true source of joy and happiness: nor would she allow my imagination to follow those I loved to the horrors of the grave, when, as she said, I was invited to contemplate them amidst the spirits of those made perfect in happiness, as well as purity."

"Oh! that I did resemble her," exclaimed Catharine. "I must tell you, Mrs. Ruthven," continued she, "the reason why I received you so inhospitably this morning. I had been forming a plan of life for myself in this solitude, where I am determined to remain till Mr. Dunallan's return; and I had forgot that I should have any thing in the world to do but attend to this plan, which only included the attempt to improve my own mind and feelings by the strictest attention to them; and by the assistance of some books recommended to me by Mr. Dunallan: and my

only other intended occupation was to attend to some institutions for the improvement of his people, which he trusted to me. Now, my dear Madam, as I commenced this plan of mine, by feeling extremely discomposed on hearing of an interruption, which I now find was to give me very great pleasure, I think my plan must be very defective; and I should greatly wish, if the recollections are not too painful to you, to know how your friend, Mr. Dunallan's mother, found time to do all she did, for Mrs. Oswald quite discourages me by the accounts she has given me. Mrs. Oswald, however, was herself early separated by marriage, and always afterwards resided at a distance from Mrs. Dunallan, and only tells me what she heard from others."

"I shall be most happy, my dear young friend, to tell you all you wish to know on this subject," replied Mrs. Ruthven; "and I feel grateful for the confidence you have placed in me respecting your very natural little disappointment this morning, when interrupted by my visit. I admire your design of forming a plan. I also very much approve of your intention to remain entirely at home during Mr. Dunallan's absence; so much so, that I shall not even ask you to visit me, much as I should prize such a visit; but you must make no exceptions, as you will give offence in a county where Mr. Dunallan's family has long been one of the first consequence; but be-

fore I go farther, I believe, my dear Mrs. Dunallan, it will be best to tell you frankly some things you ought to know. One is, that Mr. Dunallan's religious opinions are greatly ridiculed in this giddy and censorious county. And another is, that you are universally supposed to be shut up here with Mrs. Oswald by his desire, that you may in his absence be instructed by her in those dreadfully gloomy principles; and that you are very miserable. I should perhaps have shrunk from repeating this silly gossip, had I not heard from several of the people who have visited you here, that you looked very wretched, and seemed sad when they came away, but never proposed their staying; and that you told them, it was impossible you should return their visits; with such moving expressions of regret they were quite grieved for you."

"How absurd!" exclaimed Catharine, with indignation.

"I should certainly not have repeated all this, my dear," resumed Mrs. Ruthven, "had I not perceived by your looks of perfect health and peace of mind, and from the glow which followed the mention of your Mr. Dunallan's name, that it was absurd."

Catharine blushed and turned away. It was painful to her to know that she so evidently betrayed feelings which she had not avowed even to herself did exist.

"Forgive me if I pain you, my dear Mrs. Dunallan," continued Mrs. Ruthven; "but during this dear friend's absence, I think I am not mistaken in believing you would be willing, even at the expense of being teased with an old woman's cautions and advice, to preserve his character as far as possible from those aspersions which the profession of uncommon strictness of principle always provokes, until time, and a blameless consistency of conduct prove the sincerity of the profession."

"Most assuredly," replied Catharine, "this would be my first wish. Tell me only, my dearest Madam, what I ought to do. Oh! if you knew how much happiness I already have lost by listening to such aspersions! but that is past. What must I do, dear Mrs. Ruthven, to preserve to Mr. Dunallan during his absence, that respect, that veneration I know he so justly merits?"

"Show, my dear young friend, that you yourself feel it," replied Mrs. Ruthven, "and that you are happy: and above all, that Mr. Dunallan's strictness of religious principle is respected by you; and as far as you have really adopted his opinions, openly avow that you have. I believe, too," added Mrs. Ruthven, "that you must admit a little more hospitality into your plan, rather than have Mr. Dunallan considered a tyrant, who has forbidden you either to leave home or receive visitors."

"Oh, yes," replied Catharine, "I shall now receive all who choose to visit me, and make myself as agreeable as I possibly can; but then adieu to all my plans of improvement."

"Why so, my dear?"

"Because I could see very plainly that those people who have already visited me, only required the slightest invitation to prolong their stay; and I must either give this invitation in future, or confirm the belief that I am imprisoned here by Mr. Dunallan."

"Well, my dear, but it is possible to do both."

"True," replied Catharine, "I had almost forgotten that you were to tell me how Mr. Dunallan's mother contrived to do all she wished to do, with so little time at her own disposal."

"Well," replied Mrs. Ruthven, smiling, "I shall begin by asking—are you an early riser?"

"Sometimes," replied Catharine, "when I have any thing sufficiently interesting to induce me. At present I am called at eight, because I devote half an hour to reading books, chosen for me by Mr. Dunallan, before I do any thing else; and I meet Mrs. Oswald to read to the servants at nine."

"Well," replied Mrs. Ruthven, "Mr. Dunallan's mother only rose about an hour earlier."

"An hour earlier!"

"Yes, when in health; and to this hour, or two hours which were her own in the morning,

she has often told me she owed all the happiness she possessed."

"How so? dear Madam."

"I shall tell you, my dear, how she spent those hours—she passed them chiefly on her knees—examining her heart in the presence of her God—its every motive—its every desire; and comparing these motives and desires with the will of God, declared in the Scriptures, which lay before her always as she knelt, she learnt that will so perfectly, and the indissoluble union between obedience to its dictates, and the peace and happiness of the mind, that she used to say those morning hours were as necessary and indispensible to her soul's health, as food was to that of her body. Some young people," continued Mrs. Ruthven, "who sincerely desire to serve their Creator, give themselves much labour, which brings no return of good, by attempting to do many things, while they remain ignorant of their own hearts, and comparatively so also of the Scriptures, which alone can guide them aright in the way of salvation. They read other books on the subject, they puzzle themselves with difficulties, and they forget that their Lord has said, 'Without me ye can do nothing.' Mrs. Dunallan, on the contrary, read few books on religious subjects but the Bible; and simply believing its declaration, that we are incapable of ourselves even to think a good thought; and, on

the other hand, believing as simply, the promise of a new nature to those who ask it aright, she applied in humble confidence to her Saviour for that new nature; and while thus employing the means appointed by himself—reading with an ardent desire to comprehend and obey—praying for the power—examining her heart and soul in his presence, with the single wish that they might be wholly and unreservedly devoted to him, she felt that promised peace which passeth understanding, and cannot be described. She returned to the world tranquil and serene—she had reposed her cares on that arm which supported the universe—she had fixed her supreme love on the same glorious being—she had implored his aid, to preserve her in that line of duty, which was pleasing to himself; and, in her continually difficult and trying circumstances, no voice for many many years before her death was ever heard to speak of her but in terms of praise and admiration. It seemed indeed as if the promise of the prophet had been fulfilled to her, 'Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, this is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.' She was the life of every society, though she generally contrived to give a more grave and rational turn to the conversation, than many of her husband's friends would have relished in another; but her character was so well known, and at the

same time, her anxiety for the real interest and happiness of every fellow-creature, was so evident, and so sincerely earnest, that those who did not abandon their vices and irregular habits, yet candidly avowed to her their belief that goodness alone could produce happiness, and seemed to feel an unaccountable pleasure in describing to her the dark and melancholy thoughts which sometimes imbittered their calmer hours. In short, my dear young friend, this most amiable of human beings was so, because she received the power from on high—a power which she had learnt so greatly to value, and to connect in her thoughts so intimately with happiness, that in seeking the one, she felt she was also seeking the other; and therefore she began each day by devoting its first hours to this pursuit. The events of the day she considered as guided, or overruled by the providence of her God and Saviour; and she received whatever was presented to her, of happiness or disappointment, as from a father who knew her nature, and what it required to improve it, better than she herself did." Mrs. Ruthven paused, and looked round at Catharine, who had leant back while she spoke—she was in tears.

"Why this, my dear young friend?"

"I cannot tell," replied Catharine, smiling, and wiping them away, "I really cannot tell; but I wish I knew the *happiness* of religion: as yet I only know it as a restraint, or, at most, I

feel admiration for the character of the Divine Being through the beauties of his creation."

"Follow on to know the Lord, and you shall know him, my sweet young friend," replied Mrs. Ruthven, with great tenderness; "and believe me, who am a weak-spirited sinful traveller to that better country, that the knowledge of Him, even to the weakest and most unwilling to trust in his goodness, is a source of peace and happiness which, though it may not save them, through their own weakness and culpable want of faith in his promises, from many sins and sorrows, yet is so superior to all the world can give, that when once attained, we scarcely need any other proof of its being the gift of heaven."

"Thank you, my dear Madam," replied Catharine, "I believe all you say, and hope I shall one day understand it. In the mean time, I shall attempt to imitate Mr. Dunallan's angel mother, at least in studying the will of God on my bended knees, the first moments of every day. But here comes Mrs. Oswald. We must, my dear Madam, resume this conversation again."

"Certainly, my sweet Mrs. Dunallan, it can scarcely be so delightful to you as it is to me."

Mrs. Ruthven remained two days longer at Arnmore, and Catharine learnt much of *her* character, whose steps she now so ardently wished to follow. On going away, Mrs. Ruthven offered to leave her daughter with Catharine, to en-

liven, in some degree, a solitude, which appeared to her too severe for one so young, and so evidently formed to love and be beloved in society, Catharine felt her kindness, and though Miss Ruthven had excited little interest in her feelings, she accepted the offer with gratitude. But though she attempted to make the time pass agreeably to her guest, she could with difficulty at times command her wandering thoughts, while conversing with the amiable, gentle, but commonplace, Miss Ruthven.

CHAPTER XIII.

The morning after Mrs. Ruthven's departure, Catharine was called an hour earlier than heretofore, and began that examination of her own heart, which she had determined should be the first occupation of each day; but she scarcely knew where, or how to begin. She knelt down with the Bible open before her, and became overpowered with a kind of awe quite new to her. "How very serious is this occupation!" thought she, when she recollected Mrs. Ruthven's description of the manner in which Dunallan's mother had performed it. She had examined every motive and desire of her heart, as if in the presence of her Creator. Catharine attempted to do the same. She read, and prayed that she might understand. She reflected on her past life, and compared it with what she knew of the precepts of Christianity, and she saw, that in that pure light it appeared only a succession of trifling pursuits, and a continued indulgence in all that her heart desired, without any reference to the Being who demanded the first place in that heart. She rose from her knees humbled and dejected; and, for some days, though she persevered in her morning task, yet she felt no increase of happi-

ness; on the contrary, she was at times really miserable. Gradually, however, as she became more acquainted with scripture, she perceived that peace of mind did not consist in ignorance of the strictness it required, as she had been tempted to think, when, on comparing her heart and life with its demands, she found, that the more she knew them, the more was she convinced that she never could perform them. She had said to herself repeatedly, "No human creature can; the sincere attempt must be all that is required:" but she could not rest satisfied with this conclusion, because she could find no satisfactory answer to the question which necessarily followed, "Why were rules so impracticable given to direct us?" But as she read on, in simple earnestness of mind, the Christian system opened more fully to her understanding. She read Dunallan's short sketch of its outlines with the deepest attention: she conversed freely with Mrs. Oswald, who greatly assisted her in this search after truth. Catharine's was not a mind that could acquiesce submissively in remaining ignorant on any subject that had once excited her curiosity, and on one of such vast importance as that which now occupied her thoughts, she sought information with unwearied ardour, and she gradually, but clearly and convincingly, discovered the meaning of those parts of scripture which had at

first led her to despair of ever truly becoming a Christian.

"Ah! my dear Mrs. Oswald," said she, one evening after a deeply interesting conversation with that lady, "how well I now comprehend that passage which you have so often attempted to make me attend to in vain, while I was in despair at my own weakness, and the strictness of the precepts of scripture. I now see that these pure precepts, that strict law, is intended as a 'schoolmaster to bring us to Christ,' without whom we cannot perform one of its dictates in a right spirit. You at last said, my dear Mrs. Oswald, my true, best friend, that experience alone, my own experience, must teach me this; and you said most truly indeed. I see all with a clearness that surprises myself. I see that we require an atonement for our past lives, and for the evil that still pollutes the hearts and actions of the most perfect. I feel that we require a new heart before we can see this, or be disposed to ask power to obey the will of God."

"Yes, my dear love," replied Mrs. Oswald, "my prayers for you, Edward's prayers for you, have been answered. How will he rejoice to know, that you have thus earnestly, thus perseveringly, sought that which it was the first desire of his heart you should obtain."

Catharine sighed deeply, "He would scarcely

believe the reality, my dear madam, if he saw how little influence it has upon me."

Mrs. Oswald smiled, "He would be satisfied, my love, if he saw you, as I see you, struggling against your natural temper and acquired habits."

Catharine had, indeed, for some time been struggling constantly against the most powerful and confirmed of all her habits, which was a total indifference to all around her, excepting, perhaps, the individual or two who might, among numbers, excite some interest in her feelings. She had been so long accustomed to be courted and amused by all, that she absolutely forgot the presence of those who did not in some manner excite her attention by their superior powers of pleasing. A slight hint of this from Mrs. Oswald had pointed it out to her attention, and made it one of the subjects of her morning scrutiny. Ever since her conversation with Mrs. Ruthven, Catharine had obliged herself to invite those who visited her either to remain or return; and very soon her house became the favourite resort of the younger females of the county. Catharine was the idol of the day; but this afforded her no gratification, because she valued very little the admiration or affection of those with whom she associated, from a sense of duty. Mrs. Oswald's hint, however, led her to examine into the cause of this want of interest in her young fellow-crea-

tures; and this examination led her to discover many hitherto unsuspected faults in her heart and temper. She watched these with increasing care, and her improvement was proportionably rapid, and, consequently, her internal tranquillity increased in an equal degree. Instead of that lassitude and want of interest which hitherto had, at times, accompanied all her pursuits and all her pleasures, she now felt a degree of interest and enjoyment quite new to her. She lived to her Creator, and she felt that peace, and sweet gaiety of heart, which can exist only where all the feelings and passions of the soul are subjected to the influence of religion. One severe disappointment during this period, had taught her that religion is not a guide only, but also a source of the sweetest consolation. Elizabeth had found it impossible to come to Arnmore. Her husband's professional duties had called him to London, and for various reasons it was proper she should accompany him. Catharine felt this disappointment severely, but one still more trying now awaited her. The time arrived at which Dunallan had led her to expect she would hear from him, and no letter came. Catharine became more anxious every day, every hour, though Mrs. Oswald discovered many plausible reasons for the delay. At last Catharine received a letter from Walderford, informing her that he had heard from Dunallan, and thought it possible his letters might have

reached him before Catharine received hers. Dunallan was well, and succeeding even beyond his hopes in the object of his mission; at least all promised fair; and he hoped he should be able to return home much sooner than he had expected. Walderford had transcribed the passage—Dunallan called it "his delightful home."

Catharine returned thanks to heaven, with the most heartfelt gratitude, for this relief from anxiety; for she had been unable to restrain her imagination from picturing every thing dreadful that might have befallen Dunallan.

Still, however, day passed away after day, and week after week, and no letter from Dunallan either to Catharine or Mrs. Oswald. Another letter from Mr. Walderford announced his having again heard from Dunallan—still well and successful, but extremely occupied, even harassed with business. "But," added Mr. Walderford in his letter, "Dunallan, I have reason to hope, may now return to England in a few months."

Catharine still felt grateful to heaven for the preservation of his health; but the certainty that Dunallan had, at least, become indifferent to her, required all her fortitude to support.

Still another letter to Mr. Walderford, and none to Catharine or Mrs. Oswald.

Mrs. Oswald had herself at last ceased to account for his silence, and looked grave and anxious. She had written constantly to Dunallan,

and had described her own and Catharine's disappointment at never hearing from him; and his neglecting to reply to her letters at first surprised, and then alarmed her.

At last the long looked-for letters did arrive. Catharine retired with hers to her own apartment. She dared not trust herself to read it in the presence of the young party now assembled at Arnmore. She trembled so violently she could scarcely break the seal. She at last, however, unfolded this long, long expected letter. One page, and the half of another was written. She dared scarcely read.

"I have just received your letter, my dear Catharine, and answer it immediately." "My letter!" exclaimed Catharine, "My twenty letters!" for she had not ceased writing to him, though, of late, colder in her expressions of esteem and gratitude. She read on—

"You say you continue to find pleasure in the occupations I recommended to you. Mrs. Oswald also assures me that you seem happy. I endeavour, therefore, to banish my uneasiness on your account. You know there is nothing which I should not feel it my duty and happiness to attempt, which could in the least degree add to your comfort, or even amusement; unfortunate and most guilty as I feel myself to be, in having deprived you of the power of choice in the most important of all your earthly concerns, I

would not so often repeat this, did I not wish to impress on your mind how greatly I feel this consideration adds to your every other claim on me. I feel your generosity in assuring me that you are not unhappy, and your goodness in desiring to please your absent friend in all you do. Be assured I am not ungrateful; yet I wish you more to follow your own inclinations. Whatever you do will most please me, if I think it has interested or amused you.

"My friend has not deceived you in saying, I may be home sooner than I expected when I left you; but, dear Catharine, excepting, if possible, to discover your wishes more perfectly, my coming home, be assured, will make no difference. I ask only to be regarded as your friend, as the person on earth most bound to watch over your happiness, and who must ever be

Your sincere, your devoted

EDWARD DUNALLAN."

Catharine read, and reread this letter. She compared it with his last;—how changed! Yet it was not unkind; it was, as he ever was, feeling and anxious for her happiness, even to a degree that lessened his own; but his manner of writing to her was too, too plainly changed. What could he mean, particularly the last part of his letter? "I have expressed myself too kindly to him," thought she, blushing as she thought, "and

this is the way he has chosen to show me that he thinks so. A few weeks' absence has proved to him, that the interest produced by pity for my unhappy situation cannot last, and he fears my foolish affections will be fixed on him in a way he cannot return.

Catharine threw herself on her knees, and wept bitterly. She prayed for submission to the Divine will—to all its dispensations, however painful, however mortifying. "I require to be mortified—I know it," continued she; "enable me to love the hand that chastens to improve. I would fix my affections on earth—raise them to thyself, and teach me to believe in the love I cannot see in this bitter draught."

Catharine remained more than an hour alone, and then returned to Mrs. Oswald and her guests, perfectly composed, though pale and dejected.

Mrs. Oswald said nothing of the contents of her letter, and Catharine made no inquiries; she perceived, however, that Mrs. Oswald was remarkably grave, and treated her with more than her usual tenderness. Catharine dreaded that she had something painful to learn regarding Dunallan, and earnestly examined Mrs. Oswald's countenance, to discover what she had to fear. Mrs. Oswald seemed to read her thoughts, and held out the letter she had received, saying, "I have no secrets, my love." Catharine took the

letter reluctantly, but Mrs. Oswald pressed it upon her; and inviting some young ladies who were present to go with her and examine some newly arrived plants, Catharine remained alone.

Dunallan's letter to his aunt was kindly, but not cheerfully written. He did not mention Catharine till near the close of the letter. He expressed pleasure at hearing she was not unhappy: "She is young to every thing," continued he; "Novelty has still many charms for her; and if the disposition, you my dear Madam describe, increases, I hope it may be possible to preserve her at least from unhappiness during those years in which hope and imagination are so vivid, that the quiet and rational enjoyments which I alone can offer her, appear irksome and insipid; after that period, there may, perhaps, be some real happiness in store for both of us;—but no more of this. Happiness, my dear aunt, I need not remind *you*, is not to be often found on this side the grave. If I could feel innocent in the part I have acted towards her!—but that is past now beyond recall." This was all that was said of Catharine; but there was a degree of impatience to be home, expressed in this letter, which surprised her. "Why should he wish to be home? What happiness can home offer to him?" thought she. "But I always regard myself as all that he possesses at home. How absurd! What, to such

a man as Dunallan, is one private connexion! If his feeling heart could be satisfied that I was happy, he would soon forget my existence. I only am a load to him—a cause of pain and anxiety. This shall not be. I will write so as to convince him, that I at least know, that the source of the purest happiness is not in this world—not even in possessing the affections of the most perfect beings it contains; and I trust, that in seeking happiness from its only true source, the liveliness of hope and imagination will be so directed, as to convince him that it increases that happiness a thousand fold."

Catharine returned her letter to Mrs. Oswald without making any remark, who received it also in silence.

At night, when the rest of the party had retired to their apartments, Catharine followed Mrs. Oswald, "Will you admit me for a few moments, my dearest madam?"

Mrs. Oswald drew her affectionately into her bosom, "My beloved Catharine, I know what you must have suffered during this day of disappointment. But, my love, I am completely persuaded that there is some mystery hangs over this long silence of Dunallan's, and this strange alteration in the style of his letters—some mistake, that only requires explanation."

Catharine kissed Mrs. Oswald tenderly, and

then drew away from her. For a few moments she could not speak. Mrs. Oswald herself wept.

"My dear, kind Mrs. Oswald," said Catharine at last, "this has indeed been a day of bitter disappointment to me; but I think you will believe that I neither deceive myself nor you when I assure you, that it is not so insupportably severe as I dreaded it would be when I first read that long-looked-for letter. The idea, that every event of my life is ordered exactly as it happens by a tender and merciful Father, is almost as powerfully present to my thoughts and feelings as the painful contents of these letters; and the idea is so sweetly soothing—so elevating, that I cannot say I am very unhappy; indeed, what I feel, though it is unlike common pleasure, is superior to it. But, my dear Madam, I do not believe there is any mystery where you suppose there is; and I am now come to ask you to make me a promise without which I cannot feel satisfied."

"If the promise is, not to attempt to unravel this mystery, my dearest Catharine, do not ask me, for I cannot give it."

"Then, my dear Madam, I must submit, and indeed be most wretched."

"How, my love?"

"Because, my dear Mrs. Oswald, I cannot

help feeling certain, that this idea about mystery is quite groundless. You will lead Mr. Dunallan to suppose that I expect more of his regard than he can bestow; this will make him consider himself unjust, and then he will be unhappy; and this is the only thing I now really dread, and which would, I am sure, make me miserable."

"Ah, my Catharine," replied Mrs. Oswald, "would you, from such false refinements, such trifling delicacies, suffer some injurious mistake, some deception to proceed, which may in the end prove fatal to the happiness of both?"

"But, my dear Madam, how is it possible there can be any mistake? Mr. Dunallan must have received our letters—it is plain he has from some passages in his. The only mistake is this, that I have supposed he felt more tenderness for me than he does, or can. You, my dearest, kindest Mrs. Oswald, have assisted me in this delusion, and Mr. Dunallan wishes to undeceive us."

Mrs. Oswald shook her head, "What romantic delicacy, my love; it is unworthy of you."

"But, Madam," replied Catharine, rather hurt, "it is I who must suffer either way; may I not at least have my choice?"

"Certainly, my love; forgive me, if, in my anxiety for your happiness, I seem to forget your

right to dictate in what so nearly concerns yourself."

"Forgive me, my too kind Mrs. Oswald, I may be, I probably am, wrong; but will you at least wait till I have had time to think over this matter?"

"In the way that Dunallan's mother used to examine every subject?" asked Mrs. Oswald, smiling kindly.

"Yes," replied Catharine.

"Surely, my love; your decision, after such an examination, will entirely satisfy me."

Catharine never found such difficulty in deciding any question. There was surely no *good reason* against Mrs. Oswald's making the simple inquiry she wished; yet, when obliged next morning to join that lady, and her other guests, Catharine had been unable to form any opinion which satisfied her on the subject. After breakfast, Catharine, who had never suffered visitors, or any other cause, to prevent her from attending to those institutions intrusted to her by Dunallan, prepared to go and visit her school. Mrs. Oswald offered to accompany her; and, on their way, inquired whether she had formed her opinion on the subject of their conversation the preceding night.

Catharine hesitated. "Is it necessary that one should be able to give a convincing reason

for every difference of opinion, Madam?" said she at last; "for I confess that, after I have thought over, and studied this subject almost ever since we parted last night, I have been unable to find one reason which you will admit, for differing from you; yet I still do so as much as ever. May feeling, or delicacy, or instinct, or any thing you choose to call it, not decide on some subjects?"

Mrs. Oswald smiled. "I see that you have come to the same conclusion I have, my dear Catharine. I have found it vain to try the merits of this subject by any rules but those of feeling; and I remember when I should have felt exactly as you do; and, therefore, for the present at least, I must just do as you wish."

"My dear Mrs. Oswald, a thousand thanks! This is too good! Oh, how I thank you!"

"But you will write Dunallan, my love?"

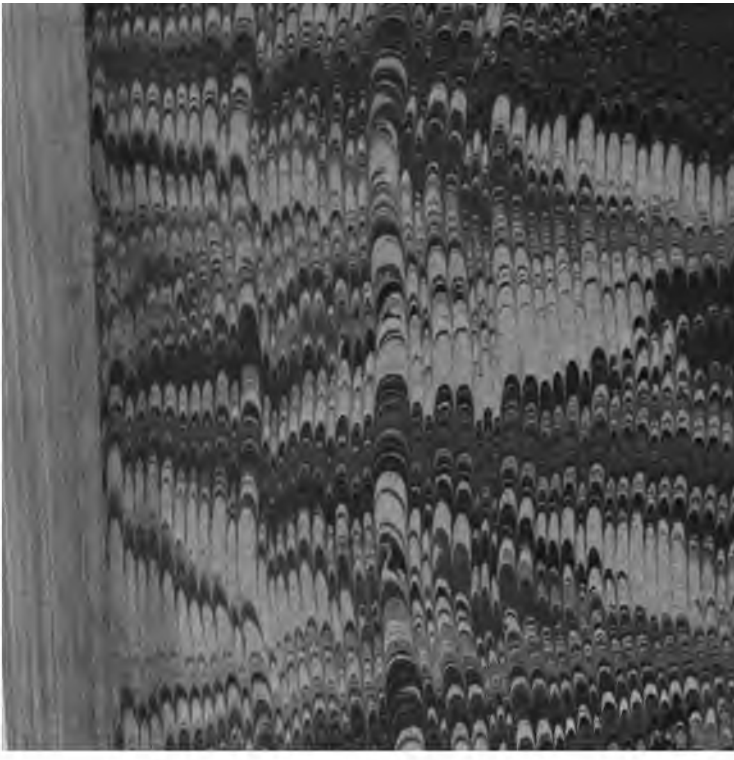
"Yes, I ought—I must; but I know not how ———"

"Write naturally, my Catharine, write just as you feel; I also shall write by this evening's post: our letters must go together, since I am to say nothing about you. Your letter may cost you some thought; I shall attend your school for you if you choose to return and write it now; your guests will expect you to join them soon."

Catharine gratefully accepted of Mrs. Oswald's

offer. She felt that her letter would indeed cost her much thought. She dreaded betraying the slightest feeling of disappointment; and she equally dreaded any expression escaping her that friendship alone might not dictate. After many changes, and still unsatisfied with what she had written, she was obliged to conclude and join her guests.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.



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